

**DOLLIVER ON JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.**  
**THE RECENT CYCLONE AND ITS VICTIMS.** | **THE IOWA NATIONAL GUARD.**  
 THIRTEEN VIEWS AND PORTRAITS. | SIXTY-FIVE PORTRAITS AND SIX VIEWS.  
**MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES—"HOLD THE FORT."**  
**Vol- 2. NOVEMBER. No- 5.**

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

**A MAGAZINE  
 DEVOTED TO  
 MIDLAND LIT-  
 ERATURE & ART**



**JOHNSON BRIGHAM  
 PUBLISHER: 304-5  
 MARQUARDT: BLOK  
 DES MOINES:  
 IOWA:**

## CONTENTS.

339. Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. . . Frontispiece  
 University Extension . . . Prof. Isaac Loos  
 With Eight Portraits.  
 347. The Dream Fairy: Poem . . . Edgar Weston Cooley  
 348. Cedar Chips: Story. . . Ida A. Baker  
 With Portrait and Illustrations.  
 355. In November: Poem . . . Mary Helen Carter  
 356. A Glance at the Early Life of James  
 Russell Lowell . . . Jonathan P. Dolliver  
 362. The Professor: Sketch  
 Callista Halsey Patchin  
 365. An Ocean Voyage Forty Years Ago  
 William Boll  
 368. Venus: Sonnet . . . Isadore Baker  
 369. Midland War Sketches. II  
 Capt. L. B. Raymond  
 Judge McKenzie, Hero of "Hold the Fort."  
 With Portraits.  
 371. Charlemagne in Legend and in History.  
 The Editor Abroad. VIII  
 376. The Sixth Sense: Poem . . . Franklyn W. Lee  
 377. A Story of Devastation: The Recent  
 Wind-Storm in Iowa. . . Harvey Ingham  
 W. W. Gist.  
 With Thirteen Views and Portraits.  
 385. A Passing Tribute to Holmes . . The Editor  
 With Portrait and Autograph Copy of  
 "The Last Leaf."  
 388. BEATRICE. XIV-XV. Alice Ugenfritz Jones  
 404. The National Guard. Iowa's Splendid  
 Militia. Sixty-five Portraits and Six Views  
 426. Korea in Verse: Humorous Poem. . . U. S. N.  
 Lieutenant Bostwick, U. S. N.  
 427. Home Themes . . . Mary E. P. Smith  
 427. Uncle Eben's Philosophy: Dialect.  
 428. The Last War Governor: Andrew J.  
 Curtin . . . Col. John H. Keatley  
 429. Editorial Comment and Book Reviews.  
 Hamlin Garland's "Crumbling Idols," Etc.

**\$1.50 A YEAR INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.  
 15 CENTS A COPY.  
 FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.**

KENYON'S PRESS.

Entered at the Des Moines Postoffice as second-class matter.

# STOP

...Buying and carting around a lot  
of Cooking Utensils (everything  
but what you want) from Camp to Camp.

...STOP...Eating unclean and uncooked  
foods—working the cooks to death—serving foods POOR in  
QUALITY and not enough even then; for poor facilities make  
poor cooks.

Remember that the BEST Company is the one BEST fed,  
and that a GOOD COOK is a GOOD DOCTOR; while plenty of well-  
prepared food is the backbone of an Army, or the medicine.  
Your stomach's most important of all,

... SO TRY ...

## BUZZACOTT'S COMPLETE FIELD AND CAMP COOKING OUTFIT.

(WITH LATEST ADDITIONS AND RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.)

INSTRUCTION IT AFFORDS IN FIELD COOKING IMPORTANT ALSO.

SPECIAL FOR THE IOWA NATIONAL GUARD.

### A PERFECT FIELD KITCHEN.

It contains every utensil for the cooking for  
75 men. Occupies the space of 25x35x11  
inches. Weight 200 pounds. Yet contains

**40 SEPARATE UTENSILS.**

Made for the Field, for Service, for Duty—not Beauty.

EVERYTHING THAT YOU WANT, NOTHING YOU DONT WANT.

Over 3,000 in use in the United States Army and National Guard alone. It is  
used by the U. S. A. exclusively, and at the encampments of Pennsylvania, Con-  
necticut, Missouri, Virginia and West Virginia. Officially recommended for adop-  
tion by the NEW YORK STATE NATIONAL GUARD.

Receiving the only award and special mention at the World's Fair in '93; Gold  
Medal and Diploma at Paris, and best of all the universal endorsement of the cooks,  
officers and men by whom it is used. Over 5,000 in use, and not five years old,  
means a guarantee of its excellence.

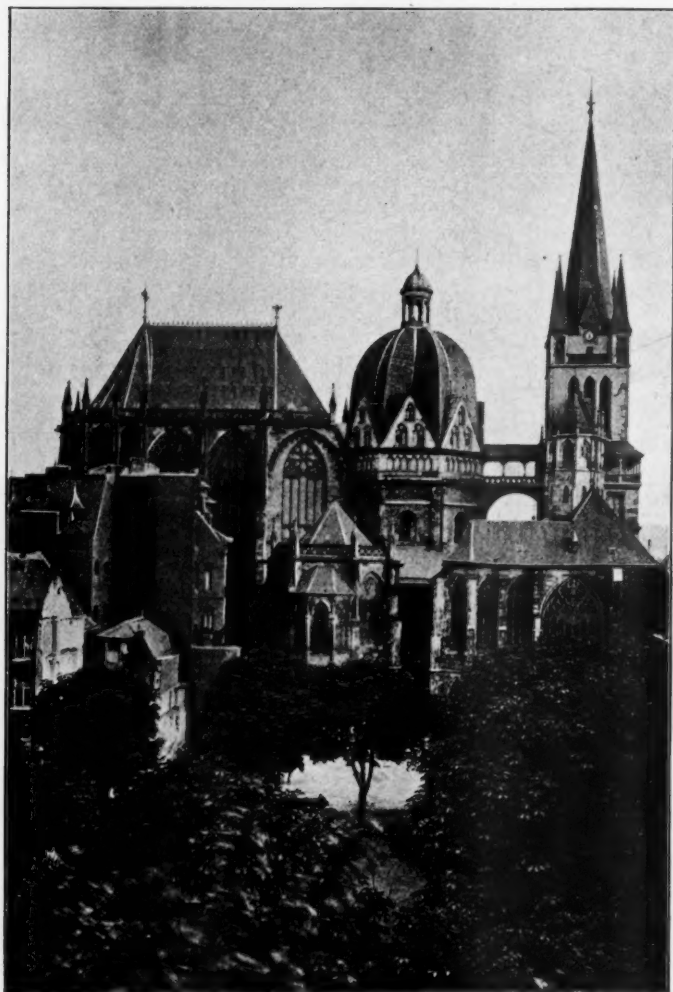
..... **COST** WHY, ONE DOLLAR PER MAN!  
IS YOUR STOMACH WORTH IT ?

**FRANCIS H. BUZZACOTT,**  
CHICAGO, ILLS.

SEND FOR PAMPHLETS, ENDORSEMENTS, ETC., ETC.

When you write, please mention "The Midland Monthly."





### THE CATHEDRAL OF AIX LA CHAPELLE.

DEDICATED BY POPE LEO III, A. D. 804.

"In the heart of the city stands a far nobler monument to Charlemagne — the Cathedral, which gave to this historic town its distinctive name in history. The octagonal center is the veritable chapel in which the conqueror sought peace for his soul during life and found repose for his body in death." — CHARLEMAGNE IN FABLE AND IN HISTORY.



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME II.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

NUMBER 5.

## UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

By ISAAC LOOS,

Professor of Political Science in the State University of Iowa.

AS a phrase and as an experiment in adult education, University Extension is of English origin. It did not mean at first what it now means, a distinct body of students, a particular method of instruction, and a specific system of organization. Universities and university teaching have been frequently expanded and extended since their first foundation, and they have also at times experienced relapse and contraction; their rise and development from their earliest foundation in the middle ages to the present time form an interesting chapter in the history of education. While we may recognize the fundamental ideas underlying the present movement for the extension of university teaching, it is undoubtedly, in its main features, of nineteenth century origin. Some of its friends delight to find parallelisms in medieval and even in ancient history.

As Charlemagne thought if learning were good in the cloisters it would also be good among the people, so modern extensionists hold that if it is good for the few it is good for the many. In the first period of the real splendor of the universities they were democratic and popular; all classes and all ages thronged to the lecture room. The most distinguished students thought it no shame to beg their bread from door to door. But in the later development of an aristocratic feudalism class privileges and class distinctions made learning again the opportunity of the few and it had become necessary to bring learning out of the cloister once more.

Early in the present century Englishmen began to think seriously of breaking down the accumulated restrictions to



R. D. ROBERTS, SC. D.,

Secretary of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

university privileges; and, near the middle of the century, a significant step was taken, when in the November of 1845 a number of influential persons presented a memorial on the subject to the Hebdomadal Board of the University of Oxford. There was indeed need of expansion, for at Oxford subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was still made the condition of matriculation, and both

at Cambridge and Oxford a theological test was the condition of a degree.

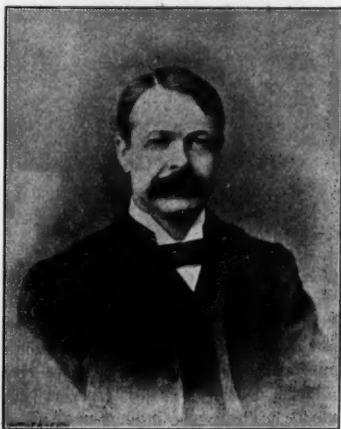
"It did not occur to the memorialists," said a writer in the April *Quarterly Review* of 1891, "that one of the means by which the university might most easily bring some of its advantages within the reach of poor students was to take university teaching to the large towns and establish systematic instruction in the large centers of population."

Such a plan might have suggested itself to them, for as early as 1838 a similar plan was proposed for the enlarged usefulness of the cathedrals, by an Eton tutor, George Augustus Selwyn. The memorial was signed by thirty-two distinguished persons, among them William E. Gladstone. In the agitation thus begun University Extension became the watchword and "summed up all aspirations for the increased usefulness of the universities."

Meanwhile various schemes were suggested, and in 1850 an Oxford commission was appointed to review them. In their report the commissioners named seven proposals: the establishment of new halls or colleges, more general permission to lodge in private houses, resi-

dence independent of hall or college, the admission of listeners on professorial endorsement, the abolition of religious tests on matriculation and graduation, the founding and affiliation of theological schools in cathedral cities, and the establishment of teaching chairs in the large towns. The commissioners favored the first three, the fourth was then establishing itself by usage, the fifth was passed by with a warning, the sixth in another form has slowly gained acceptance, the seventh was reported adversely. It was in the last two that we have definite forecast of two of the features of the present extension system, the affiliation of local colleges and the establishment of lecture courses in localities at a distance from the universities. The last proposition which is at the very base of the extension system seems to have been first urged by William Sewell, then fellow and senior tutor of Exeter College. If the masses cannot be brought to the universities, thought Mr. Sewell, cannot the universities be brought to the masses?

An additional suggestion came in 1885, though little heeded at the time, when Lord Arthur Hervey published what he called "A Suggestion for Supplying the Literary, Scientific and Mechanics' Institutes of Great Britain and Ireland, with Lecturers from the Universities." Lord Hervey in this paper argued not only for the supply of lecturers from the universities, but he also advocated the introduction of lecture courses as against the isolated lecture, what we now call the unit course, or sequence of lectures, a number of lectures on one theme instead of one lecture on a number of themes. Exactly this is the great merit of the present extension system in distinction from the New England Lyceum lectures and the lectures delivered during the same period under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institutes and the Literary and Philosophical Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. A university extension lecture course, consisting usually of twelve lectures, six constituting a short course or a half course, invites audiences



JAMES STUART, M. P.  
"Father of University Extension."

and groups of students to the serious study of some one theme for some definite period of time. It is one of the most serious obstacles to the successful and profitable introduction of the English extension system into this country that so many of its friends ignore this fundamental characteristic of an extension lecture course. The confusion of the New England system and the University Extension System has gone so far that single lectures are in some cases delivered under the name of University Extension Lectures, and again ten or twelve lectures by ten or twelve men on ten or twelve different subjects. Shades of Munchausen!

Three incidental factors of great consequence need to be reckoned with in any effort to understand the genesis of the English Extension System: the introduction of the system of local examinations of the middle-class schools under the authority of the universities begun in 1858, the elementary education act of 1870, and the general movement for the higher education of women about the same time. All show a trend of thought and effort toward a larger and completer national education. In undertaking the local examinations the old universities came to a new sense of their duty to the state and they were enabled to see that doing service to the lower schools was in no sense derogatory to their dignity, but an immense gain to their usefulness. They were for the first time taking a definite part in the education of persons who had not been matriculated. It soon became apparent that the system was capable of a wider application, that teaching was required as well as examination.

Neither the local examinations nor the elementary education act made provision for adult education. The women of England and the workingmen of England had no sure chance of even good secondary education, while the middle class, the well-to-do, and the noble had opportunities for education only in their youth. As Dr. Simon N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, a fertile and inspiring

thinker, in a recent article on the Place of University Extension, has pointed out, we have not now (and of course we had not then) a system of education for adults. So far as helps, that is institutions, go, one would think it was an avowed dogma of our race that no man can go to school after he attains his majority, be that fixed at twenty-one, or twenty-five, or thirty. But we know well enough when we once come to think about it, that even our college graduates for the most part need external stimulus and aid if they are to continue their thinking in a liberal sense after taking up professional or business pursuits; and yet no state can be great whose citizens



W. HUDSON SHAW, M. A.,  
Fellow of Balliol College and Staff Lecturer to the  
American Society for the Extension of  
University Teaching.

are not students, students in the broad sense, men and women who think, who apprehend and perpetuate the best traditions and the highest ideals of the race.

In connection with the elementary education act "far-seeing people perceived that when the seeds of elementary education had been sown, a new generation would arise with new ideals of life and new gifts of knowledge. Something must be done betimes for that generation or the very education with which the state had decided to equip it would prove a national danger."

Education must not stop with reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic lest we multiply

only clever rogues. In these conditions university extension was not begotten in the selfishness of old institutions, but it had a deep ethical root in the purpose to help the larger life of the nation to an introspective self-consciousness that would lead it to righteousness. The tendency of higher education is ethical; it is moral. The time had come for the organization and development of a system of university extension adapted to existing conditions. The chosen spokesman and organizer of the new movement was James Stuart. First, Professor Stuart applied his ideas in experimental courses; afterward he urged them upon the atten-

succeeded in getting the English public to understand that it is more interesting and incalculably more profitable to follow one teacher through a subject than to follow through a succession of subjects a succession of men "severally complaining that they have not time" in the limits of a single lecture to attempt to teach their subject. In the same year Stuart gave courses in Leeds, Liverpool, Lancaster and Sheffield.

Two devices to assist the lecturer were used from the start: the first was the printed *syllabus* devised as a lesson in or a partial substitute for note-taking, and the second was the *weekly exercise*, consisting of written answers to one or more questions on each lecture, a substitute for oral questioning, a rather embarrassing task before a general audience.

The next series of lectures was delivered to audiences of working men at Crewe and Rochdale. At Rochdale the *class*,—conversational teaching enlivened by "heckling," preceding or following the lecture,—was developed. Four distinct features now marked extension teaching: the weekly or fortnightly lecture in course; the syllabus, the student's guide to the laboratory or the library; the weekly exercise, the student's periodic test of his progress; and the class, the student's opportunity for personal contact with his teacher. The guided reading and the formal examination at the close of the course with appropriate certificate on satisfactory tests were later developments.

It was a problem of the first importance to secure supervision and organization for carrying this method of teaching over England. The universities were called upon to assume this office. The organization of a voluntary central committee which should have in charge a body of trained lecturers and be in a position to make engagements for them with local committees was first proposed. Successful as this might have been "it would not have enjoyed the same status, the same wealth of associations, the same affectionate interest of old university



LYMAN P. POWELL, B. A.,  
Staff Lecturer in History for the American Society.

tion of his university, the University of Cambridge.

In 1867 Professor Stuart delivered his first extension lecture course. He had been asked by an association of ladies for the higher education of women to lecture to them on the art of teaching. To this invitation he replied that he had not experience enough to lecture on that subject, but that he would give them a course of eight lectures in which he would try to teach something. Professor Stuart had been vexed with the single lecture system and he believed deeply that if lecture-teaching was to be useful it must be embodied in a course. Seconded by Henry Morley and others he

men, the natural guardians and local agents of such part of university work as cannot be conducted in the university towns themselves." Stuart appealed successfully to his university; his appeal was reinforced by "a shower of memorials." In 1873 the University of Cambridge undertook the authoritative initiation of the new extension system. In 1876 the London Society was organized; and two years thereafter Oxford offered lectures.

Several new features were at once added; the examination at the close of the course and the awarding of certificates to those passing satisfactory tests. Oxford introduced the traveling library. The examinations are admitted to hold a subordinate place in the system; they are a method of stimulating a few and are regarded as a special aid to insistence upon thoroughness. Comparatively few present themselves, many of the best students declining to do so. It is the aim of the great majority not to make professional scholars, but to widen and deepen their ideals of life. The examiners are distinct from and other than the lecturers. Two grades are recognized; those passed and those passed with distinction. It has been claimed by examiners that papers classed as distinguished would be accepted at Oxford as distinctly belonging to the Oxford honor class, with this important difference that an Oxford honor man must write many such papers instead of one. To secure the permanence of local organizations and in order to encourage a desirable sequence of lectures, that is some coördination of the successive courses offered, the universities have provided for the affiliation of local centers. The chief privilege of affiliation is the remission of a certain period of residence in no case exceeding one year; and the chief condition of affiliation is the establishment of coördinated courses in the respective groups of science and letters for a period of years. From these groups candidates are required to make their election of courses; Cambridge requires six from either one and two from the

remaining one. Further, the privilege of affiliation is granted only to such as passed the preliminary examinations in algebra and in Euclid; in Latin and one other language.

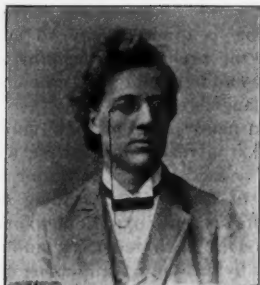
From many points of view university extension is really much more a diffusion of secondary than of higher education. In England the leading central authorities, Cambridge, London and Oxford, count their lecturers and local centers by the score, their lecture courses by the hundred, their students by the thousand and their expenditure by the tens of thousands. But great as may appear the number of students and the out-



RICHARD G. MOULTON, PH. D.,  
Of the University of Chicago.

lay for their instruction, the English extensionists know very well that they have as yet only touched the fringe of the problem of the higher education of the masses; nor do they think that we should tempt any large number of persons to turn aside from their fixed vocations merely for the purpose of obtaining a baccalaureate degree.

The dominant university in the earlier period of the present extension movement was Cambridge. The Cambridge Lectures Syndicate adhered rigorously to the unit course of twelve lectures. There was a strong demand for shorter courses. To this demand Oxford boldly yielded in 1885 by adopting half courses on the ground that "half a loaf is better than no



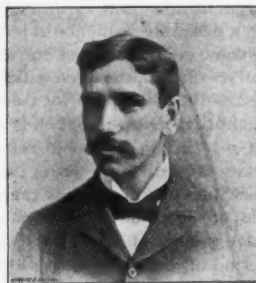
EDMUND J. JAMES, PH. D.,  
President of the American Society for the  
Extension of University Teaching.

bread," with the effect of making the lectures accessible to scores of towns which theretofore were unable to afford them. A sharp controversy arose between Oxford and Cambridge on the long and the short course which was compromised by Oxford yielding so far as to withhold certificates for less than twelve lectures and holding the lectures when practicable fortnightly, thus giving the allotted period of three months to the consideration of each single subject.

Three other features of the system developed as the direct outcome of the inability of many of the localities to meet the necessary expenditure, which for the full courses was from sixty to seventy pounds and from thirty to forty pounds for the short courses; the student associations, the student lectures, and the people's lectures. A few miners at Blackworth, a colliery village, unable to afford the services of a university lecturer, organized themselves into a class after a hard struggle and succeeded in studying surveying, and later in working themselves through Professor Moulton's Syllabus on Ancient Comedy for English audiences. The students' associations have of late been made a feature, especially in connection with courses given fortnightly. They are in some respects a conscious imitation of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Since 1889, although suggested earlier, some effort has been made to supply villages from

local centers through the services of some of their best students. These lay lecturers, as they have also been called, are required to qualify by hearing a number of extension courses and passing the examinations. They are then authorized by the local committees to conduct courses. The universities have been asked to oversee this work through the occasional visitation of a lecturer and to examine the classes thus conducted. For towns which but for the lack of interest could support extension courses, the London society instituted trial lectures under the name of people's lectures. These lectures are free. At the first the object of university extension is explained, then follow sample lectures, and after the second or third a canvass is made for the sale of tickets for an extension course proper that is to follow. Some instances of extraordinary results from this method of advertising are recorded.

University extension in the United States has so far been undertaken in the most systematic and successful manner by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching with headquarters in Philadelphia and under the patronage of the University of Pennsylvania, and by the University of Chicago. The American society had in its initial work the assistance of Richard G. Moulton, that master of English extension, now of the University of Chicago. Notable experiments have also been made in



EDWARD T. DEVINE, PH. D.,  
Secretary of the American Society for the  
Extension of University Teaching.



the states of New York and Wisconsin. The state of New York was first to grant legislative recognition by an appropriation of \$10,000. In other states the movement has been taken up in a more or less serious way. In Iowa the State University has been offering extension courses for the past three years under the directorship of Professor J. J. McConnell; but the university has been without available funds for the vigorous prosecution of extension teaching. Probably the most successful course so far offered is the unit course of twelve lectures on world-making, paleontology, botany and zoölogy. The lectures on various aspects of scientific charity have been much called for. Courses have also been given on astronomy, American history and political economy.

The introduction of University Extension into the United States followed close upon a rather extraordinary success of the extension system among the working men in the north of England and in a few of the metropolitan centers. This, no doubt, goes far to account for the impression so largely made at the time upon our public that University Extension in England was mainly, if not exclusively, for working men instead of, as it is, for the adult population generally, whether of the professional, working or leisure class. It is true it was not the original design of the extension movement to reach so wide a class. Some of those for whom most expectation was indulged are least represented. The successful man of business is more frequently in the audience than the young clerk. Women predominate. This is especially noticeable in afternoon audiences and at the examinations. Some of the audiences,

the result of special organization, are composed exclusively of working men. That the average English audiences are mixed, composed of the professional and business classes, of working men, and particularly of ladies of leisure, just as our audiences are, the reader of Mackinder and Sadler, the Oxford historians of the movement, in a little book entitled,



MICHAEL E. SADLER,

Fellow of Oxford University, a former lecturer of the Association.

"University Extension, Past, Present and Future," and of Dr. Roberts in his "Eighteen Years of University Extension," can no longer doubt, and he will turn with complacency to some of the impressions that lie in the mind of our American public as illustrative in another way of the remarkable aptitudes in the human mind for the cultivation of legends.

Both in England and the United States the student of university extension becomes accustomed to associate with the



movement the names of many representative English and American citizens. The extension work has become localized in extension colleges—that is, structures definitely designed for the extension lecture courses, providing for lecture hall, library and laboratory, for office of secretary of local committee, and rooms for the care-taker. Within the last few years a respectable literature upon the subject has sprung into existence. The *University Extension Journal*, *Oxford University Extension Gazette*, *University Extension*, and *University Extension World* are the journals respectively of the London Society, of Oxford, of the American Society, and of the University of Chicago. The lecture, the syllabus, the guided reading, the class, the weekly exercise, the students' associations, and the examinations,—there is really the beginning of a literature upon these topics with which no prospective lecturer or local organizer must fail to acquaint himself. An index of the extraordinary vitality of the system is the success of the comparatively recent venture of the summer meeting. Cambridge has thrown open her laboratories and libraries for the use of advanced extension students during the summer. In 1888 Oxford inaugurated a series of semi-popular summer gatherings of immense proportions, which have been successfully followed by the American Society in the halls of the University of Pennsylvania. Oxford University and the American Society have in recent years annually interchanged lecturers.

Two important problems confront any institution or set of institutions that attempt to further the extension movement; the problem of finance and the problem of the lecturer. State aid, private munificence and thoroughness of organization may solve the former; but only a slow process of evolution aided by the jealous foresight of the universities can solve the second. The office of the extension lecturer is unique; to succeed before all kinds of audiences without misrepresenting higher education, he

must be a scholar and many-sided. All great scholars are not successful extension lecturers as all great scholars are not successful teachers. A Professor McMaster may not get a second call. It is possible that extension lecturing may become a distinct profession and invite its annual quota of university men to life careers. As typical lecturers and organizers may be named out of a large number, Mr. Hudson Shaw and Michael E. Sadler, of Oxford University and Edward T. Devine and Lyman P. Powell, of the American society.

University extension has been subjected to criticism. The most earnest protest has come from those who regard research as the sole function of the university. But research is not the sole function of the university. The teaching of teachers is no less a "traditional function." University extension must be watched; it should be under the responsible supervision in each state of the leading university or the leading universities and colleges. That some university men deprecate its influence is, as Bishop Vincent said several years since, cause of gratulation; it augurs well for the work and its results. Great scholars hate the superficial. But criticism must not come too lightly or irresponsibly; it must not itself be superficial. The critics should first inform themselves in order not to raise objections that have been raised a thousand times and as often answered, and other objections which apply to the extension which they have in mind but which do not apply to the system put into operation by the venerable institutions of Cambridge and Oxford. Those who sneer at the possibility of the higher education of the masses know little of the forces which they have to reckon, or they reckon ill. It can have escaped no student of modern history with what tremendous strides democracy has moved forward; revolt against ecclesiastical despotism, revolt against political despotism, revolt against industrial despotism. Before any of these can be finally successful there must be a successful issue of a

revolt against the despotism of ignorance. Old subjective ideals have been broken down by changes economic, social and political in recent centuries and with them has gone much of the foundation of the old morality. A new body of social ideas is needed. We need to develop a world-consciousness to take the place of the local community consciousness which in the changes of the nineteenth century has disappeared. To do this we must have universal education for adult life as well as for youth and infancy. This we cannot have without oral instruction. The stories of the fireside that have now so largely become a thing of the past and the traditions of the locality must be

replaced by the impassioned words of the scholar who so far as he speaks to popular audiences must also be a seer. He must put into the foreground not details but ideas, not the knave but the hero. University education is in its essence the consideration not of facts but of their relations and its benefits are reserved for mature minds. Higher education is of course relative. Our newer institutions for the moral progress of man, university extension, college settlements, and the christian associations, all must coöperate with the church and the state for a more general diffusion of knowledge until the learning of the schools shall have become the common property of the households.

## THE DREAM FAIRY.

THERE'S a sweet little fairy lives up in the moon,  
 A dear little fairy with dreamy eyes,  
 And hair that falls in a mystical stream  
 All over the moon, like a midnight dream  
 That has lost its way in the limitless skies.

And this dear little fairy sleeps during the day,  
 Tucked snugly in slumberous bed of gold,  
 Wrapped in the softest and downiest shroud  
 Made from the fleece of a passing cloud.  
 With feet to the sun so she won't catch cold.

But when the twilight comes over the earth  
 She wakens and brushes the sleep from her eyes,  
 Then hastens her little dream-lanterns to light—  
 Her little dream-lanterns that glimmer so bright,  
 We think they are stars shining out of the skies.

And each little light is a sweet little dream—  
 A dear little dream for a drowsy head;  
 And once in a while you have witnessed the sight  
 Of somebody's dream falling out of the night—  
 "I saw a star falling!" perhaps you said.

Oh, little Dream Fairy who lives in the moon,  
 Oh, dear little fairy with mournful eyes,  
 Whenever your dream-lights' mystical beams  
 Fall softly and silently over the beds  
 Where peacefully slumber the drowsy heads.  
 Do you laugh with the one who laughs in his dreams  
 And weep with the one who moans and sighs?

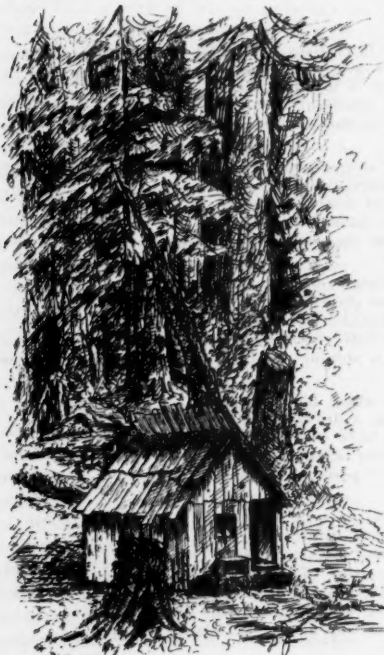
*Edgar Welton Cooley.*

## CEDAR CHIPS.

By IDA A. BAKER.

IT was a typical Washington day in November. The sky was gray and a few scattering raindrops were steadily falling. It had been just the same since the first day of September.

In a slashing of about two acres in the heart of the Boisfort forest, a man and woman were busily tending clearing fires. The clearing was on a side-hill in the heaviest timber and the surrounding woods boxed it in like a huge wall. At the foot of the hill brawled a mountain brook, fringed by alders and vine-maples,—the only companionable thing in the whole forest. In the center of the clearing was a "shake" shanty.



DRAWN BY D. JEANNETTE BAKER.

"In the center of the clearing was a little 'shake' shanty."

The two worked long in silence. At last the woman spoke. "Jim, let me go with you."

Jim climbed over a log to the next stump. It was burning slowly. "Hand me the augur," was his only answer.

She followed him and piled chunks upon the burning side of the stump while he bored a hole from the other side to draw the fire. Then she said again, "Let me go with you, Jim."

There was a repressed eagerness in her voice that Jim would have heard had he not been so absorbed in his work.

"And leave these fires to go out? You talk like a child! What do you want to get?"

"I don't want to buy anything; I just want to go. I'm so tired of staying at home. I hate it here!"

"That's the thanks a fellow gets for slaving himself to death to fix things up neat for you. You'd rather wade through mud, like a tramp, just to get into town and then stand around the street like the other trash! I don't see where your pride is. Two years ago you wouldn't have been seen going into town all mud."

"I hadn't lived here two years then," and Marthy's lips closed tight and straight as her teeth.

"If you hate it so here, why do you stay? I'm sure you don't have to. Go to town and stay there!"

Marthy went to the other stumps, tended the fires, and stood motionless looking at the great glowing bed of coals, as it hissed now and then from the drizzling raindrops.

"I hate him! I hate him!" were the words going over and over in her mind.

Jim looked once or twice at the trim figure outlined against the black firs and logs. It was pretty, notwithstanding the scant gown.

"I didn't mean that," he thought remorsefully; but he said nothing. He only piled the chunks for the fires a little handier and went on with his preparations for leaving.

Marthy said little more. She brought him his pack- straps and some cold biscuits to slip into his pocket for lunch. He would have to bring back a sack of flour and some groceries.

"I started some new stumps, but the wood is ready. If you keep them going they'll be half burnt by the time I'm back," he said, as they walked toward the house.

"You'll be home Thursday?"

"Yes; good-bye."

"Good-bye," wearily.

Jim looked back a second time at the girl standing by the cabin. The same broad brow, clear gray eyes and black lashes, red lips and square, firm chin, and hair in little tendrils about the forehead; the same face that she had brought to him two years ago,—no thinner, no paler; but something about her impressed him unwontedly. It was as though the face with its beauty had turned to iron. He wished he had brought her along, regardless of work to be done. The more he thought the more he wondered why it had seemed so impossible to him when Marthy spoke.

He was a broad-shouldered fellow with muscles of iron and nerves of steel. This long struggle with the forest had never disheartened him.

Two years before he had met Marthy Lawson at a country party. He danced nearly every dance with her after they were introduced, while Lew Greig, the bookkeeper from town, sulked outside



DRAWN BY D. JEANNETTE BAKER.

"Marthy stood motionless looking at the bed of coals."

the house. In a month they were married; their only capital,—love.

With the wages for this month in his pocket and on his back, in the shape of flour, bacon and sugar, he had gone into the Boisfort mountains, cut a cedar and built a shake shanty.

On the next trip Marthy had gone with him. They were in the heart of the forest. The nearest cabin was two miles away, only to be reached by following blazings. To the county road it was five miles on the trail, up and down cañons, over logs and crossing streams. All the way the trail led through a forest that reached up toward the sky three hundred feet.

On their shoulders they carried to their cabin the bare necessities of life. Everything else they made from the cedar boards he had split,—bed, chairs, cupboard and tables. She washed clothes

in the brook and cooked by the mud fire-place,—and they were happy.

But Jim had had to work in the logging camps, at intervals, to make their living; while Marthy had stayed, "week in and week out," and even months at a time, for these two long years, in their forest prison; tending clearing fires, raising garden, gathering wild fruits, fishing in the brook and making the little shanty homelike.

An idyllic life, only—so much alone; and so utterly alone when Jim was gone! And always the black firs towered up, up so far that they almost shut the sky away, and in the long rainy winters the clouds filled in the space with dark mist and the day was only a long twilight!

Sometimes it seemed to Marthy that she was the only living being left on the earth and she was lost in these monstrous forests from the light of heaven and from the memory of God.

Jim couldn't understand it. He could only see that his lively, happy wife had grown moody, and he was vexed at the change.

Soon as Jim was gone, Marthy turned into the cabin. Through the one half-sashed window the gloom without became darkness within. She piled wood on the mud fire-place until the blaze brightened the room and then she boiled the kettle. Silently she washed and scoured the tin dishes, made the bed of fir, straightened the calico curtains at the window and cupboard, rearranged the shake benches and chairs, swept the hearth and scoured the floor. She even stopped on the little platform to wash the tin basin and dipper and hang them up. Then she went with the water-pail down to the brook. Something in the babbling of the brook was almost like companionship and broke her forced calm. She clenched her hands above her head and strained toward the strip of sky so far above her, like a wild creature at the bottom of a well.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried, "I can't endure it! I can't endure it!" Then she sank down sobbing on the wet chips and silal.

But the sound of her own crying, as it broke the stillness, hushed her. She rose and went on with her work, wearily plodding from stump to stump.

"Why don't you go? Go to town and stay there!" kept ringing through her thoughts. "He doesn't care; why should I stay?"

She felt as though the door to her prison had been unbarred.

"He only married me to have some one hold this old homestead for him. Let him try staying here all the time himself!"

She piled on the chunks recklessly.

"I could go to Sally's until I found a place to work."

All day the door stood open and her thoughts roamed free beyond it.

As the early winter night settled black and brooding over the forest, she arranged the clearing fires, carried in the wood for the fireplace and prepared her supper, mechanically.

She sat by the flickering light of the fire for hours, still going over the thoughts of the day. When the last stick was on the coals she crept into bed. The burning wood snapped and crackled and cast strange, ghostly shadows in the corners of the room. Marthy could not sleep. She longed to rise and run from them,—anywhere, anywhere to be near her fellow creatures. At length the fire died down; only a bed of coals glowed in the chimney. Slowly the darkness crept closer; a white film gathered over the coals and finally the fireplace was only a black hole in the wall sucking up the drafts. The night air pushed cold, damp fingers in between the shakes. The darkness was thick and heavy and the silence was like the stillness of death.

Marthy stopped her weary round of thinking and strained her ears to hear even the sighing of the wind in the far-away tops of the firs. All the force of her mind centered in this longing for the sound of life. She waited, with uneven breath and wide, wild eyes, her head up-lifted, her fingers grasping the bedstead. A long, long hour had passed when from



"In these monstrous forests,"

the topmost branches, faint with the distance, sounded the whistle of a sleepy mountain lark.

Her form relaxed. She pressed her hands to her face and shook with sobs. The rain began to patter on the roof and, until dawn, the larks, at long intervals, whistled their mournful notes.

"I must go!" she whispered in the darkness, "I shall go mad here! I *must*!"

With morning, she rose, prepared her breakfast, cleaned the little room, packed her clothes into a bundle, and left her home.

## II.

It was Wednesday evening,—an evening when all was happiness at the home of Mr. Martin, the logger; when the provident housewife put on her second best dress, and the extra dishes "he" liked were prepared for supper; for this was one of Mr. Martin's regular, semi-weekly visits home from the logging camp.

He was too late for the regular supper and was eating alone while his wife worked at the other end of the long table.

"You know the new cook I told you the men were all bragging on so much, the grass-widow?" said Mr. Martin, help-

ing himself liberally to his favorite dish of string beans.

His wife was pouring him a cup of coffee. "M-m-m" was her answer.

"Her old man came to the camp to work this last week."

"Hm!" with more interest. "Is he after her?"

"I don't know. I saw their faces when they met. He turned red and choked over his coffee. She turned white and dropped her pitcher of milk."

"Was it the big glass one?" anxiously. Then, seeing "yes" in his face, "Now, Jerry, I'm not going to send any more good dishes to the camp. They can use lard buckets."

"But it didn't break. It struck on Joe Halleck's shoulder and fell over, milk and all, into Luke Fisher's lap and neck."

"How'd'e like that?" laughingly. "I guess he aint so badly gone on her now."

"The boys laugh at him a good deal. She felt real bad. She said her hand cramped, but she told Mrs. Banks it was the sight of her man that did it. She hadn't seen him before since she left their place over a year ago."

"Poor thing! I expect she was afraid he'd make her go back and slave again."



"I don't know. Lew Greig told that Hapgood was mean to her. He said she was working to get money enough to get a divorce. But I think Hapgood seems like a good fellow."

"Has Greig been drunk lately?"

"Not since Mrs. Hapgood came to cook. The men say he was mad after her when she was Marthy Lawson."

"I suppose he thinks there's a chance for him now."

"I suppose so. This lettuce is awful good! Send a box to the camp with the supplies to-morrow."

"If you go back to-morrow, I think I'll go with you. Clara can take care of the ranch. I'm tired of staying here ranching alone. I might as well be a grass-widow, myself."

### III.

After that first episode, Jim logged with the men and Marthy baked, brewed and boiled for them, each apparently oblivious of the other's existence. If the roaring fire, the boiling kettle, or the kneading of great tubs of bread gave relief to any turmoil in Marthy's heart, there was no outward indication; or, if the crash of falling trees, their mad rush

down the chute and into the river, were a relief to any agony of remorse that might be in Jim's breast, he made no sign.

It had been so since that November day. Marthy had found work at once, but talked little to even her best friends. Jim had clenched his fist and shut his teeth in grim silence the day he came back to his deserted home.

"I think they are both glad to be shet of each other," said Luke Fisher, the chore boy,—a conclusion that was generally accepted by the rest of the camp.

Marthy seldom spoke to any of the men, but it was thought that she was sorry she hadn't married Lew Greig instead of Jim Hapgood,—an opinion carefully nurtured by Lew Greig himself.

One day the men were somewhat excited and took time to talk a little at the table.

"Your claim is in the Boisfort, ain't it Hapgood?" inquired one man between two mouthfuls that finished one slice of steak.

"Yes. I shall be gone to Vancouver the twentieth of this month, Mr. Martin."

"So? Going up to file?"

"Yes. The land will soon be mine, if no one makes me any trouble."

As he spoke they looked up at Marthy, just coming in the doorway with a plate of bread.

"The red flamed up in her face," Mr. Martin told his wife afterwards, "like the water shoots up when a log strikes the river."

"Wright took up a hull gang of men and women into them woods to locate on timber claims," volunteered another man, while he waited for the stew to be passed.

"Thar ain't much use tryin' to git timber claims 'gainst the state nohow," drawled a long, lean fellow. "Wright 'lowed they'd be all right. Said the state wa'n't agoin' to take much in them townships. He's a-goin' to locate some on the quarters that hev ben homesteaded. He says they can't any o' that land be held fur homesteads. They wouldn't stand no show at all in a contest."



MISS IDA A. BAKER,  
Of Eagle Grove, Iowa, formerly of Chehalis, Washington.



The stew came and extinguished his eloquence.

"Lew, I thought you went up there last summer," said Luke Fisher.

Lew had his head close over his plate and was eating blackberry cobbler.

"I did."

"How is it? Good timber where you are?"

"You bet."

"Where did you locate?"

"In eighteen, of town ten. The finest timber of all. But that danged Harvey located a woman up there."

A laugh went the rounds.

"Jumped your claim, did she? She'll have to jump you with the claim, won't she?"

"No, I wouldn't trouble a woman. If she climbed those hills she earned it," and Lew glanced from under his bent brows to see what Marthy thought of that sentiment.

"Which quarter is it?" asked Hapgood.

"Northwest," with a vicious look.

"I remember that. It is fine timber. I went over it once. But there's no way of getting it out. It ain't worth filing on," and Hapgood looked straight at Marthy.

"Curse him!" thought Lew, "he can't keep her himself, and he don't want any one else to have her."

"Then you ain't so all-fired generous to the woman after all, Lew. I thought it was mighty queer," said Luke.

"What are you going to do?"

Lew had risen and stood astride the shake bench, on which the men sat at table. With a scowl at Hapgood, he turned to vent his temper on the boy, Luke, as a safer scapegoat. But Mr. Martin's quiet voice interposed with a request for him to do an errand at the bunk house, if he was through with his dinner.

"Hapgood," said one of the men, "ain't you afraid someone will locate on your land? Lew Greig says you wouldn't stand no show at all in a contest. He takes a heap of interest in your land; couldn't talk of nothing else the last time he was drunk."

2

"I'll show him if he wants to try filing on it. I have five acres of vine-maple land and two acres cleared by the house."

"You haven't done much this year."

"No. It's slow work for one, and to be out there alone is enough to drive one crazy."

"That's what it is. Living in the woods alone would drive me plum out of my senses. I'd get like foolish Felix up in the Cowlitz."

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, "it's hard. I think it's hardest for the women."

"That's so," assented Hapgood, "but a man never knows until he tries it himself."

"Joe, will you shie that plate of bread to this end of the table?" said Luke, "Marthy must be baking that that she went after. She's been gone long enough—Oh! here she is."

#### IV.

About nine o'clock that evening Luke came into the cook-house. Marthy was just setting the sponge, the last duty for the night.

"Now, where's the rest of that cobbler, Mrs. Hapgood? I've salted all the meat," and Luke seated himself at the table.

"You haven't filled the wood-box yet."

"O, blame it! I forgot the wood."

That finished, he proceeded to do justice to the lunch and enjoy himself by giving free rein to his tongue.

"Lew Greig is a smooth-tongued fellow, ain't he?"

"Yes, he can talk pretty well."

"Do you know what claim he's going to take?"

"No; I don't know anything about his affairs."

"You don't? He sets lots of store by you."

"Is that so?"

"You bet."

For awhile Luke ate the cold meat and watched Marthy's arms as she beat and stirred the sponge.

"He said last Sunday night, as we was coming in from town, that he was going

to file a timber filing on Jim Hapgood's claim. He says Jim can't hold it because his family hain't been there for a year. Then, when you get your divorce, he says he'll see that you get your half of that claim. He says it's yours by right, that you did more of the work than Jim."

"He talks like a fool!"

"Well, he ain't such a fool but he knows a good cook when he eats her victuals. All the boys are stuck on your blackberry cobbler."

"Come, you've had lunch enough now," and Marthy gathered up the dishes.

Luke seized a piece of cobbler from the vanishing plate.

"They say Hapgood's the fool,—to have a woman that can cook like you can, and then misuse her."

"Go away! I'm tired," and Marthy began brushing the floor vigorously. But he continued with a boy's impertinent teasing.

"What did he do to you? Beat you?"

Luke had been backing to the door, but the flash of Marthy's eyes sent him outside.

"He called out in place of a good-night, 'I'm bunking with your old man now. Don't you wish you knew what he says in his sleep?'"

Marthy latched the door and went to her room in a tumult of anger and heart-sick longing.

"Marry Lew Greig! And they think I'm saving my money to get a divorce! A divorce! To marry Lew Greig!"

She could have hissed his name between her teeth, but for fear she would be heard through the thin partitions.

"Oh! Jim, Jim! I don't want a divorce! I want *you*! I want *you*!" and she covered her head to smother her sobs.

But, so far as she knew, Jim had never wanted her back. "He was glad to get rid of me," she thought bitterly. Then she imagined Lew Greig living in their little cabin and expecting her to follow, and Jim left with nothing to pay him for his hard work. What could she do?

She tried to think, but there was nothing. She couldn't offer to go back to him. She shivered as she saw herself standing before Jim's contempt. She spent the night planning, raging and weeping, and at the first flush of the sky rose for her day's work. She was weak with excitement; but the poor have no time to nurse headaches and heartaches.

## V.

The dinner was on the fire, the bread and pudding were in the oven, when every one was startled by the double and treble crash of falling trees; it was like quick succeeding peals of thunder.

Mrs. Martin was in the cook-house. "I wonder if they know what they're doing out there!" she exclaimed hastily. "Three trees fell then."

"It sounded as though the whole forest was going," Marthy replied.

"Well, it's a mercy if no one is hurt, besides spoiling so much good timber."

She had barely finished speaking, when a man came running past the cook-house to the office.

"What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Martin.

"Man killed," he called. Mr. Martin met him. "There's two or three hurt besides," he panted as they turned back.

"Who was down there?"

"Jim Hapgood, Lew Greig, and those two new men. Jim's as dead as a mackerel, and the others are all splintered up."

"Take Dolly and go to town for Dr. Black and —" But Mr. Martin's voice passed out of hearing.

Mrs. Martin had hurried to her cabin to collect what she could for bandages. Marthy stood in the doorway, benumbed with horror. She looked off over the old burn before the cook-house, as though she had never seen it before. The tall, charred stumps gleamed in the glaring sunlight. The red huckleberries shone like gay corals among the young firs. The glaucous leaves of the Oregon grape and silal flashed lightly back the fierce sun-rays.

"Jim dead!"

She plunged out of the door blindly. The men were out of sight. She followed a skid-road. It turned out of slashings into dark woods. She staggered and stumbled over the skids. She fell. She rose and hurried on. Deeper and deeper into the dark woods she rushed. She almost collided with one of the workmen. He uttered an exclamation of surprise at the ghastly face, but she screamed as though she had seen a ghost.

"Oh, Jim! They said you was dead!" and she leaned against a tree, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Did you care?" asked Jim in surprise.

"Oh!—" but Marthy could not speak.

"You wouldn't a-had to get a divorce if I'd been killed," said he, still stupidly doubtful. "Lew Greig—"

"I've never said three words to Lew Greig. I wouldn't marry him if I starved. Oh, Jim! take me back!" and Marthy turned her face toward the tree to hide her tears.

Jim was slow, but it would take a stupider man than he not to hear and believe the love in those words.

"Marthy," and he put his strong arms around her, "if you'll trust me again, I'll try to be a good man to you and make up for the past. I came here," and he

drew her close to him, "just to try and make up with you. But Lew Greig's talk made me think you hated me."

The sound of tramping feet and suppressed voices reminded them of their duties.

Marthy found Mrs. Martin finishing the dinner. "Poor thing," Mrs. Martin had thought, "I wonder if she is glad or sorry to be free. She will be sorry soon enough if she marries Lew Greig."

But when she looked at Marthy's radiant face in the doorway she was amazed.

"It was a mistake," she cried, as though she had told all her trouble.

"What?" asked Mrs. Martin, puzzled.

"Was no one hurt?"

"No—I don't know. *Jim's* alive."

"Oh! that's it. Well that's good. Did you see him?"

"Yes. Here they come," and the men came by, bearing their dead companion, one of the new men; also Lew Greig, with a broken leg.

That evening Luke went in, after extra work, to have his lunch and chat with Marthy.

"And I never was so plum beat out in all my life," he told Mrs. Martin afterwards. "There was Jim settin' in the kitchen talkin' with Marthy, just as though nothin' had happened!"

## IN NOVEMBER.

THE brown leaves lie in mould'ring drifts  
All down the vale;  
Through naked boughs the chilling winds  
Low dirges wail.

The brook is sobbing to itself  
With stifled moan;  
In one bare tree a shiv'ring bird  
Sits all alone;

While overhead gray clouds hang low  
And wait to fall,  
Around the tired, still earth to fold  
A snowy pall.

The drear'ness fills and thrills my heart  
With choking pain.  
Oh heart! God lives the same, and spring  
Will come again.

DECORAH, IOWA.

Mary Helen Carter.

## A GLANCE AT THE EARLY LIFE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER.

FEW of us think without pride of the large place of James Russell Lowell in the literature of our times. Yet many of us, if one may judge of others from his own feelings, have breathed in a variety of prejudices against him, and these have given us a disagreeable impression of one of the most fascinating personalities in our intellectual world. A common impression of Lowell as a public man was founded on the comment attributed by the newspapers to General Grant, that the poet was not acceptable to the President for appointment to a diplomatic office, because he was one of "those literary fellows who part their hair in the middle." Most people knew Lowell only as the author of that remarkable Yankee satire, with which he delighted the last generation, as a humorist overflowing with the native good sense of New England, and beside all that as a writer of graceful lines, enriched by the rarest ornaments of our English tongue. Half their appreciation of the poet was spoiled by these rude words of the popular soldier whose heedless expression classified Lowell, off-hand, with the crowd of literary nondescripts who affect the poet's eye, glancing from earth to heaven, and find the most satisfactory credentials of genius in eccentricities of personal appearance.

Years afterward, when Lowell, yielding to the curious influences which led so many scholarly persons to discover in the Democratic party signs of the Time that would run back and fetch the Age of Gold, described its successful leader as "the typical American since Lincoln was snatched from us," many of us could not conceal our regret that the poet had lost the sense of that exquisite humor which enabled plain Hosea Biglow to explain the process by which "Washington's mantlepiece fell upon Polk."

We form our prejudices on the feelings of the moment, and the worst of it is that the prejudices of to-day are likely to be the opinions of to-morrow, and are apt, after a little, to claim the same authority as if they had come from the well of reason undefiled. It must always be counted a misfortune that passing prejudices should keep anyone from a just appreciation of the real life and labors of one of the most eminent examples of American manhood, patriotism and culture. These prejudices are now passed away. Even that against President Cleveland disappeared after his second election. It was then no longer possible to dispose of him as Cicero disposed of Piso, as one who "had crept into honor through the inadvertence of mankind." Those of us who cannot even yet recognize in him the mold of Lincoln, can at least tolerate the cheerful fanaticism of the little group of devotees that still surrounds him, for it is evident that his course in life, like the career of Mohammed, even if it is not explicable, is at least not insignificant.

The letters of a notable man, written in the intimacy of friendship and business, when wisely edited, make the most perfect record of his life; and, if all who are interested in knowing the facts about the man had the art of leisure, no formal biography of Lowell would be needed to supplement the material collected and arranged, with only occasional explanatory remarks, by Charles Elliott Norton, and published by the Harpers.

The Lowell letters admit a kindly light into all the affairs of the poet, which the public has a right to see, and taken together give the most agreeable complete picture of him that is possible. So pleasing is the picture that one is almost ready to accept the view expressed by Carlyle in the essay on Burns, that "if an

individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character." If Carlyle has himself suffered from the over-zealous application of this principle, there are not many who regret it, because the fault was in the life and not in the letters; in the selfish intellectual isolation of the man, rather than in the faithful, if not discreet, activity of his surviving friends in revealing the springs and relations of his character.

It will not do to say that we must not look upon the privacy of Elmwood, to see Lowell with the baby in his arms, and Maria White laughing at the conscience-stricken poet when he seriously proposes to "learn darning," in order to save her from the "faint tinkle of chains," always suggested to his mind when he sees her "mending his stockings," simply because, not far from the same time, a look into the solitude of Craigen-puttoch, might show forth a grizzly and dyspeptic philosopher, gloomily walking the floor, with an old pipe in his mouth, wrestling desperately with the *Zeitgeist*, while a patient little woman in the deserted rooms below is bearing the load of household toil, finding in the very drudgery of her experience a compensation for sheer loneliness.

It is not intended in this review to take more than a hurried glance at the early years of Lowell. If little is said of the period of his mature studies in literature, criticism and politics, it is because there is a higher pleasure in considering the days of his first struggle to gain a foothold in the world of letters, and for the larger reason, that all he was and all he did seem bound up in the brief space between his graduation from college and his appointment to the chair of belles lettres at Cambridge. If he was a great poet, those years foreshadowed every range of his faculties; if he was a discriminating critic, those years opened to him all the underlying principles of art; if, as his English friend, Mr. Leslie

Steven, said at the Chapter House in Westminster Abbey, he was "a man born to grapple with libraries and to absorb and to assimilate whole literatures," it was those years which gave him "the voracious appetite of your true bookworm."

The youth of Lowell makes an interesting exhibit of the foundation on which his life rested. This probably is true of nearly everybody, but in only a few cases are we permitted to see the whole ground-plan of a conspicuous career. It would have saved many a narrow misunderstanding of the man if, in the later years of his life, the world could have known the young Harvard student, as his friends knew him and as the letters disclose him. His love of England and things English, which invited so many sneering comments when he was officially accredited near St. James, would surely have found a more friendly interpretation if we had known in any true way how the mind of the boy had rejoiced in the society of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, and how, as he came to years, the old masters of the noble arts of our English speech found with him the hospitality that is reserved only for chosen friends. If a man actually feels that he has a part in the inheritance that has fallen to men wherever the English tongue is spoken, it is asking a good deal of him to entirely subdue his admiration for the sources from which we have derived our language, our literature and our laws. In such a sense Lowell, without ceasing to be a good American, from his youth up perceived that the intellectual frontiers of kindred nations are

"Abolished in the truce of common speech  
And mutual comfort of the mother tongue."

And so the affectionate words scattered through his letters to English friends lead up by no forbidden way to the historic scene in the Abbey, when a memorial of him was reverently set up by Englishmen beside the bust of Longfellow.

A young man who at seventeen can honestly say that "Spencer has always been my favorite poet"; who exults in a

New Year's day made memorable by the gift of a volume of Milton; who has already purchased "with some stray cash" the works of Coleridge and Beattie; who has explored the "inexhaustible source of mirth in *Hudibras*," and whose most pleasing anticipation relates to a forthcoming edition of Shakespeare, cannot afterward walk without a sort of filial awe amid the scenes in which the intellectual life of the modern world begins. An unimportant class of politicians, timid about the election day, might do it; but a brother of Alfred Tennyson cannot be expected to do it. The English friend who knew him best bears a sincere testimony (*Letters*, vol. I, appendix) to the fact that, cosmopolitan as he was in knowledge, the genuine Yankee was never far below the surface. Nobody knew the truth of that better than this English friend, for in April, 1866, Lowell had given him a long lecture, in which, among many wise and witty things, he said that "more than half the people of the North have roots, as I have, that run down, down, more than two hundred years deep into this new world soil—we have not a thought nor a hope that is not American—and they make up their minds that it is not what Mr. Disraeli calls a 'territorial democracy,' but a democracy itself that makes us strong."

But it is with Lowell, the young student and poet, that we have to do here. Among the things that give a sense of responsibility to a man's early life is the choice of a profession. The annual contribution of our colleges to the list of educated men and women must always be an entertaining subject for reflection. The perplexity of these uninitiated thousands as they stand in the ante-room of worldly affairs, unable to give the pass-word even to the outer guard, is a situation that naturally invites sympathy and counsel. It is not a little comfort and encouragement that there is, after all, only a slight difference in the plane on which people live. It does not appear to be the effort of Providence to set a few impressive figure-heads above the level

of the earth, to be at once the marvel and despair of the nameless millions. It is not, therefore, without some sort of gratitude that we find Lowell, not yet come into the fulness of his fame, troubled, as others are, by the everyday question of what to do.

It is readily seen that Lowell made a mistake when he took to the law; not because he would not have made a lawyer; for, when we consider how lawyers are made, the process and the material, there can be no doubt that he would have been at least partly successful at the bar. It would have been, however, at the expense of some of the most important elements of his intellectual equipment. The genius of the poet has little concern for the rules by which the courts are enslaved. It has an eye for justice, but not for litigation. It can hear the cry of innocence, but is wearied by the plea of not guilty. It can illuminate the civic virtues, but finds it hard to interest itself in the impaneling of a jury. It is not true that a lawyer can have no dealings with the poets, for every realm is put under tribute by the great advocate; but, excepting Shakespeare alone, the poets have found it wise to keep out of the courts.

Let us look, then, at Lowell in the agony of entering upon a profession. He is out of college, without, we may properly judge, showing very many marks of unusual discipline. He complains that people call him indolent and answers the cheap caricature of his acquaintances by the not over-pious remark, "Damn everybody, since everybody damns me." It is probably fortunate that the unhappy student about this time fell in with the first volume of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, for it is not unlikely that the fierce enthusiasm of these essays furnished him not only many fruitful ideas, but also a few phrases appropriate for the use of a contemplative person, suspended from college for that sort of attention to his studies then thought inadequate at Cambridge. The seven months of his exile leave him undecided whether to enter



the Divinity School or the Law School. He says to his friend, Dr. Loring, (September 22, 1838,) that "no man ought to be a minister who has not a special calling that way." He is bothered about the money question, a bother which, indeed, remained with him for years, and he intimates that "no man ought to be a minister who has not money enough to support himself besides his salary." He turns away from the pulpit, because he foresees that some day he should "make a fool of himself and marry," and so with a rather trite apostrophe to a copper cent lying on his table and with only a regretful glance at the "beckoning muses," he records in a letter to the same faithful companion of his boyhood: "Elmwood, October 11, 1838. I am reading Blackstone with as good a grace and few wry faces as I may."

Before the month is gone he says to his friend, "A very great change has come over the spirit of my dream of life. I have renounced the law. I am going to settle down into a business man at last after all I have said to the contrary. Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness! I find that I cannot bring myself to like the law and I am now looking out for a place 'in a store.' You may imagine that all this has not come to pass without a great struggle. I must expect to give up almost entirely all literary pursuits, and, instead of making rhymes, devote myself to making money. If I thought it possible that I should ever love the law (one can't make a lawyer without it) I wouldn't hesitate a moment, but I am confident I shall never be able even to be on speaking terms with it. I have been thinking seriously of the ministry, but then; I have also thought of medicine — but then —."

While it may not appear a generous thing to emphasize this ludicrous confusion of feeling, yet if it may serve to give heart to any whose prospects are buffeted by the waves of an unstable purpose, it will not do any harm. As in the case of the enraged goddess in the opening lines of the *Æneid*, the revelation may shake

our confidence a little, but it will at least enable timid mortals to take a steadier view of the things that pass in divine minds.

But we have so far only a part of the revelation. We can imagine the interested amusement of his friend on receiving (November 8, 1838) this letter: "On Monday last I went into town to look out for a place and was induced *en passant* to step into the United States court where there was a case pending in which Webster was one of the counsel retained. I had not been there an hour before I determined to continue my profession and study as well as I could."

With the magic of Webster's voice calling to him from Boston and the rude clamors of the prophet Carlyle, now first come within Lowell's hearing, filling the wilderness of this world with his imprecations, it is strange that the poet did not turn into an attorney at law and politics,—a Harvard-made jurist with a steady retainer as a political agitator and reformer at large. In that way went Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. Why not Lowell? The muses forbade it—"the swate deluding cratures," to whom in September of the year before he had made his jocose farewells. The last day of 1839 ends for him in a song to the "Dying Year," and toward the close of February he "has quitted the law forever," only to write again to Dr. Loring on the 9th of March: "The more I think of business the more really unhappy do I feel, and think more and more of studying law. What to do with myself I do not know. I am afraid people will call me a fool if I change again, and yet I can hardly hope ever to be satisfied where I am. I shouldn't wonder if next Monday saw me with Kent's Commentaries under my arm. I think I might get to take an interest in it and then I should not fear at all about the living."

A month passes, given over, one would judge, to pleasing thoughts and sad thoughts, too, for the May number of the *Knickerbocker* contains the "Threnodia," the earliest of Lowell's poems that is



preserved in the complete edition of his works.

What a treasure those roughly bound *Knickerbockers* are! We never look into them but they tell us the story of the trials and triumphs of the historic group of writers in prose and verse who laid the foundation of our national literature. One cannot take down these worn volumes from the shelf and turn over their faded and yellow leaves without gaining a new pleasure from the poems which gave celebrity to the unknown names of Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell. Somehow one does not get the same feeling from reading the pretentious editions of their published works. Was ever book wrought into sumptuous beauty by the skill of printer and binder which comes into our hearts like one of these hesitating voices out of the dear old magazines? Open to the page which contains the *Threnodia*. It is not a great poem, though a very mournful one and withal a very sweet one—and all the sweeter because, as you read it, you can see Lowell sitting in his brother Robert's room talking over the contents of the copy just at hand. Robert has vaguely hinted that his brother must have written the "*Thren.*" Playfully intending to stir up the poet he calls the verses "pretty," while the modest author throws the tormentor "off the scent" by "coolly" turning to the index and reading everything else except "the best piece in the number." That would surely throw him off the scent, though there will always be some who will suspect that he had read the lines a score of times before he brought the magazine to his brother's lodgings. Will ever the bookmaker's art learn to add to the words of any poet the delicious atmosphere of a scene like that?

In the midst of conflicting plans and ambitions Lowell finally passed through the Harvard Law School, but he kept his certificate of graduation only as a souvenir of his intellectual alienation from the legal profession, for the quaint observation of the old English judge that

the law is a jealous mistress and brooks no rivals has never been entirely discredited.

So far as the letters show, he never looked back with regret to the court house where the great lawyers of the time were still charming aspiring students with the allurements of a profession which is said to sharpen without enlarging the minds of its diligent votaries. From that day he took down his law books only to pick out from the "*State trials*" the rugged idioms employed in the primitive courts of justice, or to enjoy their "quaint and graphic vignettes from the old English country life," or to entertain visitors with the pleasantries that "lie buried in evidence given before Coke and Jeffries."

Years afterward, doubtless reflecting on his career as a lawyer, he was moved to jest when the University of Oxford decorated his name with the honorary title of Doctor of the Civil Law. "If I don't know much Roman law," he wrote to Thomas Hughes, the friend who had introduced him into that "ancient household of scholarship," "I shall at least endeavor to do credit to my new title by being as civil as an orange to all mankind."

Two things enter into the building of Lowell's character which make the whole world his kin,—two genuine touches of nature, poverty and love. The one taught him to work, the other transfigured the world and opened for him the upper chambers of the imagination. It is a strange saying, though a true one, that little is done except by those who are driven by their surroundings to do what their hands find to do. Take away from people the benevolent pressure of necessity and they fall back into fatal indolence. This is not only so of races; it is so of favored individuals in favored races. It is only the poverty which has no outlook, which is not lightened by hope, that kills ambition and leaves the faculties of the mind blind and helpless. The narrow circumstances of people living fifty years ago, far from making men

weak, gave them the occasion to be strong, the very hardship which they encountered contributing the means of growth and strength. We cannot be too grateful that Lowell had neither the mean burdens of poverty nor the meaner burdens of riches to carry. It surely puts him nearer to us to see him eagerly picking up odd chances to earn a little money, bravely putting by the dreams of literary fame and fighting with a genuine heroism the battle of life in humble employments, even postponing his union with the girl he loved that he might not bring her into the midst of a struggle to which she was not used. She was a woman of extraordinary personal endowments. It is not too much to say that the "white and gracious thoughts" which the poet found in her dominated his life, enlisted his early ambitions in the willing service of the right, making the very appearance of evil hateful to his eyes by keeping before them the Ideal Vision in which all beauty and all truth are brought near to the daily walks of men. If we may "believe the poets," as Lowell in the stately monologue of "Columbus" thinks we ought; if indeed —

It is they who utter wisdom from the central deep

And listening to the inner flow of things  
Speak to the age out of eternity.—

American literature has given to the faith its most persuasive evangelists. It is the glory of that literature, that not one divinely gifted voice has been heard among us which has lacked the higher compass that belongs to a pure heart.

The years beginning with Lowell's courtship and ending with the death of his wife contain not far from the sum of his best work. They were years of strangely mingled gladness and sorrow. They gave him a home, beautified by all the domestic graces. They gave him the inspiration that attends high thinking and plain living; and even the shadow of death, falling three times upon his fire-side, only opened in his heart the fountains of that deeper sympathy which makes his words seem like ministering

spirits, sent forth to comfort the afflicted in all generations.

The poet used to count his printed poems as letters to the friends who read them and often excused himself from writing letters, with that apology. In such a light, what a message "The First Snow Fall" is to households in which broken hearts are learning to keep back the tears and bear the pathetic silence. "Print that," he says to his publisher, December 22, 1849, "as if you loved it. May you never have the key which shall unlock the whole meaning of the poem to you."

Within four years he was called to meet a still greater sorrow. There is something very touching in his letters to his favorite publisher as this misfortune approaches him. "I have copied a poem of Maria's which it would be a great pleasure to me to see printed in the next number. The delight which it gives me to see them printed and liked is a great pleasure to her. And it gives her something to think about, a sort of tie to this world." A few days later all ties were broken and the magazine was, for Lowell, only a tender memorial of "bygone things." Its perusal called forth that tremulous letter to the editor which more perfectly than anything else illustrates the gentle influence which Maria White brought into the life of the poet. "I am glad," says he, "for your friendly sake that my article was a popular one, but the news of it only pained me. It came too late to please the only human being whom I greatly cared to please and whose satisfaction was to me prosperity and fame."

It would be interesting to follow the course of the poet from that dreary winter of 1853 through the second half of his career, for, as he often said, that winter "broke his life in two." A special interest belongs to his travels in other lands; to his profound study of foreign literatures; to his lectures at Harvard; to his stalwart fight against American slavery; to his lofty patriotism in the years of the National Trial; to his clumsy

excursions into factional politics; to his social success in Madrid and London; to his old age with its friendships and its philosophies leading to the "chamber whose name is Peace, and which opens towards the Sun Rising." These things are not within the limits of this sketch, though they afford a thousand evidences of the nobility as well as of the infirmities of Lowell's character. They exhibit him often in his least pleasing relations, as a stern and discouraged critic of men and manners, slowly learning to look down with contemptuous dissatisfaction upon the every-day world in which people live and work and vote and wait for election returns. Most of the men who

felt the slings and arrows of his censorship, are now gone with him out of the noise of time. As one stands at Oak Hill, in the National Capital, under the trees which cast their friendly leaves upon the grave of the statesman in whose public service Lowell saw nothing except "vulgarity of character and obtuseness of moral sense," the spirit of resentment against the man of letters who deserted a field on which he was so great, to play a poor part in an unfamiliar arena, is lost in a sense of gratitude that death composes all strife and gives at last to the discord of contentious voices the silence of the sleep with which our little life is rounded.

## THE PROFESSOR.

BY CALISTA HALSEY PATCHIN.

THE professor had been dead two months. He had left the world very quietly, at that precise hour of the early evening when he was accustomed to say that his "spirit friends" came to him. The hospital nurse had noticed that there was always a time at twilight when the patient had a good hour; when pain and restlessness seemed to be charmed away, and he did not mind being left alone, and did not care whether or not there was a light in the room. Then it was that those who had gone came back to him with quiet, friendly ways and loving touch. He said nothing of this to the nurse. It was an old friend who told me that this had been his belief and solace for years.

But he had been dead two months now, and the undertaker was pressing his bill, and there were other expenses which had been cheerfully borne by friends at the time, and indeed if there had been no other reason, it remains that something must become of the personal possessions of a man who leaves neither will nor known heirs. So the professor's "effects" were appraised, and a brief "eodtf" local appeared in the daily pa-

per until it had made a dent in the memory of the public, apprising them that the personal property of the late Prof. V. C. Trowbridge would be offered at public auction at two P. M. of a Thursday, at his rooms on the third floor of the Eureka Block.

It was the merest thread of curiosity that drew me to this sale. I did not want to buy anything. It was a sort of posthumous curiosity, and it concerned itself solely with the individuality of the dead man. Not having had the opportunity of knowing him well in life, and never having known until I read his obituary what I had missed, I took this last chance of trying to evolve the man from his belongings. All I did know was that he was a teacher of music of the past generation in a Western town that grew so fast that it made a man seem older than he was. More than this, he was a composer, a music master, who took crude young voices, shrill with the tension of the Western winds and the electric air, and tamed and trained them till they fell in love with harmony. When he heard a voice he knew it. One of his contraltos is singing now in grand opera across the

sea. A tenor that he discovered has charmed the world with an "upper note."

All the same, the professor had grown old—a new generation had arisen which knew not Joseph; he failed to advertise, and every young girl who "gave lessons" crowded him closer to the wall. Now and then there would appear in the daily paper—not the next morning, but a few days after the presentation of some opera—a column of musical criticism, keen, delicate, reminiscent—fragrant with the rosemary that is for remembrance. When "Elijah" was given by home talent with soloists imported from Chicago, it was the professor who kindly wrote, beforehand this time, luminous articles full of sympathetic interpretation of the great masters. And at rare intervals there would appear a communication from him on the beauty of the woods and fields, the suburbs of the town and the country, as though he were some simple prophet of nature who stood by the wayside.

And this was no affectation. Long, solitary walks were his recreation. It was a good deal of a rookery, up the flights of narrow, dirty stairs to the third floor of the Eureka Block. And here the professor had lived and taught. Two rooms were made from one by the sort of partition which does not reach to the ceiling—a ceiling which for some inexplicable reason was higher in some places than in others.

The voice of the auctioneer came down that winding way in professional cadences. There were in the room about as many people as might come to a funeral where only friends of the family are invited. It was very still. The auctioneer took an easy conversational tone. There was a silent, forlorn sort of dignity about the five pianos standing in a row that put professional banter and cheap little jokes out of the question. The pianos went without much trouble—a big one of the best make, an old-fashioned cottage piano, a piano with an iron frame. One of the appraisers, himself a musician, be-

came an assistant auctioneer, and kindly played a little—judiciously very little—on each instrument in turn.

Then came the bric-a-brac of personal effects—all the flotsam and jetsam that had floated into these rooms for years. The walls were pock-marked with pictures, big and little. There was no attempt at high art; the professor had bought a picture as a child might—because he thought it was pretty. It was a curious showing of how one artistic faculty may be dormant while another is cultivated to its highest point. But no matter how cheap the picture, it was always conscientiously framed. And this was a great help to the auctioneer. Indeed, it was difficult to see how he could have cried the pictures at all without the frames.

The rooms were fuller of people by this time. There were ladies who had come in quietly, just to get some little thing for a remembrance of their old friend and teacher. These mostly went directly over to the corner where the music lay and began looking for something of "his"; if it were manuscript music so much the better. But there was little of this. It appeared that with the professor, as with most of us, early and middle manhood had been his productive time, and that was long enough ago for everything to have been duly published in the sheet and book form—long enough, indeed, for the books themselves to have gone out of date.

There they were—long, green, notebooks, bearing the familiar names of well known publishers, and with such a hydra-head of title as "The Celestina, or Trowbridge's New Sacred Minstrel; a Repository of Music adapted to every variety of taste and grade of capacity, from the million to the amateur or professor. Virgil Corydon Trowbridge, organist and director of music, Derwent Place Church, Brooklyn."

There were four or five of these. There was sheet music by the pile. There was an opera, "Joseph," the production of which had been a musical event.

Presently the auctioneer came that way. He had just sold a large oleograph, framed, one of those gorgeous historical pictures which are an apotheosis of good clothes. He approached an engraving of an old-fashioned lady in voluminous muslin draperies, with her hair looped away from her face in a "Book of Beauty" style.

"He liked that," murmured a blonde.

"What do I hear!" cries the auctioneer, softly. "O—such a little bid as that—I can't see it at all in this dark corner. Suppose we throw these peaches in—awfully pretty thing for dining room—and this flower piece—shall we group these three?—now, how much for all? Ah, there they go!"

"Here, ladies and gentleman, is a gold-headed cane which was presented to the deceased by his admiring friends. It is pure gold, you know they would not give him anything else. How much for this? How much? No—his name is not engraved on it—so much the better—what do I hear?"

"Look at this telescope, gentlemen—a good one—you know the professor was quite an astronomer in his way—and this telescope is all right—sound and in good condition"—the auctioneer had officiated at a stock sale the day before—"you can look right into futurity through this tube, five dollars' worth of futurity? five—five and a half? Case and all complete."

There was a pocketful of odds and ends; gold pens, lead pencils, some odd pocket knives; these inconsiderable trifles brought more in proportion than articles of greater intrinsic value. Evidently this was an auction of memories, of emotion, of sentiment.

There was a bit of the beam of the barn that was burned down when the cow kicked over the historic lamp that inaugurated the Chicago fire—no less than three persons were ready to testify to their belief in the genuineness of the relic, had any one been disposed to ques-

tion it. But no one was. Nearly all the people in the room were the dead music teacher's personal friends; they had heard the story of all these things; they knew who had sent him the stuffed brown prairie chicken that perched like a raven above the door—the little old-fashioned decanter and wine glasses of gilded glass—the artificial begonias—that clever imitation that goes far toward making one forswear begonias forevermore. There were lamps of various shapes and sizes, there was a kit of burglarious-looking tools for piano tuning, there was a little globe—"Who wants the earth?" said the auctioneer; "you all want it."

There was a metronome, which, set to go, began to count time in a metallic whisper for some invisible pupil. Over in the corner, just beyond the music, were the professor's books. Now we shall find him out, for what a man reads he is, or wishes to be. There was a good deal of spiritualistic literature of the better sort. There was a "History of Christianity and Paganism by the Roman Emperor Julian"; a copy of "She"; a long shelf full of *North American Reviews*; a dozen or so of almanacs; a copy of Bluebeard. There were none of the "popular" magazines, and if there had been newspapers—those vagrants of literature—they had gone their way. There was a manuscript play for parlor presentation, with each part written out in legible script, entitled, "The Winning Card."

All these and many more things which only the patient appraisers can fully know, were sold or set aside as unsalable, until all was done. And then those who had known and loved him and those who had not known or cared for him came down the stairs together. And the one man there who had known him longest and best, pronounced the professor's final epitaph: "Of course he was a side-tracked man. But I believe he stands the biggest chance of being remembered of any man in the State."

## AN OCEAN VOYAGE FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM BOLL.

THE dispatch announcing the departure of an ocean vessel from an American port and the one telling of its arrival at its destination in Europe are, in this rapid age, seldom more than six or seven days apart. Before the laying of the Atlantic cable the fate of a vessel was not known for weary weeks and often months. Those who bade farewell to dear ones and those who had whole fortunes afloat were obliged to await the arrival of some vessel that weighed anchor after the landing of the ship in which their interests centered.

There are many persons yet living in this country who made the trip from Europe in a sailing vessel. The writer was a mere child at the time he burdened his parents on an ocean voyage, but the experience made an impression upon his mind so strong that nothing can ever efface it. While traveling to-day may be a trifle irksome, while the reality may not be that pleasurable thing which nearly every untraveled person imagines, nevertheless it affords little basis of comparison with traveling forty years ago; and few who now voyage on the seas can realize or understand the horror of the ocean which some of the older people have,—a dread born of experiences absolutely terrifying. As a contrasting companion-piece to the vivid picture drawn by the MIDLAND editor, in the January number, of a seven days' voyage across the Atlantic in the "*Etruria*," I herewith give my recollections of a seven *weeks'* voyage over the same general course just forty years ago.

The "*Forest City*" was an American sailing vessel, an old hulk that had taken a cargo of raw sugar to some European port in 1854. The emigration from Europe being very heavy during that year, the owners of the vessel concluded to rig it up and take back to America a cargo of emigrants, sailing from Havre,

France. Being nothing but a freight ship, it was necessary to build bunks and other indispensable barracks, which work was done with an eye to cheapness and economy of space, for the vessel was only a small three-master.

There were no first or second cabins on this ship. It was all steerage. The only habitable place not between decks was a small cabin in which the captain had his quarters. The sleeping bunks were built around the walls of the vessel, the space in the center being used for piling up the baggage and provisions of the emigrants. These bunks were not constructed as berths are to-day. Instead of being so that the occupant would lie parallel to the ship's walls, they were more like a honey-comb. The occupant was obliged to enter head first and sleep with the head against the ship's side, the feet toward the opening. Turning in was like crawling into a gas retort. The bunks were not high enough to allow a person to sit up, for there were four in a tier from floor to ceiling. The only way to escape from the narrow place was to crawl backwards like a crab.

Two passengers, a German minister and a French physician, were horrified with the accommodations, and having plenty of money succeeded in persuading the captain to allow them to build a cabin on deck, in order that they might avoid the stench and other discomforts between decks. The first storm, which came soon after sailing, washed their cabin away and they sought safer if not more pleasant quarters among the common herd.

The vessel was absolutely void of any means of ventilation and the only light was furnished by three smoking lanterns and what sunlight could come down through two hatchways, four feet square. The latter were closed most of the time



to keep out the waves that dashed over the decks during the almost incessantly stormy weather.

It would be difficult to imagine and impossible to describe the state of the atmosphere in the place when sea-sickness overcame the four hundred persons who were packed into this hole. But the ship's officers were not entirely ignorant of the need of some care for the health and comfort of their passengers, for each day the vessel was fumigated. This was done by heating a piece of iron chain to a white heat and dipping it into a bucket of tar from time to time as it was being carried hither and thither in the closely confined hold of the vessel. No great degree of care was exercised by those performing this work and the heated tar was often slashed about in a regardless manner. On one occasion the heated chain was dropped into the bucket while the fumigators went away to perform some other duty. During their absence the tar burst into flames. But for the most heroic work the vessel would have been burned with all on board, for there was only one small boat on the ship. The panic which ensued was heart-rending.

There were no meals provided by the ship, the passengers having purchased before going aboard such supplies as they were informed would be needed for the voyage. All were compelled to do their own cooking. It is due the ship owners to say that they furnished a stove on which the passengers—or some of them—did their cooking. This cooking range had twelve holes for kettles and pots. Those who know how long it takes a watched pot to boil may be able to figure out how many times a day four hundred persons are liable to get food cooked on a stove having twelve holes. It would be hard to figure it without leaving some one hungry.

Early in the voyage the men would get up at 2 o'clock in the morning and begin cooking enough to last all day; but this was tolerated only a short time. No fire was allowed before 6 o'clock in the morn-

ing. All day long there stood the hungry people in line with kettle in hand, and when 6 o'clock in the evening came, if there were any who had not yet been able to reach the stove, they had to return to the hold without cooked food, for at that hour a sailor came and with a bucket of salt water put out the fire. There were certain stout men not to be overcome by the vicissitudes of the voyage who were wont to fight for their right to cook, and they generally had something to eat early in the day. Sick people and women often stood in line from morning till night waiting their turn. The stove was on deck and during stormy weather little or no cooking could be done, for the waves falling upon the deck put out the fires and when it went into the kettles made poor seasoning for everything except the potatoes.

It is likely that the enforced starvation during the voyage was a providential one after all. Most of the passengers had laid in supplies for a trip of four weeks, that being considered an average voyage. It lasted seven weeks, however, and days before New York was reached many were without food and most of them had nothing left except the ship biscuits which were like hard-tack.

The voyage was a very stormy one. There were few pleasant days; but the most notable of these were three in succession, during which time there was absolutely no movement of the air at all. The sea was as smooth as a floor and things thrown overboard on the first day were seen floating about the ship on the third. This was followed by a most terrific storm lasting three days and nights, during which time the hatches were never opened. The "four hundred," caged up below like rats, had almost reached a point where they cared little about the outcome of the voyage.

When the sea calmed down and they were again released, it was found that everything movable—and some things supposed to be immovable—had been swept from the deck. One of the masts was gone and the ship, poorly equipped at

best, was a sight that inspired no new hopes to the weary voyagers. It was found also that the vessel was leaking badly. The pumps were worked day and night and they were of course worked by hand as such a thing as an engine was not known on that ship. The men among the passengers were pressed into the service, a brutal sailor standing by to see that each one did his full duty at the pumps when his turn came.

To add to the horrors of the voyage, a disease broke out which was supposed to be cholera, for it was in the year in which the cholera raged, in Europe as well as in this country. Persons who were hearty in the morning were dead in the evening. Every morning and often during the night the brutal sailors dragged forth one or more corpses and flung them into the sea with no more service or ceremony than if the body had been that of a dog. In all, twenty-seven persons died of this disease, some who were stricken, myself among the number, recovering.

The crew was made up of the most brutal and villainous beings that ever assumed the shape of man. They could speak nothing but English, while the passengers were mostly Germans and French, only two of whom could understand any English. These two were a man and his wife who had previously passed several years in America and were on their return trip thither. On account of this they fared pretty well, for this little knowledge of English secured for the woman the position of nurse to the captain, who was sick during the whole voyage. To these people the sick captain expressed the gravest fears for the vessel in case he failed of recovery. He knew his crew, and expected there would be mutiny in case of his death.

An occurrence which took place one Sunday morning was horrifying in the extreme. It was the custom of the sailors every morning early to awaken the passengers. This was done by passing from one bunk to another and striking the occupants upon the feet with a piece of rope having a large knot on one end.

A short time after this duty had been performed on the morning spoken of, a young Frenchman, about twenty-five years old, was dragged up through the hatchway and tied by the thumbs to a rope ladder, his toes barely touching the deck. He was then beaten by two sailors with knotted ropes. When his thumbs were untied he sank to the deck with a gasp and was *dead*. In a few moments the second officer came, felt of the dead man's pulse, said a few words and went away. This was the first death on the ship. The minister before mentioned held services, after which the body was lifted by four sailors and thrown overboard without being enclosed or weighted. None of the passengers knew why he had been punished. None of them understood a word that had been spoken except the funeral service, which was in German, and the young man evidently had no relative or friend on board to enter a protest.

Of the twenty-seven persons who died later not one was buried with services. They were severally dragged to the deck, taken to the gunwale and thrown over, with no opportunity given those interested in them to examine the bodies.

The cases of brutality by the sailors were frequent, and some of them so fiendish and disgusting as to be unfit to relate in print. At the slightest remonstrance or show of resistance by a passenger, the whole gang would mass themselves in a body and draw the long knives which they all carried in their belts.

Two weeks before reaching New York the allowance of water was diminished to a pint for each person daily, but there were many who failed to get a single drop. My father had a case of Rhine wine which he traded for water—a bottle of wine for an extra pint of water each day until the wine was gone. Then he commenced buying it, paying a franc per pint for it. After the vessel arrived at New York thirty casks of fresh water were poured into the harbor, proving that there had been a larger overplus of water than of anything else on board.

On the 29th day of October, 1854, the "Forest City" was pulled into the harbor and anchored some distance from the wharf. As special precautions were taken to prevent the importation of cholera, the vessel was detained there until the next day. That extra day was spent by the filthy, unkempt and heartsick passengers in cleaning themselves up. All were afflicted with vermin. For weeks we had not had an opportunity to wash our faces, much less our bodies. Those who had extra clothing threw their old clothes overboard.

On the 30th of October we were allowed to go ashore. We were clean and healthy looking when we went on board on the 10th of September; but the seven weeks of hardship had told on our appearance and upon our health.

Those who make trips in ocean steamers to-day, with all the comforts and accommodations to be found in a first-class hotel, may feel that this picture is overdrawn; that it cannot be possible that such privations were endured by the early emigrants. It is altogether probable that the *Forest City* was one of the poorest and worst manned vessels in the

passenger service. If not, God pity those who came over in worse ones!

The people who secured passage in vessels of this class, of course did so through ignorance. Agents who sold the tickets advertised in all the principal towns of Europe, designating their vessels as "Mail Ships," and when the money had once been paid, the journey taken to the seaboard, and they had embarked on the vessel, there was no remedy.

Some who have listened to a recital of the hardships and brutalities endured have asked why no complaint was made to the proper authorities upon arrival at New York. The reasons are plain. These people were too glad to reach firm footing once more and preferred to leave behind, as far as possible, all remembrance of the terrible experience. All were ill, most of them had but little money, and none had acquaintances or friends. They could not speak the language of the country, but all were intelligent enough to know that the prejudice existing at that time against emigrants would have brought nothing but rebuffs and delays on every side had they wished to remain in New York to make such complaint.

## VENUS.

I ROSE not, goddess-born, from out the seas,  
 Nor Cytherean isles explored at will;  
 But I the plan of destiny fulfill  
 In sphere remote as sun-kissed Pleiades.  
 A part had I in earth's first symphony,  
 When all the heavens rang with themes of joy;  
 I heard the secret of the pyramids  
 And looked upon embattled hosts of Troy.  
 I saw great cities turn to ashes grey  
 By time's all-searching, devastating flame,  
 And heroes crowd the narrow, cloistered way  
 To swift oblivion of mortal name.  
 I can but wonder what this death may be  
 That comes to all, yet never comes to me.

*Isadore Baker.*





## MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. II.

"HOLD THE FORT"—THE SOLDIER WHO WAVED THE ANSWER BACK TO  
SHERMAN—HIS OWN MODEST VERSION OF THE INCIDENT.

BY CAPTAIN L. B. RAYMOND.

THE gallant defense of Allatoona, Ga., October 5, 1864, was one of the most thrilling incidents of our Civil War, and brought into national prominence General John M. Corse, before the war a



JAMES WHEELER MCKENZIE.  
Taken in 1865.

resident of Burlington, Iowa. Another man who acted a humbler but not less heroic part on that day was destined in the future to also become a citizen of Iowa. I refer to James Wheeler McKenzie, who stood upon the parapet at Allatoona and waved the message from Corse to Sherman in answer to the one which has passed into history, story and song, as "Hold the fort, for I am coming!"

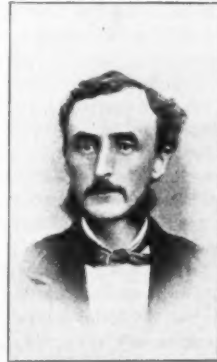
McKenzie was a native of Wyandotte county, Ohio, and was born July 2, 1843. His early life was spent on a farm, with such schooling as the district schools could afford. He early manifested a taste for reading and intellectual pursuits, and the outbreak of the war found him well educated and well informed for his age.

His first enlistment was in a regiment known as the "Squirrel Hunters," which was called into service to protect the southern border of Ohio; but this service was of short duration, and in March, 1863, he enlisted in the Signal Corps as a pri-

vate. At this time he was, and had been for about two years, a student at the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, in that state. He was assigned to duty in the Department of the Tennessee, and most of the time until the close of the war he was on duty at the corps headquarters, commanded by Logan, McPherson and Howard. He was an eye-witness of the death of McPherson, in July, 1864, and narrowly escaped capture at that time.

While at Allatoona, October 5, 1864, when that place was attacked by the rebels under General French, he was on duty with a detachment of signal men and acting as sergeant, but in reality only a private. Here the occurrence took place which history has made one of the notable events of the war.

Sherman at Kenesaw, eighteen miles away, and Corse, in command at Allatoona, were signaling to each other over the heads of the enemy, and whoever of the squad of signal men that sent or received messages had to stand upon the parapet of the fort in full range of the enemy's guns. Called upon to detail a man for the perilous duty, McKenzie jumped upon the parapet and waved the message himself. For his conspicuous



JUDGE MCKENZIE.  
Taken shortly before his death.



bravery on this occasion he was mentioned in General Orders No. 47 from the Bureau of the Signal Corps, November 3, 1864, as follows:

"For coolness, bravery and good conduct under fire during an attack of the enemy on Allatoona, Georgia, October 5, 1864."

In the summer of 1865, McKenzie was mustered out of service. After a term spent in Oberlin College, he commenced the study of law, completing his course at the law department of the Michigan State University, and graduating therefrom in the spring of 1868. A year previous to this date his father's family had removed to Iowa, settling in Franklin county. This brought him to Hampton immediately after his graduation, where after considerable hesitation he decided to locate. He rose so rapidly in the ranks of his profession that, when in 1878 he was nominated and elected district judge for the Eleventh district, he stood confessedly at the head of the bar in Franklin county. But the confinement to the duties of the bench (there was but one judge in the entire district then) undermined a constitution never strong and his health failed, and January 15, 1882, he died at the early age of thirty-nine years.

Both houses of the Iowa legislature, in session at that time, passed appropriate resolutions of regret at his death and adopted the same by a rising vote, and the notice of his death, with appropriate references and comments upon the heroic act which had made him famous, was widely published.

Judge McKenzie was personally one of the most modest and retiring of men. I do not think there are over three or four persons now living to whom he detailed all the particulars of the story with which his name will always be associated. I had the good fortune to be one of the few. He occupied an office with me in the court-house at Hampton when he first came to the state; and, as I already had heard the story from others, I naturally took an early opportunity to ask him

about it; and I presume that I was the first man in Iowa, outside his own family, who ever heard the story from his own lips.

He was often solicited to write the story for publication, but would never do so. The *Des Moines Register*, at the time of his death, in a lengthy and feeling article, said: "Of the thousands who have known him since the war, as lawyer, as politician and judge, comparatively few knew his record of unusual heroism in the army. He never mentioned it, and rarely alluded to his army service. He was twice solicited by the *Register* to write up his account of the wonderful incident, of which he was the hero, but he could not be induced to do it. Nor would he have given to others the items for them to do it. It is hoped he has left in some form, in personal diary, or otherwise, his account of the famous event. The world would know the story of such heroism given in the modest words of the hero himself. But it is doubtful if he has left any record of it."

As I recall his account, it was brief and entirely divested of the sensational features with which story and song have since invested it. His recollection, then, of the exact words of the memorable dispatch was at fault, but he was sure that General Sherman's message was simply, "Hold on till I get there," and that General Corse's reply was to the effect that, although wounded, he could whip the enemy yet.

McKenzie said that the reason why he waved the message himself was that when he came to detail a man for the hazardous service he looked the squad over and his eye fell first upon his younger brother (the late T. C. McKenzie, who died at Hampton in 1885), and he said to himself, "If I detail Tom and he is killed, I will never forgive myself as long as I live, and if I send any one of the other boys, they will accuse me of partiality towards Tom." So he took the signal flag and stepped upon the parapet, although above the breastworks was a perfect hail of bullets from the fire of the enemy.

One example of his reticence and modesty may be mentioned here. In July, 1878, he was a candidate for district judge before the republican convention at Fort Dodge. There was a spirited contest and there were several candidates, and the gentleman who was to place him in nomination had prepared what he deemed to be a fitting presentation of a candidate with so gallant an army record. In some way it came to the ears of McKenzie and he absolutely forbade its use, and so, in the call of counties, while laudatory speeches were made in behalf of other candidates, when Franklin county was called, the chairman of its delegation simply said, "Franklin county nominates

J. W. McKenzie and casts for him her eleven votes." But, as has been stated, he was nominated and elected by a majority of about 2,300, running nearly 500 ahead of his ticket. It was the general verdict of the bar, and of those who knew him best during his short career upon the bench, that had he lived he would have achieved eminence and distinction as a jurist. But it was not to be.

Judge McKenzie's grave is at Hampton, and his memory is honored there by his comrades of J. W. McKenzie Post No. 81, Grand Army of the Republic. His widow with her four children, a son and three daughters, resides at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

## CHARLEMAGNE IN LEGEND AND IN HISTORY.

THE LEGEND OF FRANKENBURG CASTLE — CHARLEMAGNE'S TOMB — A HISTORIC CATHEDRAL — THE LEGEND OF ROLAND THE BRAVE.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. VIII.

THE impress of Charles, the Great, or Charlemagne, upon Aix la Chapelle, the ancient capital of the Holy Roman Empire, is even yet so powerful that, though eleven centuries have intervened, it is not possible to speak or write of the German Aachen of to-day without allusion to the famous eighth century destroyer and up-builder, conqueror and propagandist, who, attracted by the flowing hot springs which the Romans in their time had discovered and developed, here built a chapel and a palace and established his imperial seat. The life of Charlemagne is the history of France, and of Germany, and of Rome as well, in that notable eighth century in which rude, warlike tribes were, by a giant will, united into an empire that in its little day of several centuries ruled the world. To the all-pervading Charlemagne, sitting in imperial grandeur at Aix la Chapelle, came legates from Pope Leo III. bringing gifts; emissaries from the Sultan and from his far-scattered satraps, bearing gold for his rapacious treasury and orna-

ments for his palace and his chapel; alien princes humbly paying tribute to his prowess and buying peace; the great English scholars and other learned men of the time, attracted by the golden opportunities offered them by the far-seeing soldier-statesman.

Leaving for another paper a visit to the imperial palace, or the fifteenth century portion of it which is still in use as a city hall, let us take a walk to the northeastern part of the city, or, rather, just over the line into Burtscheid, and look at the picturesque little castle of Frankenburg. While on our way thither I will relate the legend of Frankenburg.

For several years the favorite wife of the conqueror was Fastrada. On an unlucky day in Charlemagne's horoscope, Fastrada died. Her lord was inconsolable. He would not allow her embalmed body to be entombed. He would not quit the room in which it lay. A cunning and curious old bishop named Turpin, suspecting some charm, found concealed in the ample folds of the dead queen's back



FRANKENBURG,  
One of Charlemagne's favorite Castles, in Burscheid, adjoining Aix la Chapelle.

hair a magic pearl ring, a present from Haroun al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad. The removal of the ring broke the charm, — or, rather, transferred it to the bishop. For a time the clever priest luxuriated in the emperor's love and affection. But nobody, not even an ambitious bishop, wants the society of a great man every day and hour. So one morning, while sauntering along the bank of the little pond in the garden in front of this same Frankenburg, Bishop Turpin slyly tossed the magic ring into the pond. Charlemagne at once lost interest in the bishop. His mind reverted to his dead queen and his affection went out toward Frankenburg, which he had built especially for her use and enjoyment. He caused the castle to be restocked with meat, vegetables, wine and beer, in preparation for a vigorous mourning, and thereafter he spent hours every day and night pacing along the bank of the pond and looking into its clear depths and murmuring the one name — "Fastrada." The legend has it that when "the witching time of night" arrives and "grave-yards yawn and graves give up their dead," a shadowy knight in armor may yet be seen pacing the graveled path around the little pond in front of the castle.

Here the story ought to end ; but there is an English and French annex thereto, the substance of which is that Charlemagne's son Louis found the ring and passed it on down to his son and that finally, in our own time, it somehow fell into the all-grasping hand of Napoleon III. He in turn gave it to his son, the young Prince Imperial, when the youth set out on the ill-fated expedition against the Zulus ; and, when the body of the prince was recovered, the pearl was gone, a savage chief having been impelled by its magic charm to obtain possession of it, at the expense of the wearer's life.

Frankenburg stands as it stood centuries ago ; but a new roof covers its walls, and from a window in the tower a new white, red and black flag usually floats, symbolizing the new Germany of our time. The ivy, centuries old, clings with the tenacity of a tradition to the old castle walls. Its main stalk is as stocky as the trunk of a good sized elm. The tower windows, several feet high and but a few inches in width, tell of the days when the bogen was the chief weapon of castle defense. The interior is rough and uncouth like the middle-age warriors who ate and drank and slept within its walls. The main rooms and bedrooms retain

several pieces of fifteenth and sixteenth century furniture. The heavy table, around which once sat the knights of the great Karl, and at the head of which proudly sat their chief, and under which the weaker ones found premature repose after their bouts with the drinking horn, now helplessly responds to the clatter of beer glasses in the hands of students from the polytechnic institute, almost equally boyish-looking soldiers from the neighboring kasern, or garrison, mechanics employed in the factories, and shopmen escaped from the city shops. The beautiful garten, or park, about the castle is, during the long summer evenings, alive with groups of men and women sitting about the tables, sipping their beer and nibbling at the schwarzbrod and käse. Great Caesar's clay may, in theory, contribute material for the bung of a beer barrel, or stop a hole to keep the mice away; but here we have before our eyes the very heart's home of Charlemagne subjected to most unromantic if not ignoble uses; for the castle and grounds are rented out for occupancy as a restaurant.

But, a half mile away, in the heart of the city, stands a far nobler monument to Charlemagne,—the Cathedral which

gave to this historic town its distinctive name in history. The octagonal center is the veritable chapel in which the conquerer sought peace for his soul during life and found repose for his body in death.\*

Every day for ten centuries this building has been to thousands an open place of worship. Its deep-toned bell, now as in the days of the great Karl and of Louis and of the Othos, signals the toilers to early mass and the employer class and the strangers within the city's gates to the later services held at intervals during the day.

Why cannot modern art, with all its cleverness, steal the secret of age, and reproduce such tones as come to us from these bells of the past?

The cathedral, as I have said in another paper, consists of two parts, its architecture representing two distinct eras. The octagon, of most interest because of its great age, was begun in the year 798 and completed six years thereafter. The architects and workmen employed in its construction were imported from Italy by order of Pope Leo III. Some of the material used in its construc-

\*See full-page illustration, on the first page of this number.



"Where one day, in the Platz in front of the Hot Springs now known as Elisenbrunnen, the populace were entertained with a spectacle," etc.—PAGE 376.

tion was taken from Italian edifices and hauled across the Alps from Italy, notably ten gray marble pillars which, with others, support the dome above the octagonal wall. These pillars are from an old cathedral in Ravenna and their age is unknown, the supposition being that in their time they were taken from some heathen temple. They were stolen by the French and removed to Paris in 1794, but were returned in 1815. Seen from the inside, they make their fellow supporters of the dome, themselves several centuries old, seem decidedly modern! The gables belong to the thirteenth century and the roof to the seventeenth. The chapels belong to several centuries, the contributions of pious emperors in medieval times. The Gothic choir which stands out prominently in the picture belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is praised by authorities in architecture for its light and elegant proportions. The edifice as a whole is an odd commingling of the pious thought of the several epochs of the *mittel alter* period as it found embodiment in architecture.

But let us enter the ever open door of the cathedral and note its interior. We stand in the center of the octagon and, looking up, behold the massive gilded candelabrum which way back in the year 1168 was presented to the church by Frederick Barbarossa, the man of the famous beard, whose traditional death is familiar to every German youth. Far up, through the candelabrum, we see the large gold-grounded mosaic in the dome, representing Christ and the four and twenty elders. The mosaic is modern — the work of Salviati, in Venice, in 1882. It is in the general style of the old work with which the dome was originally adorned. Looking to the north, the red and purple light pouring in through the stained glass windows illumines the ancient tapestries hung near the altar and imparts to them some of their old-time glory. The elevated reading desk on the right of the choir is of copper and is nearly five centuries old. Behind the desk is a four-hundred-year-old piece of

wood-carving which marks the tomb of Otho III, buried here in the year 1002. The pulpit, rich in gold, ivory and precious stones was the gift of Henry II, in 1024, restored in the seventeenth century. Looking down from our central position under the dome, we are startled on beholding upon a great stone at our feet, in large Roman letters, the words "Carolo Magno." The guide-book tells us it is doubtful whether the great Charles was entombed here or in one of the connecting chapels; but the apparently well-founded conclusion of local historians and antiquarians is that Charlemagne was indeed buried here in the year 814 — buried in a sitting posture, seated upon a granite throne, the iron crown of Lombard upon his head, in his lap an open Bible, his right hand grasping the imperial sceptre, the index finger of his left hand resting significantly upon the passage:

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul!"

In this dramatic pose the dead emperor was found by Otho III, in the year 1000. In 1165 Barbarossa caused his bones to be deposited in a sarcophagus of Roman workmanship. His throne was placed in the Hochmünster, or gallery overhead, where on certain days it is exposed to the view of strangers and of devotees, — for you must know that in his latter years the emperor's pious deeds endeared him to the Pope and he was duly canonized among the saints.

But we have not yet discovered the remains of Saint Charlemagne, for the sarcophagus is empty and, looking within, we find only the accumulated dust of ages.

After our turn in the galleries we visit the Ungarische Capelle, or Hungarian Chapel, which opens into the church on the right as we re-enter the octagon. Descending the dismal winding stair with its steps worn to an incline by the tread of centuries, on entering the chapel we feel we have stepped from ninth century solemnity into medieval splendor. Rich jewels shine out from glass cases and gold



and silver and gemmed reliquaries tell of the desire extending through the centuries to venerate the saints and worship the Christ by outward sign, as well as by the inward spirit. Here we note such startling relics as pieces of the Holy Cross, a piece of the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, a fragment of the blood-ensanguined robe in which Christ hung upon the cross, a lock of John the Baptist's hair! To behold these and numberless other even more sacredly guarded relics here deposited, there were wont to come, every seven years, vast throngs of pilgrims from Hungary, Italy, Spain and the then uttermost parts of the earth. They came by the tens of thousands, on foot and without purse or scrip, literally following the charge of Christ to his apostles. The roads leading to Aix were alive with these devotees, and houses for their entertainment were erected at intervals along the main-traveled ways. Linzshäuschen, now a picturesque place of restauration on the hill to the south overlooking the city, is one of these historic resorts. An inscription yet remains upon its eastern wall,—in German so old that modern Germans puzzle over its meaning,—the substance of which is said to be simply a direction given pilgrims headed toward the cathedral city.

But we are still in the schatz-kammer, or treasure-chamber, of the cathedral, and we must not be diverted from our purpose, which is to find the remains of Charlemagne. The tall and portly sacristan with a startlingly falsetto voice, recites his little story in German, French or English as you prefer. His English version is purely a recitation from memory. He points out, with a high-keyed reverence which to those who are yet in their sins is amusing, "the shin-bone of Charlemagne," "the right arm of Charlemagne," and other stray members of the great man's anatomy. Finally, after making the grand round of the other relics, he points to an elaborately wrought and beautiful silver and gold casket, saying, "Here are the remains of Charlemagne, reposing in a beautiful silver and gold

casket which is the work of Rhenish goldsmiths of the twelfth century, etc."

Colonel Snowden, late minister to Spain, on hearing the sacristan's story, partly for his own quiet amusement and partly because he "wanted to know, you know," looked up at the man in black and said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me why you don't deposit the forearm and shin-bone with the other bones in this casket and so get the remains together?"

The sacristan looked blankly at the colonel and inquiringly at me. I explained, in poor German, the drift of the inquiry. A look of horror came upon the sacristan's cherubic face as the irreverence of the colonel's question concerning a canonized saint penetrated the inner recesses of his comprehension. Forgetting his English speech entirely, he looked his questioner in the face and with hands stretched out deprecatingly he answered, "*Ich weiss nicht!*"

But this is not all we find of interest pertaining to Charlemagne. There in a glass case is the emperor's hunting-knife, with sheath of curious design and both hilt and sheath inlaid with jewels. There, too, is the great conqueror's famous hunting horn, celebrated in song and story. This rare piece of ivory was a present to Charlemagne from Haroun-al-Raschid. This horn suggests that I close as I began, with a legend. It embodies a portion of the ancient German poem entitled "Rolandslied." It was composed by a priest named Conrad somewhere near the close of the twelfth century, and is the oldest legendary poem of Germany.

Charlemagne was directed in a vision to go to Spain and subdue and convert the heathen. The direction given him in the vision was in the line of his purpose and he followed it gladly. At Saragossa a crafty heathen king feigned conversion and promised to be baptised. He sent an embassy to the camp of the German conqueror. The poem vividly pictures the arrival of the embassy. The great Karl was found watching a sham battle. In the circle of the women there was



singing, with orchestral accompaniment. Before the chief tame eagles flew as if aiming to shield him from the sun. We have Father Conrad's word for it that as the conquerer surveyed the brilliant scene his eyes shone like the stars of morning, so that not one of the strangers needed to ask who was Charlemagne. "But with full gaze could they not look upon him, for his countenance shone as the sun at midday." Karl heard the message of the Spanish king, then called his twelve princes about him, and asked their judgment. The brave Roland, till then first in his love and respect, vigorously protested against the proposed cessation of hostilities. He urged that the conversion of the Spaniard was too sudden. He demanded that they "carry the war into Africa." But Genelun, Roland's faithless step-father, over-persuaded the emperor to accept the pledge of the Spanish king. Having carried this point, he next persuaded Karl to send Roland to meet King Marsillie and conduct him to his new chief. Genelun counseled with Marsillie and planned that in Roncesvalles, Roland and his knights should be surprised and be put to death. They plan-

ned the betrayal all too well. In four bloody encounters fell the heroes of Roland. Seeing that he had been betrayed and that aid was necessary, the brave Roland blew a fierce blast upon his great hunting horn "Oliphant," and resumed his defense. Karl heard the blast thirty miles away and, answering it with his own far-sounding horn, made haste to his knight's relief. But he arrived too late. Roland died hard. Twice he struck the enemy upon the head with his horn. As long as his hand had strength to wield his good sword "Durandarte," so long was there dismay and death along the way he trod. He died praying for his sovereign.

Karl, incensed, renewed his attack upon Saragossa, laid the city waste and killed the wily Marsillie. He caused Genelun to be put in chains and conveyed back to Aix la Chapelle, where one day, in the platz in front of the hot-springs now known as Elisenbrünnen, the populace were entertained with a spectacle of which the miserable traitor was the central figure. The arms and legs of Genelun were respectively tied to four giant horses and — you may well imagine the rest.

## THE SIXTH SENSE.

Some day, you say,  
Our paths will meet and join as one,  
And we two dwell from sun to sun  
Where grief is not, nor clouds, nor pain,  
And where we shall not long in vain —  
Some day.

Some day, you say,  
The mind of each shall be a book  
Wherein the eyes of each may look  
And read in silence what is there,  
Nor ask the lips to tell their share —  
Some day.

Some day, you say?  
Not in this life, nor in this sphere,  
Shall inner vision be so clear;  
But, hand in hand, elsewhere, afar,  
We two may tread another star —  
Some day!

*Franklyn W. Lee.*

## A STORY OF DEVASTATION.

IN THE TRACK OF THE RECENT WIND-STORM IN NORTHERN IOWA AND SOUTHERN MINNESOTA.

### I.

THE terrific wind-storm which swept across northern Iowa and southern Minnesota on the evening of Friday, September 21st, resulting in the loss of more than fifty lives and the destruction of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of

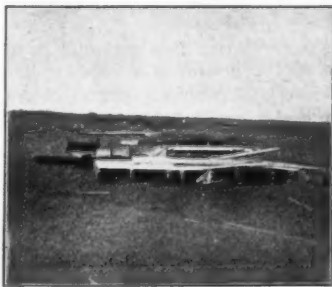


A CELLAR UNCOVERED BY THE STORM.

property, cannot be compared with the tornadoes or cyclones which wrecked Grinnell in 1886 and wrought such havoc in Pomeroy last year, either in violence or destructiveness at any one point. Meteorologists do not concede that it was a tornado or "cyclone" at all. The extent of the territory it covered alone makes it remarkable. Beginning in South Dakota and marking its path with wrecked buildings from Plymouth county, Iowa, it increased in fury for a distance of two hundred miles, dying out in unusual disturbances in Wisconsin and on the great lakes. Although in localities there seemed to be more than one center of the storm, its general course was an air line, running a little north of east. Had it gone a few miles either north or south and followed the same course it would have wiped out dozens of villages and cities, and done incalculable damage to life and property. Fortunately it passed almost wholly through a comparatively thinly

settled farming country. It was accompanied by a brilliant electrical display, but, in its earlier stages at least, without a noticeable roar or rumbling sound. The breaking of windows was in most instances the first warning of its approach. But few in its track had reached cellars or caves and these seemed to have acted on groundless fears. Many of the victims were at the cellar door. A crackling of glass, a slight tremor of buildings, a sudden rush and roar and a passing glimpse of falling walls — and it was over!

The stunned and wounded survivors picked themselves up in hedges, from under heavy timbers, and among the stalks of adjoining fields, and, hastening from spot to spot, embraced with a rapture that cannot be described the loved ones who were found to be unhurt, or heard with a sadness which time does not alleviate the dying words of such as were not killed outright.



A COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE LAID LOW.

The first damage of importance was done south of Emmetsburg, in Palo Alto county. In eastern Palo Alto the storm struck with fury and, continuing across Kossuth, divided at the county line into two distinct centers each leaving a trail

of devastation, one across Hancock county and one across Winnebago, the lower line, lying in the general course as the storm swept over Cerro Gordo and Howard counties and so out of Iowa into Minnesota.

It was essentially a direct wind, although evidences of a whirling motion are not wanting in localities. Trees were laid as though their tops had been combed, they were so nearly parallel; cornfields and the remains of buildings strung hundreds of rods told of the directness of the blast. South of the track of the storm the prevailing wind was from the south. North of its track, the wind was from the north. In its swift passage it sucked the air from both directions into its vortex; and, so narrow was its sweep in localities, that buildings not more than half a mile apart were thrown toward a common center.

Its fury varied. Here it swooped down removing every vestige that spoke of habitation; and there it toyed with buildings as though in sport. It totally destroyed a substantial farm house, and, within a quarter of a mile in direct line, breaking the windows of



SCENE IN THE NATIVE TIMBER.

another, it stripped the paper and plaster from every room, but left the frame and outside walls intact. In grim titanic humor, it broke a track through native

timber till young oak trees resembled corn stalks passed over for spring ploughing, and near by it moved a poultry house about the end of a stack into the grove so carefully that not a window-glass was broken, and morning visitors found hens setting peacefully upon undis-



"Standing by the desolate wreck, amidst which the young husband and father had found his wife dead, and had picked up the baby of the family only to hear a despairing 'Papa, Papa,' as the little one expired in his arms."

turbed nests. It took the end, side and roof of one house; but a bed in the upper chamber remained as carefully spread as when the thrifty housewife had left it the night before. Totally destroying a self-binder at another farm, it left undisturbed an empty wash-tub standing upon an elevation in direct line of the storm.

In its dealings with human life it was not less grim and indiscriminate. Escapes that seemed miraculous came to some; while others, as though led into its path by a strange fatality, were picked out for destruction. A large, portly woman and five little girls were penned in so small a space under the fallen walls of their home that when they were taken out no one could believe that all had been there, and not one was even scratched.

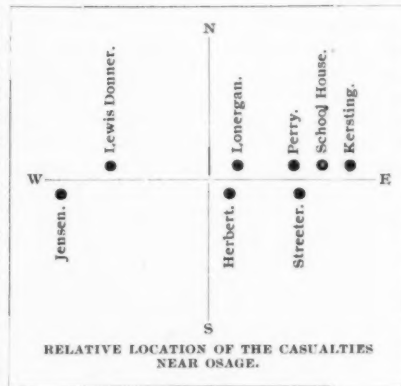


A TYPICAL FARM SCENE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

Not many miles further on, Jacob Dingman, a survivor of Sheridan's famous ride in the Shenandoah Valley, and one of the leaders among the settlers on the river lands of Webster county, who so long and unsuccessfully contested the claims of the grantees of the government, had come but two days before to visit his son and, alone of all the family gathered there, was killed. A young man and his wife and child were carried twenty rods over rough ground, through a willow hedge, into a corn-field. When he was able to look about he found his wife near him, and not far away the little one sitting upon part of the roof of his house crying, but all unhurt. Not many miles distant Horace Schenck, the first man to locate in the vast territory which stretches northwest from Algona to the Missouri river, received mortal injuries. He had been visiting his son in Lincoln, Neb., and had hurried home a few days earlier than had been expected, to attend to some duties he had assumed in the populist political campaign, arriving on the day before the storm. He was pinned beneath one of the heavy oak timbers of a house that he had built in pioneer days. His death removed another of the rapidly thinning band who, coming from New York and other eastern states in the trying days of 1856, invaded the wild and trackless stretches of Northern Iowa and, amidst deprivation and hardship, laid the



A HILLSIDE SCHOOL-HOUSE, STORM-SWEPT.



foundations for the prosperity which this generation is enjoying.

A few miles from Algona a young man had during the past season built one of the finest farm homes in Iowa. He had put in pledge to the future, sobriety, industry and ambition. The storm wreaked itself upon him and his with incredible fury. Standing by the desolate wreck, amidst which the young husband and father had found his wife dead and had picked up the baby of the family only to hear a despairing "papa, papa," as the little one expired in his arms, a late remark of John Burroughs came to my mind: "Accident and death and destruction are nothing to nature. She has infinite time to perfect her ends. What nature's ends are, or God's ends are, I often have but a faint idea."

Harvey Ingham.  
ALGONA.

## II.

The course of the recent wind-storm, or "cyclone," as it is popularly termed, is easily traced through three or four counties, but there has been considerable confusion as to its path after it crossed the western border of Mitchell county. The fact is it separated into two parts about the time it entered Mitchell county. One part continued almost directly east, doing some awful work near Osage, passing to the south of Riceville, damaging Cresco seriously, and gradually diminishing in power as it neared the Mississippi. The



RUINS OF THE PERRY HOME, LOOKING WEST.

other portion advanced toward the northeast, passing near St. Ansgar, doing its most destructive work at Le Roy and Spring Valley, Minn., and moving on in the direction of Winona. If this fact is kept in mind, confusion will be avoided. One man claims to have seen the storm divide into two portions.

Those who watched the storm passing at a distance say that the electrical manifestations were wonderful beyond description. There did not seem to be distinct flashes of lightning, nor were there many peals of thunder; but the storm-cloud emitted so much electricity that it was comparatively light at the distance of a mile or two and the raindrops looked like globules of silver. The event was wholly unexpected. It was not

the time of year for such storms and the day had not been excessively hot. When the wind began to blow and the hail to fall, at ten o'clock on that eventful night, no one in Osage except the most timid had any fear of a damaging storm. Few knew until the next morning that a storm leaving death and destruction in its path-

way had passed along the highway a half mile north of town.

The general course of the storm was almost due east. When it first struck the earth, its course was a little south of east, and, after going a mile or more, a little north of east. To give anything like an adequate conception of the power and fury of the storm is utterly impossible. The cyclone had evidently made a leap of a dozen miles without doing seri-



Ethel Louise. Harry. Willis.  
THE HERBERT CHILDREN.



PHIL S. HERBERT.



MRS. HERBERT.

ous damage until it struck the earth three miles east of Osage. Here it swept everything before it for more than a mile, destroying five houses on the north side of the highway and one house on the south side, besides damaging two others and carrying away barns, granaries, cribs, etc. Possibly some slight conception of its awful work may be formed by a fuller

statement of what took place at one home.

Mr. Phil S. Herbert lived near the cross-roads on the south side of the highway leading east. His family consisted of himself, wife, and four small children. The work of the autumn day had been finished. It was ten o'clock and the family were all asleep excepting Mr. Herbert



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE HERBERT HOME.





RUINS OF THE KERSTING HOME.

who sat in his chair reading about the great fires in the north. The wind began to blow and the hail to fall with considerable fury, but there was no thought of danger. In a moment the table began to topple and the house to shake; and what took place immediately after Mr. Herbert cannot describe any more than one far from the scene of the disaster. The building must have stood in the very path of the cyclone. The house did not simply collapse under the fury of the storm. It was actually and literally torn into thousands of pieces. The visitors next morning had to inquire where the house had stood. The marvelous thing about it is that any human being could have escaped from it alive. Mr. Herbert was carried several rods to the northwest and dropped near the four corners of the roads. He rose in a dazed and bewildered state. He could not tell where he was. By the glare of the lightning, he saw his babe a few feet from him. He could tell at a glance that it was dead. He picked it up tenderly, wrapped round it a covering that happened to be near, and began to walk east with the storm.

He knew not which way he was going nor where he was. After going some distance the road became familiar to him though it was covered with fallen trees. He noticed the houses on the left were all gone. He soon saw a light at the right and knew that one house was standing although almost in the line of the storm. He recognized the house as that of his brother-in-law, Mr. Streeter. His appearance as he entered the house was appalling. He was barefooted, bare-headed and drenched with rain, and he held in his arms the mangled body of his little babe. There was a look of terror on his face as he exclaimed: "My house is gone and I presume my family are all dead!"

He and Mr. Streeter at once prepared to battle with the storm and to find the lost ones if possible. The hail was something terrible, and they put cloths in their hats to protect their heads. Hastening down the highway, they heard cries for help from the Perry home and stopped a moment to render what assistance they could. Going on again, they heard cries from the Lonergan place and turned

aside once more to render help. At last reaching the four corners where he had been carried, Mr. Herbert heard children crying and at once found his little son, not quite two years old, and his daughter, four years old. They were close together and were not seriously injured, though their backs were bruised by the hail-stones. Sending the children to Mr. Streeter's, Mr. Herbert continued the search for his wife and other son. Not finding them, he hastened to the houses farther north, outside the path of the storm, to give the alarm. Soon the neighbors were aroused and in a short time willing hands were doing all in their power to relieve the suffering.

Mrs. Herbert had been carried some thirty rods to the east and must have been killed instantly. Harry was found near a stone-pile with his head crushed. He probably never awoke. He was a bright little fellow and had just passed his seventh birthday. The feelings of Mr. Herbert cannot be described. One moment he was a happy man surrounded by his family; a minute later his home was gone and three of his family were dead. One who under the stress of such a personal calamity can turn aside to help others in their distress is a hero, and such was Mr. Herbert.

What occurred at the home just described is a type of what took place wherever the storm found a house in its path. There were seven persons at the Perry home, among them an aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Whitney, seventy-five and seventy-six years old. Annie Perry, aged twelve, was mortally wounded and Mr. Perry was dangerously injured. The others escaped with wounds more or less painful. When Mr. Streeter and Mr. Herbert stopped a moment to give them aid, they found the aged couple and the others trying to shelter themselves under a few boards that still hung together from the wrecked house. They were all in their night-clothes and in some cases these had been nearly torn off. Mr. Herbert thoughtfully found a quilt among the ruins and placed it around Mrs. Perry, who had almost no protection from the large hail-stones. Mr. Streeter took up the dying Annie in his arms and carried her to his home. Referring to this incident afterward, with emotion he remarked :

"My God ! sir, can you know a man's feelings who is carrying a dying human being in his arms, the warm blood streaming down his back and through his fingers ? She was gasping for breath and died soon after I reached the house."



THE LONERGAN HOME, NEXT MORNING.

At the Loneragan place there was utter desolation. The mother had been killed, the daughter had been crazed by being struck upon the head, and the son was also hurt. Soon the neighbors gave all the assistance in their power.

Mr. Kersting and family escaped in a wonderful manner. Their house was leveled with the ground and yet the family escaped with slight injuries. A school-house nearly opposite Mr. Streeter's house was carried off bodily. Two fragments of desks were the only things near the place to indicate that a school-house had ever been there.

The loss of property is very great, but this is almost forgotten in the loss of precious lives. One farm had on it sixty acres of corn in the shock. The yield was heavy for this year. The natural supposition would be that such a storm

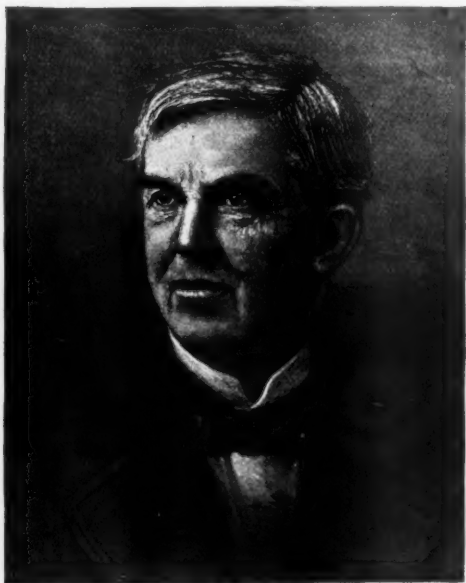
would badly scatter the corn. As a matter of fact the corn was all swept away. Scarcely a stalk or ear is to be found.

After destroying the house of Mr. Kersting and taking the school-house in its embrace, the storm made another leap and then did no more damage till it had gone about two miles. At intervals of a few miles it continued to strike the earth and wherever it struck it swept everything before it.

The writer was more or less familiar with scenes of carnage in an unforgotten past; he has seen the awful work of destruction by shot and shell on the battlefield; he has seen the more deadly work of the minie ball; but seldom has his heart been as deeply moved as when he looked upon the terrible havoc wrought by this death-dealing wind-storm.

OSAGE.

*W. W. Gist.*



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT.  
From a Photograph by Notman, Boston.





## A PASSING TRIBUTE TO HOLMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN a Holmes lives on into the eighties, or a Victor Hugo nears the century line, he seems to enter into his well-earned immortality while yet with us in the flesh. There is a good-humored irony in the popular transference of the title of Dr. Holmes' best known prose work to the author himself. The sway of our breakfast table "Autocrat" is so genial, so gentle, and withal so helpful, that we would not be freed from it if we could. The night's long fast is broken with a better grace because the Autocrat has sat with us at table. The meal-time suggestion of civilized man's barbaric ancestry is put far from us when the Autocrat's soul-warming and mind-quickening philosophy is passed back and forth across the table.

Early admirers of Dr. Holmes' genial philosophy were not long in finding that this man with the sunniest nature under the sun was something more than a cyclopedia of information in science, art, social economy and literature, something more than a preacher of the good gospel of gladness,—that he was a veritable poet, God's choicest gift to the self-darkening souls of men. Many a reader of Holmes will recall the soul-uplift with which for the first time he came upon an inspired passage, such as this familiar one from "The Chambered Nautilus":

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Or this, "The Greatest Need":

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Brave hearts, strong will, true faith and  
willing hands.

Men whom the lust of office does not kill,  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,  
Men who possess opinions and a will,  
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without  
winking;

Tall men sun crowned, who live above the fog,  
In public duty, and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn  
creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Wrangle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice  
sleeps!

"The Last Leaf," though not Holmes' greatest poem—far from it—is perhaps the most popular. When it appeared it caught and held public attention and thereafter it found place in various books of representative American poetry. Its popularity lies in its simple, easily comprehended picture of melancholy age as viewed with the mirthful, yet not unloving nor disrespectful eyes of youth. Its reproduction in the MIDLAND at this time, in the author's own clear and bold handwriting, will be a gratification, we doubt not, to many whose thoughts have been sadly turned toward the last of the great New England poets by the recent event of his death.

But we have not yet reached the outer range of this man's powers. His "Elsie Venner" and other tales revealed the novelist's magic touch. Had Holmes been born a half-century later, he would have blossomed more profusely into the novel, the short story and the sketch, under the warming influence of popular appreciation of life pictures drawn by the artist hand. Had he lived in England in an earlier time, he would have won either the admiration or the hate of a Jeffrey—autocrat of a far different type—by his forceful and penetrating criticism. His tribute to Emerson has nowhere been surpassed by any contemporary criticism in just and generous judgment on the character and work of the Sage of Concord. Thus happily does it conclude: "The end and aim of his being was to make truth lovely and manhood valorous, and to bring our daily life nearer and nearer to the eternal, immortal, invisible."

But little prominence has thus far been given this all-sided man's quaint, irresistible, unforgettable humor. Let a few instances suffice to suggest its quality. He once absurdly remarked that, given the



luxuries of life, he would be willing to dispense with the necessities! It was he who found relief in the companionship of a dull friend after a wearing visit from a brilliant man of letters, saying that it was like taking a cat in your lap after holding a squirrel! Conceit in man or woman he amiably likened to the salt of the ocean which keeps the ocean sweet and makes it endurable. His fling at his friends of the legal profession was enjoyed by none more than the lawyers themselves. When dining with Lord Coleridge he dryly remarked that the glory of the American lawyer is his own poverty and the wealth of his client. After being lionized on one of his far-western trips, he was asked if he enjoyed it. "Enjoyed it?" said he, "I felt like the small elephant at the Zoo with a cheap excursion party on my back!"

We have seen but slight tribute paid to this man's patriotism. There were years when it well-nigh took full possession of his emotional nature. To illustrate: Before us lies an old book, printed in '64, entitled "Soundings from the Atlantic," in which appears the notable address of Oliver Wendell Holmes before the city authorities of Boston on the Fourth of July, 1863. The orator of the day had not yet heard the glorious news from Vicksburg. Gettysburgh and Petersburg were yet afar off. In this address, speaking for the city of Boston, the birthplace of the republic, in its name he pledged to the Union the last dollar and the last man.

"We are fighting for our existence," he solemnly declares. "We say to those who would take back, their several contributions to that individual unity which we call the Nation, 'the bronze is cast; the statue is on its pedestal; you cannot reclaim the brass you flung into the crucible!' . . . Heaven only knows through what trials and humblings we may have to pass before the full strength of the nation is duly arrayed and led to victory. . . . But if, in the inscrutable providence of the Almighty, this generation is disappointed in the lofty aspirations for the

race, . . . we shall at least hold in undying honor those who vindicated the insulted majesty of the Republic, and struck at her assailants so long as a drum-beat summoned them to the field of duty."

While actively engaged in literature, in the popular lecture field, in public service as occasion orator and poet on almost numberless occasions, no detail of his chosen profession was neglected. During all the years of his career as physician and as professor of physiology and anatomy, though professional engagements might multiply, he somehow found time for an occasional excursion to the stars, and every return therefrom marked the birth of some new poetic thought.

The patriot, the philosopher, the humorist, the novelist, the poet, the good physician, the kindest of instructors, the patron of education and the arts, one of the sweetest, choicest souls this side of heaven, immortal while yet with us, is now in a larger sense one of the Immortals. His flesh-imprisoned soul is at last set free. May the spirit of Holmes descend upon his successors in the world of letters, that the temples they shall rear may each be "nobler than the last!"

Nine years ago the most robust of the literary men of New England, celebrating the seventy-fifth birthday of the frailest of them all, put upon his friend the loving injunction: "Outlive us all!" The words proved prophetic. One beautiful October day,\* a day befitting his departure, this rare old man went out from among us to join his friend, and their mutual friends, in that Beyond of which they had so often spoken together. On that birthday Lowell had sung of Holmes:

"The birds are hushed, the poets gone  
Where no harsh critic's lash can reach,  
And still your winged brood sing on  
To all who love our English speech."

Both are now with the "poets gone"; but their "winged brood" are left us, a surer possession than the songsters of the field, for the comfort they bring is not dependent upon times and seasons, but is the world's permanent possession.

\*Oliver Wendell Holmes, born October 20, 1809; died October 7, 1894.

296 Mason Street.

The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before  
when he passed by the door,  
what again

The pavement-stones around  
were he better over the ground  
with his cane.

They say that in his prime  
was the passing-blink of time  
but him alone

Not a better man was found  
By the owner his land  
Through the town.

But now he walks the street  
what he looks at all he meets  
that one was,  
what he shakes his feet there  
That is seen as if he were  
of his side gone.

The merry quater each  
on the lips that he has passed  
on their dream,  
what the name he loved & how  
there been cause for many years  
on the time.

My grandmother has said,  
For the lady, she is dead  
long ago, —  
That she had a Roman nose  
what she said was like a cone  
on the same.

But now his nose is thin  
what is cast upon his skin  
like a staff,  
what a coat is in his face  
what a mulberry coat  
on his laugh.

Thence it is a trim  
For one to sit and grin  
at him here  
But the old time cannot be  
what the quater and all that  
was so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
on the spring,  
And then smile as I do now  
at the old forlorn days  
there is king

Miss Wendell Holmes

1832.

1885.

REPRODUCED THROUGH THE KINDNESS OF HON. CHARLES ALDRICH,  
CURATOR OF THE IOWA HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

AUTOGRAPH POEM BY HOLMES.

This autograph copy of the poet's most popular verse, "The Last Leaf," was presented Mr. Aldrich by Dr. Holmes himself, in response to the Curator's request on behalf of the Department and the people of Iowa.

## BEATRICE.\*

### A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

A transcendent experience awaited Beatrice a few weeks later. M. Condé, to whom the tragic death of Maurice had been a shock and a horror, was much concerned about its effect on Madame La Scalla, and took it upon himself to consult the old family physician in St. Martinsville,—who did the most natural thing in the world, recommended a change of scene. And Burgoyne, before whom—as being now the head of the family—they laid the matter, proposed to his mother that they immediately start on the contemplated journey abroad. He mapped out a plan; they might spend the autumn in Venice perhaps,—since she had always expressed a great liking for that unique city,—and the winter in Rome, and join the Vincents the following spring in Paris.

She listened with an indifferent ear, though without opposition, merely stipulating that Beatrice should accompany them.

"Of course," she added, as if it were a matter which admitted no question, "Beatrice must now take her place on an equal footing with us."

"Will not that be a little awkward, mother?" Burgoyne demurred.

"O, let us put conventionalities aside," she answered impatiently, "and stand upon the simple truth. I suppose you think society will disapprove. Let it. The La Scallas surely are not accountable to public opinion. For myself, I have but one purpose left in life,—to be loyal to your father's principles."

Burgoyne was not thinking of public opinion, but of the Vincents. What would Helen say, and in what terms would Mrs. Vincent couch her indignation? But he offered no further remonstrances. He saw his mother's eyes filling with tears. She was seated at her

desk, where she had been writing. The pen was still in her hand. She let it drop, arose and moved about, unable to control her emotion.

"Oh!" she cried, "he is gone, gone forever! He can nevermore raise his voice in gentle protest against wrong and injustice,—never, never, never! My son"—she wheeled round and came toward him with a passion of earnestness in voice and gesture,—let us carry out his will effectively, *effectively*. The dead are so helpless, O, they are so helpless! Do you remember how he lay there, his eyes closed, his lips still, his dear hands folded? How expressive are dead hands—expressive of work finished!"

She broke down utterly, and Burgoyne, overcome by the picture she had drawn, went to her and folded his arms about her and said huskily,—“Don't mother, I can't bear to see you suffer so. I will do what I can—all I can, anything you wish.”

At that moment everything else in the world seemed trivial in comparison with his mother's grief and the awful fact that caused it.

The terrible event had changed the whole complexion of things on the plantation, and Burgoyne, putting his own personal affairs aside, had devoted himself entirely to his mother and sister and to the care of the estate. Like his father, he had little talent for letter-writing, and his communications to his betrothed were such as called forth continual complaints and appeals. Could he not find time to write more than *three pages*,—even though they were the largest letter-size? And would he not tell her more about his own precious self, and the dear thoughts that were in his heart of hearts?

\*"Beatrice" was begun in the January MIDLAND. Back numbers can be obtained by writing the publisher.

Such questions distressed and sometimes annoyed him. He was a youth possessed of a good deal of spontaneity. He could be tender in voice and look, could say and do charming things on the prompting of the moment, but he could not be ardent at long range. And he was too much occupied with the business in hand to sit down and compose voluminous letters of the kind to delight a romantic girl with an insatiable appetite for such sweets. A most unsatisfactory lover—a thousand miles away!

As a matter of fact Helen's image was pretty nearly always with him,—floating in that dreamy sea of sub-consciousness which constitutes the half, or more than half, of life to us all. And often, in the intervals of activity, he found himself thinking glowingly of her, but in the unshapen way of *rêverie*.

Some faint reflection of these thoughts did occasionally light up his broad page, as when he said, "I got off my horse this morning, down by the coul  , and picked a blue flag and pinned it on my coat. The color of it, and the light and dark rays, reminded me of your eyes,—and then I remembered that you said you liked large loose flowers such as that, rather than the kind of things that have regular petals set round a centre—like inverted wine bottles round a circular garden bed. You said they were more artistic. And I, too, think they are."

This was not very direct love-making, but a girl must have been obtuse who could not find in it the most exquisite of compliments.

Helen kissed the letter, and read the words over and over, with thrills of ecstasy. "It is not so much what he says, as the knowing what he means," she reflected, with the habit of analysis common to self-conscious persons. "The value of words is in him who uses them, as the value of bank-notes is in the bank that issues them. Burgoyne, the dear fellow!"

Burgoyne's apprehension respecting the view which the Vincents might take

of Beatrice's new dignities proved to be well-founded.

The La Scallas were to coast up the Atlantic sea-board and sail from New York. Mrs. Vincent and Helen were at a watering-place, but they promptly declared their intention to come home and open the house in Madison Square in order to entertain them while in the city. The house was not actually closed, only swathed in linen and otherwise protected from moth and dust. Mr. Vincent and Aunt Cynthia had managed to live in it all summer long.

Burgoyne thought it wise to apprise Helen beforehand of Beatrice's social elevation, in order to avoid any unpleasant *contre-temps*. And Mrs. Vincent, without taking a moment's time to consider, seized her pen and wrote a letter of remonstrance to his mother. "You cannot do this thing, Corinne," she said, "people will never forget that the girl was born a slave, or that she bears the additional disgrace of illegitimacy—enough of itself to bar her out of respectable society. I do wish you would wait a little, my dear,—your great sorrow has unsettled you. I am sure you are not in your normal healthy state of mind. You were always so clear-headed in these matters,—much more so than dear Maurice, if you will allow me to say so. But of course, if you insist, Helen and I will put by our personal feelings and 'receive' Mademoiselle Beatrice. But fancy the dudgeon of my Irish maids if they should know they were asked to wait upon a person tainted with colored blood!"

Corinne wrote back—a little coolly—that as their stay in New York would be very brief, in all probability not longer than a day or two, it would not be worth while to put their friends to so much trouble. She had some shopping to do and she wished to take the girls for a sail to West Point, and if Constance pleased, they would prefer to stop at a hotel. Burgoyne would of course make his own arrangements.

But, notwithstanding, Mrs. Vincent proceeded to carry out her intention.

She was on the alert for the New Orleans steamer, and met them at the landing with her carriage, her manner overflowing with cordiality and welcome.

She was kind enough to shake hands with Beatrice and to shower upon her a little volley of congratulations, rather incoherent, and delivered so rapidly and cut off so abruptly as to leave no chance for reply, so that Beatrice was spared all save a passive part in the sham friendliness.

Mrs. Vincent bustled about, giving orders to the footman and the coachman, making inquiries about the baggage, getting Calista and her band-boxes into an omnibus, and altogether carrying things with such a high hand that Madame La Scalla's suggestion about going to the hotel was quite borne down and overriden.

Helen, looking lovelier than ever in a smart summer costume, was seated in an open carriage — which she drove, herself, — waiting for Burgoyne. Her recognition of Beatrice had the sting of cool patronizing superiority that rankles cruelly in a proud heart. Beatrice was surprised that *now* anyone should have the power to wound her, — that her new grace of liberty and equality was not proof against the petty arrows of a young girl's careless contumely.

But her self-respect, wounded by both Helen's discourtesy and Mrs. Vincent's strained politeness, was restored by the genuine kindness of Mr. Vincent and the anxious friendliness of Aunt Cynthia — whose sympathies for the "oppressed race" had but lately been profoundly stirred by Mrs. Stowe's powerful romance.

Though in any case, Beatrice's interest in the new scenes unrolled before her, in the surprising activity and intensity of the great northern metropolis, would have banished the unpleasant sensations of those first moments from her present consciousness and set them in the dim palimpsest of memory — to form a part of the summary of her life-experiences. The vivid beauty of the Hudson and the Highlands — so different from southern

rivers and landscape — was to her a delightfully novel aspect of a beloved face. She had not been all her young life a lover of Nature without gaining Nature's confidence, — without being able to bring to her aid Nature's sweet consolations.

Helen declined to participate in the shopping, and on the day of the excursion to West Point she excused herself to go with Burgoyne to meet his old college friend, Hugh Connelly.

Hugh had recently fallen heir to an obscure baronetcy in Scotland, and he had written to Burgoyne that he was going over to the Old Country *incognito*, to find out whether he had better accept the legacy or escape from it.

He had delightedly accepted an invitation to join the La Scalla party in the voyage across the Atlantic.

Helen was commissioned by her mother to ask him to dinner. He came — with a radiant manner and a fine flower in his button-hole, expressing in both these matters his appreciation of the honor done him by his friend's friends.

He was a good-looking young fellow, with curly hair and smiling blue eyes, and an expression that indicated a perpetual play of humorous fancy. There was nothing about him to suggest the sentimental poet. When Madame La-Scalla made friendly inquiries concerning his muse, he replied with a blush that the fickle goddess had forsaken him.

"I have not attempted any poetry," he said, "since I visited at your house several years ago."

"Really! And how are we to construe that?" she asked.

"To my credit — I hope. When a man confronts the sturdier problems of life, he ceases to rave and rhyme. I have been hard at work, trying to better my fortunes."

"And incidentally other people's," said Burgoyne, with a smile. "Hugh has turned lawyer and reform politician."

"Excuse me, not a politician," corrected Hugh. "I did not accept the nomination, I told you. I could not afford to — yet."

"Ah, 'yet,'" said Burgoyne. Then, to his mother's polite look of inquiry, he replied, "For representative in his state legislature."

"Ah, that is a great honor for so young a man," she said. It appeared to her of more consequence than the Scotch baronetcy.

Hugh bowed modestly.

Evalina afforded at that moment — to at least one person present — an interesting study of conscious maidenhood. Ever since her eyes had first rested upon Hugh Connelly's handsome kindling face his lively existence had found an echo in her pure young soul. But it was a secret guarded with the extremest modesty. Sometimes, during his visit at the plantation, she had fancied with a shy girlish instinct that his glance challenged her particular interest in what he was saying, — that what he said was intended more for her than for anyone else, so delicately did he seem to shape and color his thoughts to harmonize with hers. But cool reason had always forbidden the indulgence of such sweet thoughts. Now, however, instinct again got the better of reason and planted its crimson banners in her cheeks, and made her whole sensitive face radiant under the blue lightning of his glance.

Helen took the first opportunity to whisper to Burgoyne, "I believe there is something between Evalina and Mr. Connelly."

"Good heavens, no!" returned Burgoyne, and added, "Then I have been a fool."

"Why, no, he is a baronet," said Helen quizzically.

"He is the best fellow in the world," replied Burgoyne loyally. "But if I had known — if I had suspected —"

"Of course, if you had known. But then, you know, you did not know. And so it's all right. And it's perfectly splendid. What a lovely time they will have crossing the ocean together — that is, if they're not sea sick. Ah, how I envy them!"

The following day the party embarked on the "Baltic," of the celebrated but

short-lived Collins line. The Vincents went on board — as did the friends of hundreds of other passengers — to take their final leave; a culminant rite whose grace depends on brevity.

They had not given themselves much margin of time, and in their case the fine flavor of parting — for every important moment in life, whether of joy or sorrow, has its fine flavor — was not lost in a protracted waiting fraught with dreary platitudes and vacuous silences.

The hoarse cry of "*All 'shore not going!*" cut short their farewells and hurried them off on the pier; where the crowd of wistful stay-at-homes lingered, looking up at the thickly peopled decks and singling out familiar faces with smiling or tearful eyes, fluttering their handkerchiefs and calling lustily or shrilly, "Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!"

Beatrice, standing near Burgoyne, was jostled by the throng surging to the front, with the brutal heedlessness of humanity *en masse*. He took her hand and helped her to mount upon a coil of rope, which brought her face almost to a level with his. The ship moved away and Helen waved him her last kiss and put up her opera glass.

"O, look, mama, at Burgoyne and Beatrice!" she cried. Do you see them standing there, side by side? Really, I think that is ominous!"

"Nonsense, you foolish, romantic girl!" said her mother. But even she did not soon forget the striking picture of the two splendid faces fading slowly in the mists of the sea.

Out in mid-ocean, in ideal weather, day after day Beatrice reveled in the glory of space and motion and the wide blue light of sky and sea.

It was not so much a time for thought as for sensation. Why should one fret the mind with thought in the midst of this vast peace! Was it not enough to live, to breathe, to feel that God was managing the world and All was Well?

But there were many diversions. If one would learn the atomic weight of



individuals let him go to sea. A ship is a little republic where every man, freed from his habitual environment and dependent upon his personal quality alone, has an equal chance; where individuals fall into their true relative positions by an unerring law of moral gravitation.

Madame La Scalla, here as elsewhere, unconsciously exerted her peculiar power of attracting whatever there was of intelligence, or genius, or refinement, though now, in her widowhood, she was in a measure indifferent, lying back in her steamer-chair for long hours at a stretch, careless of companionship or idly attentive to the conversation in which she took little part.

Possibly the young people about her added to the charm of her *locale*. They seldom wandered far from her, and the little party constituted a center toward which the select of the steamer's company were instinctively drawn.

Beatrice came in for a share of this social distinction, and realized in a new and still more delicious sense the value of liberty and equality. Here there was no condescension except to her youth. And this, with her exquisite beauty and unspoiled character, seemed to entitle her to a protecting, indulgent kindness, half playful, half caressing.

She had her modest little share in the talk sometimes,—when she was directly appealed to,—under Madame La Scalla's encouraging eye.

Naturally the conversation, though it never failed to stimulate her imagination, often rose above her understanding,—as when Madame La Scalla and a distinguished New York artist discussed and compared the several modern schools in his profession; or when a professor of English literature let loose a volley of comment and criticism upon authors whose names only—seen on the backs of books in M. La Scalla's library or on Madame's table—had a precarious lodgment in her mind; or when Hugh on clear moonless nights swept the sky with his field-glass and discoursed about the splendor of the constellations, calling

them by name and referring familiarly to their respective habits.

All these things opened up delightful vistas which sometime she would explore. Ah, sometime! She knew now that she was to have an education; that when they returned home she and Evalina were to go into a northern school and begin to study in earnest. The thought of it made her heart beat wildly. Not that she particularly loved study, but she wanted to *know*.

Burgoyne, who still continued his violin practice,—and had become quite proficient,—sat one evening softly drawing the bow, his eyes fixed inadvertently upon a particular bright point in the heavens, intent upon mastering a difficult strain.

"Are you performing incantations to Orpheus?" asked Hugh. "Or are you personating the sweet lyrist himself, and trying to beguile the fair Eurydice out of this Plutocratic darkness?"

"Take care, or I'll personate old Boötes and turn my dogs loose upon you," said Burgoyne, going on with his playing.

"No doubt the Bears would be glad of a let-up after their little chase," answered Hugh, turning his glass to the north. "Poor little Ursu Minor," he soliloquized, "forever swinging round the pole by his luckless tail!"

Beatrice who was standing near turned quickly and looked up.

"Here, look through this, Miss Beatrice," said Hugh, offering her the glass, "Do you know the story of the Bears, the big Ursu Major—which is the Dipper yonder—and the little Bear?"

"No," she answered, thrilling with interest.

"Well, once upon a time there was a lovely young person named Calysto, with whom the mighty god Jupiter fell in love. Whereupon Jupiter's celestial spouse, Juno, who had a frightfully jealous temper, turned Calysto and her son Arcas into bears. Jupiter was terribly angry of course, for with all his power he could not undo the mischief. And for fear some unconscionable huntsman might

slay the poor creatures he caught them up and set them among the stars. And there they are to this day — proof positive of the truth of the story!"

"Did people ever really believe such things?" asked Beatrice, with a curiously earnest expression.

"Believe them! Why, indeed, they were the pagan scriptures," answered Hugh.

"There are prettier stories than that in the stars," said Burgoyne. He got up and moved forward a little and pointed with his bow toward the zenith. "Give her the glass again, Hugh, and let her examine Berenice's Hair,—and tell her that story."

Hugh related the legend of the beautiful young queen with the golden tresses; and, encouraged as he afterward said by Beatrice' "intelligent ignorance," he went on from star to star and from story to story, illustrating with stanzas from old heathen bards and modern poets.

"You will find," he said, "when you get into the big picture galleries over in Europe that the painters as well as the poets have made a great deal of capital out of these mythological tales. You will see the beautiful Andromeda chained to the rocks with the atrocious sea-monster coming to devour her, and the radiant Perseus flying through the clouds to rescue her. You will find the royal brothers, Castor and Pollux, immortalized on canvas and in marble as they are in literature and in the heavens.

'Fair Leda's twins, in time to stars decreed,  
One fought on foot, one curbed the fiery steed.'

And you will see Diana with her Hunting-Dogs, and the terrible Dragon that guarded the Golden Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides. And no end of others."

The professor of English Literature, braced against the gunwale with his legs crossed, his arms folded and his head inclined as though lending an attentive ear to Burgoyne's efforts with the refractory opera, casually remarked, "I fear, Mr. Connelly, you are leaving the impression

upon Miss Beatrice' mind that those ancient fables are mere fairy tales, monstrosities of the imagination like the adventures of Sinbad; whereas they had a tremendous significance in their time." "And in fact," he continued, "they still have, when we consider that they were the beginnings of religion, of the progressive system of beliefs and conventionalities which we are persuaded will culminate, some far distant day, in a perfected society."

"O, of course," answered Hugh with a laugh, "I have not taken up the subject on the serious side."

"There is one particularly interesting story which you have omitted," said the professor, "the story of Virgo."

"O, yes, so I have," returned Hugh. "Well, there is more than one version,—give yours."

"The story is illustrated in the cluster of which yonder brilliant white star is the leader, Miss Beatrice," the professor explained, taking his place beside her. "During the Golden Age the Virgin—whose real name is Justice—dwelt upon the earth as the queen of mankind. With the passing of that age she

'Winged her flight to heaven.'

It is said that for a time she occasionally revisited the scene of her former sovereignty; but, as the consciences of men grew harder, and ambition and oppression and injustice took the place of brotherly love, her visits became less frequent and finally she ceased coming altogether. I am not quite prepared to believe this last. I think I have more than once had an intimation of her presence in the heart of some good man or good woman whom she has prompted to a kind or generous deed! All such, I dare say, she eventually gathers to herself, and places them in her beautiful constellation, there to shine forevermore as a reward for their virtue."

The professor smiled, but Beatrice gave a little start—as at a sudden, wonderful revelation—and a strange flood of emotion swept over her. Could it be that

this marvelous and immaculate queen had come to earth in her behalf, and that M. La Scalla's benevolent eyes were looking down upon her from the serene heavens!

Burgoyne had ceased playing and the whole little company had been listening to the professor.

Madame La Scalla rose and moved away. Evalina followed and slipped an arm around her waist.

"Mama, dear mama, it is a beautiful thought," she said, pressing close to her mother's quivering form, her voice shaken with sobs.

At Liverpool the La Scallas embarked for the Mediterranean, and Hugh bade them a reluctant "good-bye," with a promise to rejoin them in Venice or Rome, should the baronetcy prove to be not entirely worthless. If Evalina's maidenly suspicions were correct, he had behaved throughout the journey with masterly discretion.

#### CHAPTER X V.

Madame Derouen, a lady of less than medium height and of plump figure compressed at the waist and bulging a little above and below, trailed the wide sweep of her handsome morning gown out upon a semi-circular balcony jutting from the upper story of a broad-fronted red-brick building on Brooklyn Heights.

The building which had begun life as an aristocratic family mansion was now devoting itself—without much change of character—to the uses of education. It was a commanding edifice possessing certain structural elements of nobility which are sometimes seen in men and women who have been deflected from a career of opulent indolence to busy occupation. There was a little different tone but no actual letting down. Still exclusive to a degree, it yet had a livelier air, with its open windows and numerous young smiling faces looking out from them, than in the stately days of yore.

With the proud modesty of conscious worth it stood well back from the street, its ample grounds environed with an

elaborate wrought-iron fence rising into a high arched gateway in front. The legend, "*Lust en Rust*," set into the arch in beautiful open letters, not only bespoke the happy serenity of the place but clinched the idea of its knickerbocker character in the mind of any possible doubter.

The main entrance to the building was through a substantial portico whose massive roof obviously required the support of the sturdy marble pillars underneath. On either side the stone steps—broad and safe and easy of ascent—leading up into the portico peaceably reclined a granite lion.

A fountain in the front yard shot its crystal column high into the air and fell back in iridescent spray upon the lovely shoulders of a group of naked imps whose crouching attitudes and gleeful grimaces testified to their unwearied enjoyment of the fun. Even when a cutting north wind or a chilling blast from the sea should have turned their merriment to shivers they kept up the brave show; even when Old Boreas muffled their curly heads in caps of snow and hung icicles on their dimpled elbows they crouched and grimaced still.

A carefully trimmed hedge supplemented the fence and made the place still more secluded and exclusive. The generous spread of greensward was sharply punctuated here and there by a pyramidal evergreen or a well-kept flower bed of geometrical pattern. Everything was as precise and conventional as court etiquette—and with something of the same venerableness, without decay. Age which had softened the tints of brick and paint had increased the luxuriance of the vines and foliage and given additional dignity to the kingly trees.

Madame Derouen's School for Young Ladies had a reputation for caste and jealously guarded it. It made no overtures to the *bourgeoise*. In fact, never entertained propositions from the vulgar commonality except, perhaps, for reasons of the most cogent expediency. Its patrons were carefully selected from the *creme de*

*la creme* of eastern cities; the rich, the fashionable, the delicately bred.

Though it was mid-autumn the warmth and sweetness of the morning justified the delight of the laughing imps and of the lingering warblers that came to drink at the fountain and flirt and flutter in the shimmering spray,—and pay tribute of song for these gracious privileges.

Madame Derouen who had just taken her light *premier dejeuner* in her dressing-room, laid a small, firm hand upon the iron railing that guarded the balcony and sent her bright quick glance up and down the shady street, at one end of which there was a narrow prospect of the Bay with a sail or two in the misty distance.

To step out upon this little balcony at this hour was Madame's unailing habit the year round. It was her invocation to Dame Nature, a goddess she much adored,—though she had little time for her worship. Two or three rapturous inhalations of the pure air, a comprehensive sweep of the eye over the charming scene, and rapid absorption of every bright detail and enchanting effect of light and color, a thought of the beauty and glory of life and the world—with both of which she was much in love—and perhaps a sigh heavenward, and her prayer was ended and she was ready for the arduous and numberless duties of the day,—duties to which she brought a large fund of enthusiasm and energy, an electrical brain and a deft wit. Her mind was as quick to take impressions of men and women as her eye of a landscape; and she was as sure in her judgment of social conditions and possibilities as a Wall street broker of financial winds and tides.

She was a somewhat daring manipulator, ready to take large risks if there was a reasonable chance of large returns; as when, some years before, she had accepted two western pupils of quite unknown pedigree,—the one because she was enormously rich and the other because she was a genius. The former had eventually married a foreign noble-

man of distinction, and the latter had become a famous sculptress. Both reflected high honor upon the school, and one, My Lady, had conferred substantial benefits—which Madame was not above accepting. In fact she was quite proud of saying, "This beautiful grand piano was a gift from my beloved pupil, the Countess of Paxon"; or, "That exquisite thing—a real Van Dyke you see—was sent me by dear Lady Matilda." Nearly all of her speculations had resulted just as advantageously, and success had inspired her with confidence.

The Madame had spent the greater part of her life in New York, but certain eccentricities of speech and gesticulation betokened her Parisian birth.

While she stood in conscious pleasurable contemplation of the scene around, beneath and above, a carriage dashed round the corner of the square and pulled up at her gate. The driver sprang down and opened the door, and a lady of elegant figure and bearing stepped out, followed by two young girls. The whole party had an unmistakable air of gentility, and there was that peculiar harmony and fitness in their dress which denotes the power of choice as well as the ability to choose; all of which was not lost upon Madame Derouen. She stepped back into her room and from behind a window curtain watched them coming up the walk. When they disappeared under the roof of the portico she turned round and stood waiting and wondering. She was not expecting any new pupils and had received no intimation of a visit from a possible new patron—*Parbleu!* she was not usually approached by possible new patrons with so little ceremony.

When she heard the light step of the maid in the hall she darted across the room and threw open the door. Celerity of movement was one of her peculiar traits, and she had a lightness of step which often characterizes people of considerable *avoir du pois*.

The maid handed her a card and a letter. The name on the card was unfamiliar. The letter was from Mrs. James

Vincent, introducing her dear cousin, Madame LaScalla, of Louisiana, who desired to secure for her daughter, Miss Evalina, and her ward, Miss Beatrice, a young relative, the very superior advantages of Madame Derouen's charming and celebrated school. The letter, dated at Paris, was brief for Mrs. Vincent was pressed for time; but besides being profusely garnished with compliments for the recipient it adroitly conveyed an impression of Madame LaScalla's social and financial importance and the value of her patronage. There had been a little jesting about this between the two cousins, and Mrs. Vincent said she knew with whom she was dealing.

Madame Derouen read the letter standing, and her lively face beamed with satisfaction. A cousin of Mrs. James Vincent! *C'est tres bien*. Mrs. Vincent's own daughter had been her pupil for a time, and Mrs. Vincent was a power in the fashionable world. But *le bon ciel!* how early, what a horrid hour to see visitors. Her first impulse was to rush down stairs, but she bethought herself and wheeled round in front of a long cheval-glass at the other side of the room, and catching up a brush made a pass or two at her black, lusterless, kinky hair—which never looked much the better for a dressing, but which, however, was always picturesque and becoming. She held out her hands and scowled at the lace in her sleeves, which was fine but not immaculately clean.

"*Diable!* but Susanne should look after me bettaire," she ejaculated. There was a soiled spot on the front of her gown, but this she deftly caught over in a fold with her left hand as she entered the parlor, and neatly doubled the score by the exposure of a richly embroidered petticoat underneath.

In the hurry and scurry of her busy life she could give but little time to her toilette. She was punctilious about her early morning bath, but as for dressing she caught up the first thing that came to hand, or that Susanne, the shiftless, saw fit to produce. And as she was a

woman of expensive tastes there were sure to be elegancies about her somewhere, even though they were not always *facile a decouvrir*.

The two women, the stately, gracious, graceful Louisiana Creole, and the alert, sparkling, keenly intelligent and intuitive little Frenchwoman confronted each other with extended hands and smiling, attentive regard.

Madame La Scalla, who was half an inch the taller and looked more, inclined her head and apologized charmingly for the unconventional hour and for not having sent Mrs. Vincent's letter and arranged for the visit beforehand. They had just returned from abroad and she and her son were in haste to get on home. If Madame would kindly pardon these apparent rudenesses, and if she could be persuaded to consider the matter referred to in the letter, which of course was the object of the visit—

Her beautiful eyes conveyed far more of deprecation and persuasion than the politely worded speech, and if Madame Derouen had had misgivings of any sort they must have been routed completely, for she had a weakness for the eloquence of beauty. But the letter itself was talismanic, and her mind was made up almost before entering the room. She swept aside all apologies with expressive shrugs and pretty gestures, declaring herself honored by Madame La Scalla's distinguished visit and gracious choice of her modest *etablissement*. Then her glance settled upon the two girls with a most engaging geniality, and she said something about the happy addition of two such *joli demoiselles*. And had they all just come from Paris? Ah, *la belle Paris!* And had witnessed the Exposition Universelle? *Mon dieu!* what joy! She struck her hands together ecstatically and raised her eyes heavenward—or ceilingward, where in an elaborate stucco centerpiece some Dutch nymphs were diligently plucking flowers to scatter, perchance, upon the heads of whomsoever might come beneath. But in a moment she recovered herself and came back to the



business in hand. Providentially there were vacancies in the school just then; some Baltimore young ladies had cancelled their contract because their father had been honored with an important foreign appointment and they were going abroad with him. There had been other applicants in plenty, but —

There was a delicacy of flattery in the "but" which Madame La Scalla acknowledged courteously.

"*Parbleu!* in my position one cannot be too careful," returned Madame Derouen, "I have a *vairy* great regard for the tone of my little *pension*. And besides it is one of the conditions imposed by *le propriétaire*, whose home this charming place used to be, and who still will not part with it for any consideration. You perceive, Madame, that it maintains yet the character of a Dutch palace."

And in fact much of the *mobilier* — the pictures on the walls, the pots of Delft on the mantel, and the little blue and white tiles set into the chimney-piece, — as well as the solid walls themselves and the massive ornamentations in the architecture bore out the statement.

"Madame Vandever's precise words to me when she was last here," went on Madame Derouen, "were, 'I pray you let nothing lower the respectability of this dear old house.' And I hope I have kept the faith, according to my light."

The two women smiled — as two well-bred French women may smile behind the back of a good Dutch lady, not with discourtesy but with a mutual recognition of the difference between her social ethics and theirs.

"There is nothing in the language better fitted to describe Dutch ideals than the word 'respectability,'" said Madame La Scalla, perhaps in extenuation of the smile, or perhaps with that unconscious deference which maturity pays to youthful innocence and sincerity.

Madame Derouen glanced at once to the two girls who were paying respectful attention to the conversation of their elders.

"And a *vairy* good word it is," she said, "and the quality makes an excellent backbone for society."

"But scarcely meets all the needs of society," smiled Madame La Scalla.

"*Eh, bien!* it lacks *esprit* of course."

Madame La Scalla embraced the opportunity to say something fine and significant about the happy results of engrafting French *esprit* upon Dutch respectability, and Madame Derouen blushed through her swarthy skin and swept an elaborate courtesy. She presently proposed that the party explore the place a little before making final arrangements, and Evalina almost rivaled her mother's suavity in refuting the suggestion of a doubt about the ultimate decision, since all they had seen was so lovely.

A tour of the lower rooms satisfied Madame La Scalla; and an under-teacher, a Miss Avery, was sent for to conduct the two girls through the upper regions. The ladies were left alone in the library.

"We would better rest here a moment," said Madame Derouen, thinking to provide her visitor an opportunity for any special instructions she might wish to give concerning the new pupils. She pushed back the heavy portieres on either side the room to make sure — and to let Madame La Scalla perceive — that the alcoves were deserted, and pulled forward two comfortable chairs.

But Madame La Scalla only laid a hand on the back of hers.

"I have an explanation to make to you, Madame Derouen, before we go any farther," she said, in such an impressive manner that Madame Derouen who had seized the cord of a window shade, intending to soften the light that streamed dazzlingly in from the east, paused with an inquiring "Yes?" "Explanations as a rule are insufferable, but I desire first of all to be perfectly candid and honorable with you in this transaction. What I have to say is this: the young girl Beatrice, who is related to my husband's family — by ties which the law takes no cognizance of, however — and who, please bear in mind, is a beloved member of my



household and my daughter's dear companion and friend, belongs to a most unfortunate class of beings; she is of mixed blood—you know what that means in the South—and was born in slavery. If these facts make any difference to you—”

Madame Derouen let go the cord and the shade flew to the top of the window with a sharp click.

“My God!” she cried in strong English, the French expression in which she habitually indulged was inadequate; “is not Madame jesting? Surely, one nevir sees a fairer skin, a more exquisite creature altogether. I am a beauty *adornateur*, and I sayed to myself when my eyes fell upon that young girl, ‘*De charmant brunette* has the color of the lily and the rose, and a carriage like the daughter of a king.’ What a pose she has, and what a step,—so light, so elegant! One would know by the walk that she has the foot aristocratique. And those eyes, ah, superb!”

“Yes,” returned Madame La Scalla, “Beatrice is beautiful; Nature has tried to compensate for the sins of men in her case. I wished you to see her before making this explanation,—I wished her to have that advantage.”

“Ah, you were right, Madame, she is herself her own best advocate. Who could withstand such loveliness! But yet—alas! I am sorely pairplexed. I have my patrons to consider,—my patrons you are aware are the most *exclusif*, the most *patricien* in this *republique*. I fear me to bring my *academie* into disrepute, if I may be pardoned such plain speaking!”

“Certainly. But could that be possible here in the free democratic North?” asked Madame La Scalla, not persuasively but with a touch of her old-time irony. One would suppose that it would be quite the reverse; that in the land of a Phillips, a Garrison, a Mrs. Stowe, a beautiful young girl in Beatrice’s position would have prestige, and command distinguished consideration.”

“Ah, me, I fear it is not so, Madame, except in sentiment. Pairhaps it is the

artistic, the dramatic representation which stirs the emotions, not living facts. Alas! how unhappy I am not to be pairmitted to follow the *mouvement* of my heart. But the world, society, is one grand system, and one may not transgress with *impunite*. The young girl is so vairy beautiful, and beauty appeals to me with extraordinary force.”

“Beatrice would be an ornament in more ways than one, she is as talented as she is beautiful,” returned Madame La Scalla, but still not insistently. Her manner was almost indifferent.

“It was my husband’s desire,” she continued, “that the two girls should be educated here in the North. But I myself think it would be far better for Beatrice to be sent abroad, where race prejudice is not so pronounced. The only objection is that where she goes my daughter will go also. They are inseparable.”

“Your daughter is angelic,” said Madame Derouen fervently. She dropped her eyes to the floor but in a moment raised them again, twinkling with a shrewd light.

“This unfortunate fact would not be generally known here?” she said.

“Obviously I have mentioned it to you as a matter of fairness,” returned Madame La Scalla coldly.

“Pardon! My question was stupid. You spoke of race prejudice, Madame; I have none. *Parbleu!* are we not all God’s children? To myself personally it would make no difference whatever, and if others are not informed—as why should they be? *Mon Dieu!* it is not a case of leprosy!—what harm is done, and what is to hinder me from availing myself of so promising and brilliant a pupil?” Underneath this fair reasoning was the reflection, “especially as the rejection of this promising and brilliant pupil involves the forfeiture of Madame La Scalla’s illustrious and profitable patronage altogether.”

“Even though this unfortunate, remarkable child be of mixed blood,” she continued aloud, and with a shrug, “*Toutefois!* she might pairhaps match

pedigrees with some of the vairy select if the truth were known."

Madame La Scalla said not another word. When a woman begins to argue a point with herself the upshot is a foregone conclusion.

Miss Avery's position in Madame Derouen's fashionable *pension* was that of coacher to dull pupils. She was very entertaining in a guileless, gossipy way, and as she led the two girls along the corridors and into the pretty suite of rooms now vacant by default of the young ladies who were going abroad, she let fall many delightful little legends about the fine old house and its owners and original occupants. Years ago she had been a governess in the Vandever family, and her remarks concerning this one or that one set them livingly before the mind and made one feel a sort of intimacy with them, and a friendly curiosity to meet them face to face. There was Miss Sophie, the brunette, who was wildly gay, though as sweet and innocent as a dove; who broke the hearts of dozens of young gentlemen before she accepted one of them. And Miss Annie, the delicate blond. And Mr. Roger, and Mr. Augustus, and Mr. John; the last her favorite without doubt. Mr. John was a musical genius, with a heavenly voice and a talent for playing upon any instrument,—but a gentleman for all that.

"This was Miss Annie's bow-window," said Miss Avery. "She used to sit here with her portfolio on her knee and watch the ships sail away, and write little verses of poetry, and dream, and wish that she too might sail away. And one day she got her wish, she sailed away a bride,—the happiest and the loveliest bride! Here is where she stood for us all to come and look at her when she was dressed ready to go down and meet her bridegroom, who was a young gentleman from The Hague. She was as white as a snow-drop, and her eyes shone like two beautiful sapphires, and her dear little hands held the sweetest bunch of roses that could be found. . . . And this is the hall where the children used to

dance. A piano stood there, which I played. Madame herself danced sometimes—in the minuet—as a rare favor, and there was always a scramble among the boys as to who should have her for a partner. She was a very small lady and full of fun with the children; though they could never take any liberties with her—any more than as if she had been a giantess, she was so quick to see and to rebuke an impropriety. In company she was always stately, and yet—well, they said it was easy to see where Miss Sophie got her spirit! She was the moving spirit in whatever was going on. But you may be sure that whatever went on in her presence was perfectly proper. I have never seen a queen, but I always thought she must be like one."

Miss Avery spoke of the whole Vandever family in the past tense, though all of them were living except the father. But they were scattered to the ends of the earth, all except Mr. John—called Jack by his intimates—who lived in bachelor quarters over in the city, and spent his money with splendid lavishness and was much courted by society.

It hardly seemed as if Miss Avery was telling all this, she was such an artless tattler; it oozed out of the fullness of her affectionate heart, which was like a little spring bubbling over. She was romantic; and as appreciative as a Boswell and much attached to people she was intimately associated with, finding a lovely significance in everything they did and said. And when they were gone from her the memory of them lingered in her gentle soul and gathered sweetness and hallowedness as the years went on. She was all alive this morning taking impressions of the prospective new pupils one of whom aroused her intensest admiration.

But it was not due to Miss Avery alone that in course of time Beatrice herself, listening now with so much interest to reminiscences of vanished youths and maidens and the little Dutch lady of queenly character, became—with her beauty and talents and sad romantic his-

tory—one of the most enchanting traditions of the old place.

The house was all astir, and now and then some fair girl gliding across the corridor in high-heeled slippers and dainty morning-dress turned her haughty young head for a casual, indifferent glance at the approaching trio and was constrained to give another quick look of surprised admiration. For Beatrice made an incisive impression upon strangers, not by her beauty alone but by some untranslatable quality as interesting as a mystery.

These fair girls are elderly matrons now, but they will give you—if you should happen to run across some one of them anywhere on this little globe—a clear-cut picture of Beatrice as she looked that morning,—of the one superb figure standing out in high relief against the dim background of their jumbled recollections. They will tell you her dress was all of rich dark reds and browns like certain combinations of autumn foliage; that her skin was of a transcendent whiteness touched with the faintest rose-hue in the cheeks and deepening to carnation in the finely cut lips; that her expression was both sweet and firm, and full of a pleased interest as she looked about. Above all they will recall the splendid radiance of her dark eyes—which yet had something shadowy lurking in their velvet depths. Was it a reminiscent or a prophetic sadness? It was a something that touched a chord of tenderness in every one of their young souls,—so they say now,—but one cannot be altogether sure of retrospective testimony.

Madame Derouen's school was distinctively of the elite—in the accepted sense of the term, which is not always the best sense nor always the truest to the original idea. The life there was not confined to books. Madame herself had liberal views on education; or, as she was pleased to call them, practical views. That is, she took into consideration the peculiar condition of her particular constituency, and conformed to it. It was her boast that her young ladies were in training for the highest social rank. It

was not to be supposed that they were fitting themselves for governesses or accountants, but for the elegant functions of fashionable life; to contract advantageous marriages, to preside over fine establishments, to dance, to play the piano-forte, to pass judgment in graceful phraseology upon art, music, the drama. A taste for literature was cultivated, and the art of conversation much encouraged,—especially light and airy conversation. Madame abhorred stupidity. A girl must know how to use her tongue, must be prepared for emergencies. She must know if overtaken by a subject about which she is uninformed how to cover her ignorance or carry it off with grace—a really fine accomplishment. For a fact, it is not all smooth sailing in the fashionable world, where even wealth, rank, splendid environment cannot atone for dullness.

Madame's recipe for quickness of apprehension was attention, and for facility of speech, practice. Everyone at the proper time must take her part in the touch-and-go of light talk; and she took care to show due appreciation of every *bon mot*, however feeble, and every little rill of intelligent pleasantry. And all this had its effect; careful and persistent training of any sort cannot altogether fail of results.

Dinner each day was a magnificent function, from the superb service and elaborate *menu* down to the last detail of decoration and the newest fads and fancies,—for it was a part of Madame's curriculum to keep her school in touch with the fashionable world, so that a graduate from the knickerbocker palace was always the most accomplished of debutantes in society.

The young ladies were expected to dress and deport themselves at dinner or at a reception as though it were a state occasion,—as in fact it often was, for Madame entertained many celebrities. If parents demurred at the frightful expense, she shrugged her shoulders and replied, "Eh, *bien*! I have my system. I do not advertise a cheap school, but a

high cultivation. It takes money,—O, yes, I am very well aware, but what can you expect?"

The attitude of the two new pupils was unconsciously opposed to this sort of superficial training. Both had a positive love of knowledge and certain convictions of duty respecting the value of time and opportunity. They took rather serious, at least very earnest views of life. They liked pretty gowns it is true, and beautiful surroundings and all the elegancies of refined civilization,—but in the artistic sense; never for vulgar display, and never for mere luxurious indulgence. If ever two young creatures were blessed with sincerity and singleness of heart these two were. But yet no fault could be found with them from Madame Derouen's extremely worldly view-point. It would have been strange if a daughter of Corinne LaScalla had not been able to show elegant breeding. With the La-Scallas elegant breeding was like a fine polish on good hard wood, an ingrained grace and finish.

Beatrice had come now to the time to which she had looked forward with such burning eagerness, the time for preparation for that vague Greatness which had haunted her all her life; and she found the new experience delightful beyond her wildest expectations. She went at every task like a workman whose tools are all bright and keen and clean, and who has zest for his task and a long and glorious prospect ahead of him. And there was such a lovely unfolding of the prospect day by day that sometimes she could hardly believe in the reality of it.

"My heart is like those merry imps down at the fountain," she said to Evalina, "it laughs all the time. But then, my heart is never cold—and covered with ice and snow."

Every additional individual in a society, large or small, high or low, modifies the tone of it more or less, as we all know. The new ingredient either dilutes or strengthens, or discolors or clarifies, or in a thousand other ways affects the

quality of it. And Beatrice, with her infinite gladness diffusing itself always and everywhere, made buoyant the whole spirit of this place.

Her companions were fond of discussing her.

"I envy her her happiness almost more than her beauty," said one.

"Perhaps she is happy because she is beautiful," rejoined another. "I should be."

"No, for she is entirely unconscious, or—well, of course she knows she is beautiful, but she makes no capital of it somehow—as you or I would, Kate."

"Speak for yourself, beloved. I am not vain," answered Kate.

"I should think we would all be mortally jealous of her,—but we're not. I simply admire her without a thrill of malice."

"There is a point where envy ceases, you know. Is the moon jealous of the sun by whose light she shines? I like to sit next Beatrice in the theatre; people are always putting up their glasses toward our box."

"And yet you are not vain, Kitty?"

"If I were going to envy Beatrice," said Kate, "it would be for that quality which somehow makes everybody take a keener interest in life when she is present. She is the oxygen, the ozone of our social atmosphere. I think Miss Avery is going to write a book about her."

"Indeed?"

"Well, at least she is putting her down in her diary. And she makes little water-color pictures of her,—goes down to the beach and sketches her in her sail-boat with her beautiful hair blowing in the wind. And the other day she journeyed all the way to the riding-school to take Beatrice on horseback."

"Dear little enthusiast! She has sketches of all the Vandeveres pinned upon the walls in her room. I wish Mr. Jack could see some she has of him."

"He wouldn't mind, he is awfully kind to Miss Avery. By the way, I wonder when he is coming over here to sing for us again."

"Soon, I hope. What a pity he is rich! He might have made a fortune for himself on the stage; and then the world would have had the benefit of his talents."

"It has, anyhow; doesn't he contribute his talents to dozens of charitable entertainments?"

"Not dozens,—he is very choice of himself, they say." And it happened that Mr. Jack came over that very evening and delighted the school with his charming voice and his exquisite flute-playing. Miss Avery, to her great felicity, accompanied him on the piano as she had done when he was a boy. A few evenings later he came again, invited by Madame to one of the school receptions. He brought with him a Mrs. Priestly, called the finest amateur singer in the city; a large, handsome woman, with a voice of wonderful compass and power.

"Did you ever hear anything so grand?" asked Kate Kavanagh of Beatrice.

"I have heard Madame Alboni," said Beatrice, and unfortunately Mrs. Priestly caught her answer, and flushed a little angrily. She too had heard Alboni and imagined herself the equal of the famous prima donna,—with something of an advantage, perhaps, in the one respect that *she* did not sing for pay. And if public recognition was a little tardy it was some satisfaction to feel that it had never been unduly stimulated by an extravagant commercial valuation of her talent.

Beatrice' year's travel abroad had served to crystallize her nebulous fancies into fairly definite thoughts. For one thing she saw that *greatness* was not a state to be achieved in and for itself; but that it was incidental to patient work, to the consecration of one's self to an earnest purpose; that it meant a deep love of art, a broad sympathy for mankind, and the wish and the power to add something useful or beautiful to the sum of life.

Madame La Scalla had remarked one day when they were entering the Mediterranean, "You young people will find much to interest you in Venice; I did at your age. But now I shall not care to

look at churches and palaces and pictures. I do not wish to study Venice, but simply enjoy it."

She adopted the Venetian routine, keeping to her rooms all day and emerging only when the tide of waking life began to set toward the Lido, or the marvelous illumination of St. Mark's drew the gay population into the great square. The smooth gliding through the weird streets, and the curious evening sights and sounds sufficed for her mood; and for Evalina's too, the greater part of the time. Hugh Connelly wrote to Madame La Scalla that he was charmed with his little baronetcy, and meant to remain and see what he could make of it. He begged her permission to write to Evalina, which after a little family consultation was granted—with certain restrictions; and there began one of those delicious correspondences which absorb so much of a young girl's time and thought.

It fell out that Burgoyne and Beatrice were left to go about together; and it seemed a most natural as it was a most delightful thing that they should be going about together, prying into old churches, palaces, out-of-the-way shops and obscure little dens where untaught genius fashions its bits of art, of exquisite bric-a-brac; getting all sorts of curious and interesting information, which escapes the ordinary, hurried tourist, and following the footsteps of civilization backward into the old, old past.

Burgoyne still looked upon Beatrice as a child dependent upon his protection and superior knowledge; a child of such glowing and devouring intelligence that to be her companion and instructor, and driven by her searching, eager questionings to remote investigation, was worth a course in archæology, in mediæval history.

It was the same in Rome as it had been in Venice. Everything was so old and so significant and insistent, and old things were made so much of by everybody, from the rapid tourists scouring every nook and cranny and possessing themselves ruthlessly of sacred relics as they



had opportunity, down to the ragged mendicants who went crossing themselves at every shrine, that it came to seem as if the traditions of the past were the real life and business of the present ; and that all the modern inventions, pretensions, triumphs and fashions were impertinent innovations and signs of an effeminate and morally degenerate age.

Beatrice felt as if she were in a dream, a long dream of wondering awe, a dream in which the dead were walking about in the manly strength and serious dignity of the old Roman days. And a dream sweetened by the most charming companionship in the world,—for Burgoyne was still always with her, his kind eyes responding to her every emotion. The old spirit of *camaraderie* which had once existed between them,—and had lapsed for a time,—came back and deepened into a solid friendship. And friendship is a lovely relation between two people of any age, under any circumstances, in any condition of life ; but especially when both are young, and one a man and one a woman, and there is a moral or a legal bar to tenderer attachment !

Suddenly she awoke in Paris—Paris ! the City of Life ; the city of beauty and art and equipage and splendor ; of song and literature and light morality ; and glittering new royalty, and somber old nobility ; and wit and fashion and careless flirtation !

In Rome she had felt herself in sympathy with the pale enthusiasts of the brush, dragging their easels through the long galleries and dreaming and worshipping and trying to catch inspiration from the immortal canvases, rather than from the great original source from which all true genius draws its life. She would have liked to join their ranks. But Madame poohed laughingly, "I might as well put you in a nunnery to spend the rest of your days counting beads," she said ; "wait until you have seen the living world."

And the living world was Paris. Madame took her to visit art galleries and famous studios ; and it was with some-

thing of a shock that she first saw the development of new methods, new ideals, new technique. In Paris the divine muse, the muse of a Raphael, an Angelo, was certainly prostituted to very common uses ! But how beautiful ! Might the Old Masters have been too exclusive then,—was any part of life and human experience more sacred than the rest ? Ah, was not all life, all passion, all feeling worthy the labor of genius ? Her young soul which had been for months under the spell of the stern, jealous, fiercely religious spirit of a by-gone era, leaped into sudden harmony with the wide freedom of modern art and modern thought. It was a new birth, a new baptism of liberty.

Here she had little of Burgoyne's company. Much of his time was spent with the Vincents, who had come over in the spring as they had planned. Mrs. Vincent had secured her old quarters in a place near the Madeleine, and the La Scallas took rooms at the Hôtel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli.

But Madame La Scalla devoted herself quite generously to the two girls. For one thing, she had them sit for portraits to Delacroix. He made a "likeness" of Evalina and a "picture" of Beatrice, as he quaintly described the difference to a friend.

Beatrice had a little talk with him one day and informed him that she too would like to paint, and finally confessed that she had made some modest attempts. He put a brush in her hand and bade her sketch the profile of a bust that stood on a pedestal before her.

"Good !" he cried as he watched her. "You have the sure stroke, you do not smear and you do not hesitate ; and your eye is true. You may be a painter if you wish. Would you like to study under me ?" But he smiled as though he were not in earnest.

After hearing Madame Alboni she thought no more about painting. For days she was conscious of nothing else but that marvelous voice,—which stirred new aspirations and seemed to evoke new



powers within herself. She sat down to the piano one morning to imitate certain remembered strains, and Madame La Scalla came in and clapped her hands and cried, "Bravo, Beatrice! I thought Madame Alboni had stolen into our rooms. Really, your voice has a quality quite similar to hers."

Beatrice's face crimsoned with blushes.

"How would you like to be a great singer?" went on Madame lightly. "It is a beautiful gift, more personal than any other—except the dramatic. It is a part of its possessor's very self. I wonder that all great singers and actresses are not insufferably vain. Perhaps they are."

[ *To be continued.* ]

## THE NATIONAL GUARD.

OUR COUNTRY'S RESERVES—THE STATE THE POWER BEHIND THE NATION—  
IOWA'S SPLENDID MILITIA.

### I.

THE admonition, "In time of peace prepare for war," is religiously observed by most of the nations of the earth, in the maintenance of large standing armies. The government of the United States has failed to give the subject of common defense the attention it deserves. The fathers of this Republic, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison and other far-seeing statesmen of the formative period in our country's history, were strong advocates of a well-disciplined military force of sufficient proportions to command the respect of foreign powers.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most

effectual means of preserving peace," said Washington in his message to congress in 1790; and

again, in 1793, discussing the subject of national defense, he said: "If we desire to avoid insult we must repel it; if we desire to secure peace. . . . it must be known that at all times we are ready for war." Washington was a firm believer in state organizations. When he handed in his resignation at the close of the war in 1783, he addressed a letter to the governor of every state, in which he urged "the adoption of a proper peace establishment, in which care should be taken to place the militia



THE NATIONAL GUARDSMAN.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND STAFF.

1. Brig.-Gen. James Taggart Priestley, Des Moines, Brigade Surgeon. 2. Maj.-Gen. John R. Prime, Des Moines, Adj't. Gen. 3. Brig.-Gen. James Rush Lincoln, Ames, Inspector Gen. 4. Col. Thos. F. Cooke, Algona, Gen. Inspector of Small Arms Practice. 5. Governor FRANK D. JACKSON, Commander-in-Chief. 6. Brig.-Gen. H. S. Sheldon, West Union, Com.-Gen. 7. Maj. Wm. C. Wyman, Ottumwa, Military Sec'y. 8. Col. Harry E. Wilkins, U. S. A., Ass't Inspector Gen. 9. Col. H. H. Canfield, Boone, Chief of Engineers, etc.



AIDES-DE-CAMP.

1. Lt.-Col. J. K. P. Thompson, Rock Rapids. 2. Lt.-Col. James S. Rohbach, Iowa City. 3. Lt.-Col. J. B. Dougherty, Muscatine. 4. Lt.-Col. F. C. Letts, Marshalltown. 5. Lt.-Col. E. C. Pratt, Des Moines. 6. Lt.-Col. O. B. Jackman, Des Moines. 7. Lt.-Col. C. A. Stanton, Centerville. 8. Lt.-Col. W. H. Norris, Manchester. 9. Lt.-Col. W. A. Hunter, Belle Plaine. 10. Lt.-Col. J. B. Kent, Rolfe. 11. Lt.-Col. F. I. Cameron, Davenport. 12. Lt.-Col. C. J. Phillips, Des Moines.

throughout the union on a regular, uniform and efficient footing." At the opening of the session of congress in 1793, and again in 1794, he advocated the general establishment of a well-regulated militia; and in 1796 he assured congress of his "solicitude to see the militia of the United States placed on an efficient establishment." John Adams wrote: "National defense is one of the cardinal duties of a statesman." Jefferson, in 1808, when addressing congress, said: "For a people who are free, and who mean to remain free, a well organized and armed militia is their best security."

A standing army has never been popular in America. Madison regarded it as "the greatest danger to liberty," and both he and Randolph favored the proposition to constitutionally discourage standing armies. The antipathy to large bodies of armed men in time of peace seems to have been bequeathed by these founders of the republic to the great mass of our

people. The United States has expended very little money, comparatively speaking, for the support of the military arm of the government. In tables recently compiled, the amount per capita expended by various nations for military and educational purposes is given as follows:

	MILITARY.	EDUCATIONAL.
England.....	\$3.72	\$ .62
Russia.....	2.04	.03
Holland.....	3.58	.64
Prussia.....	2.04	.50
France.....	4.00	.70
Denmark.....	1.76	.94
Italy.....	1.52	.96
Belgium.....	1.38	.46
Austria.....	1.36	.32
Switzerland.....	.82	.84
United States.....	.30	1.35

It may be inferred from this comparative statement that here in America the military has not been permitted to overshadow any other interest, but that the policy of our government has been to train its citizens in the practical pursuits of peace, rather than in the science and arts of war.

France maintains a standing army of 2,850,000 men; Germany, 3,700,000; Russia, 13,014,865; Austro-Hungary, 1,194,175; Italy, 3,155,036; Spain, 400,000; Switzerland, 486,000; Great Britain 662,000, while that of the United States numbers only 28,000. The annual army expenditures of Europe aggregate \$631,226,825, while America expends only \$25,000,000 in support of its regular military force.

Whatever opposition may be found to the support and maintenance of an expensive standing army in America, the necessity for a well-disciplined state militia of generous proportions is no longer questioned by the thoughtful, practical people of this country. The careful student of great social problems confronting

this nation to-day cannot fail to estimate at its real value a well organized state militia, as an adjunct to the civil power of the state. The heterogeneous elements and the cosmopolitan character of our citizenship; the massing of ignorant, disorderly and lawless elements in the social fabric of our great cities; the rapid growth of pernicious anarchism and of theories more or less anarchistic in tendency; the unrest everywhere visible in industrial circles; the frequent and constantly increasing differences between capital and labor—all emphasize the necessity for the perpetual presence of some power of sufficient strength and efficiency to afford that protection to life and property, and to command that respect for the majesty of our laws, which the civil



OFFICERS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND BRIGADES.

1. Capt. G. D. Ellyson, Brigade Quartermaster. 2. Gen. H. H. Wright, Commanding First Brigade. 3. Gen. W. L. Davis, Commanding Second Brigade. 4. Col. W. H. H. Gable, Brigade Surgeon, Osage. 5. Capt. C. S. Goodwin, Commissary of Subsistence, Vinton. 6. Col. Geo. W. Weeks, Ass't Adjt. Gen., Marshalltown.



FIRST REGIMENT OFFICERS.

1. Capt. John P. Matthews, Co. G, Vinton. 2. Capt. H. V. Duffy, Co. I, Waukon. 3. Col. F. W. Mahin, Commander, Clinton. 4. Capt. W. H. Thrift, Co. A, Dubuque. 5. Capt. S. E. Clapp, Co. K, Toledo. 6. Capt. E. C. Johnson, Co. M, Maquoketa.

arm of the government is not, at all times, capable of affording. Aside from the frequent recurrence of fierce class contentions at home, we are constantly menaced by the possibility of invading forces from other nations, in which event nothing but a formidable and thoroughly disciplined militia would save us from great disaster.

In 1876, when Adjutant-General Looby entered upon the duties of his office in the state of Iowa, he found what was then called the State Militia in a somewhat disorganized condition. He promptly interested himself in the work of reorganizing the disordered volunteer forces and placing them on an efficient footing. For several years little attention had been paid to this branch of the executive.

During the decade following the close of the Civil War, the thoughts and efforts of men had been largely directed toward matters of business. The work of gathering up the broken threads of fortune which the war had ruthlessly severed was engaging the attention of the people. The terrible baptism of blood through which the nation had so recently passed, and the untold sacrifice of human life and treasure which it entailed, had so harrowed and horrified the minds of those who had been spared its worst consequences that anything suggestive of war or human conflict had a tendency to arouse prejudice rather than excite enthusiasm. Peace had been restored, at such a fearful cost, that the possibility of the

nation being again embroiled in war could hardly command reasonable consideration, nor could the necessity for an armed and trained soldiery be made apparent to the average citizen.

General Looby found himself confronted by two stubborn difficulties — almost universal apathy in the ranks of the militia and popular indifference as to its needs or the necessity of its maintenance. He found a roster of 218 officers and 2,040 privates and non-commissioned officers. But the record was misleading, for investigation revealed the fact that many of the companies were badly disorganized, others had not mustered for a year and some had abandoned their company organization entirely. In the course of a year General Looby was enabled to report the existence of six full regiments of

infantry, two battalions, of four and seven companies respectively, with one regiment of light artillery, fully organized and taking an active interest in the work of acquiring that perfection of drill that makes and marks the efficient soldier.

At that time no aid of any character had been granted the militia by the state. The officers and privates were compelled to pay for their own uniforms; pay freight charges on all arms shipped to them from the government arsenal; tax themselves to pay all contingent expenses for rent of armories, ammunition and other necessities — all for the privilege of standing as a reserve power at the command of the chief executive for the enforcement of law whenever and wherever the civil power proved inefficient or incapable. Such a large draught upon the pocket as well as



SECOND REGIMENT OFFICERS.

1. Capt. Fred C. Goedecke, Adjt., Burlington. 2. Maj. John T. Moffit, Tipton. 3. Capt. James D. Glasgow, Co. D, Washington. 4. Capt. A. C. Norris, Co. K, Grinnell. 5. Col. JAMES A. GUEST, Commander, Burlington. 6. Lt.-Col. Douglas V. Jackson, Muscatine. 7. Capt. John Tillie, Co. C, Muscatine. 8. Capt. W. H. Ogle, Co. E, Centerville.





THIRD REGIMENT OFFICERS.

1. Capt. E. C. Worthington, Co. H, Des Moines. 2. Maj. John C. Loper, Des Moines. 3. Capt. James E. Devore, Co. A, Des Moines. 4. Lieut. Ernest R. Bennett, Co. H, Des Moines.  
5. Capt. John T. Hume, Adj't., Des Moines.

the patriotism of the citizen soldiery of Iowa was not accepted without some complaint, and threatened the life and stability of the state militia.

In 1877, leading representatives of the militia met in convention at Dubuque, and passed resolutions calling upon the legislature to pass a law designating five days in each year for the assemblage and drill of the militia, and granting each man two dollars a day for such service. But this request was denied.

The Seventeenth General Assembly passed a law in March, 1878, providing for the organization of the "Iowa National Guard," and what was known as the State Militia was merged into that organization. This was a step in the right direction; but it was a very short one, for it provided only for the subsistence of the men during drill days at the rate of 33½ cents per day and their transportation to and from the place of rendezvous at a rate not

to exceed one and one-half cents per mile each way. A salary of \$1,000 per year was provided for the adjutant-general, and that officer was authorized to employ an ordnance sergeant at an annual salary of not more than \$400.

The agitation for a more generous recognition of the guard by the legislature was maintained and resulted in the enactment of a law by the Eighteenth General Assembly which provided for many needed changes in the guard, coupled with an appropriation of \$20,000 with which to carry out its provisions. A slight increase was made in the salaries of the adjutant-general and ordnance sergeant; and, for actual service in time of insurrection, invasion or immediate danger thereof, the following sums per day were authorized to be paid:

Each general, field and staff officer.....	\$4.00
Every other non-commissioned officer.....	2.50
Every non-commissioned staff officer.....	2.00
Every other enlisted man.....	1.50

No provision was made, however, for the payment of the men during annual drills and encampments. The conservative policy pursued by the legislature in its treatment of the guard was dictated largely by political influences. A considerable element in the state was and always has been opposed to the maintenance of an armed force at public expense, and the shrewd legislator, with an eye to future official recognition, very reluctantly consented to favor the enactment of a law distasteful to any portion of his constituents.

The appropriation made by the Eighteenth General Assembly was insufficient to sustain more than one-half the organized companies, and, in order to keep the

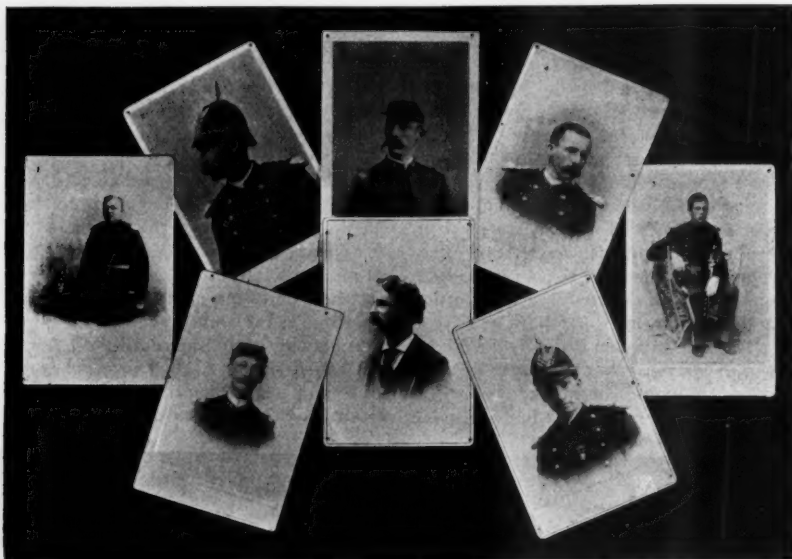
expenses of the guard within the limits of the appropriation, the cavalry and artillery regiments were mustered out. This left forty-six companies of infantry, which were harmoniously organized into six regiments, comprising two brigades of three regiments each.

Under the impetus given the guard by the slight substantial recognition on the part of the state in 1872, the encampment feature assumed promising and gratifying proportions. Although not allowed pay for their time, the men rallied in large numbers at the annual rendezvous, and thus not only established cordial relations but added largely to their proficiency in drill and marksmanship. Too much credit cannot be given the officers and



FOURTH REGIMENT FIELD OFFICERS.

1. Maj. L. E. Baker, Toledo. 2. Lieut. A. W. Braley, Batt. Adj't., Kellogg. 3. Capt. O. C. Servis, Adj't., Sioux City. 4. Maj. S. J. Parker, Hampton. 5. Capt. James A. Sherman, Asst. Surgeon, Cherokee. 6. Col. C. E. Foster, Commander, Sioux City. 7. Lt.-Col. James Rule, Mason City. 8. Maj. A. C. Bergen, Surgeon, Sioux City. 9. Lieut. Wm. M. McKercher, Quartermaster, Sioux City. 10. Capt. W. E. H. Morse, Asst. Surgeon, Algona. 11. Rev. Charles H. Stearns, Chaplain, Des Moines.



FOURTH REGIMENT CAPTAINS.

1. Capt. P. O. Refsell, Co. K, Emmetsburg. 2. Capt. I. R. Kirk, Co. A, Mason City. 3. Capt. Otto Hille, Co. I, Boone. 4. Capt. A. F. Hoffman, Co. C, Webster City. 5. Capt. E. A. Kreger, Co. M, Cherokee. 6. Capt. C. W. King, Co. G, Ft. Dodge. (7. E. H. Brown, Ordnance Sergeant and Historian, Sioux City.) 8. Capt. M. P. Haggard, Co. F, Algona.

men who have so patriotically and freely given their time and money toward the maintenance of the Iowa National Guard. Some of them are veterans in the work, and the roll of their names is a roll of honor.

Two brigade encampments were held in 1882, at a total expense to the state of \$8,978.83. The aggregate attendance was 1,705 men.

It may be interesting as well as profitable to note here the disparity between the expenses of the Iowa encampments and those of New York, which were held about the same time. Although the attendance at the latter encampments was only 881 greater than that at the Iowa meetings, the expenses were \$81,253.73 — or \$72,274.90 in excess of the expenses of the Iowa encampments.

The Twentieth General Assembly gave authority for the organization of two additional companies, thus making a total

of forty-eight companies in the state — the active minimum strength of each being forty members, with power in case of necessity to increase it to sixty-four.

In 1884, regimental encampments were substituted for brigade meetings with satisfactory results. Provision was also made for the payment of \$1.50 per day to officers and men alike for time actually spent in camp. This has proved to be the wisest legislation ever enacted in the interest of the guard. This sum, while being far from full compensation for the loss of time from business, nevertheless greatly relieved hard-working young men, to whom the days devoted to encampments were formerly a total subtraction from their scanty earnings.

It is well to keep in mind the fact that the services of the guardsmen are voluntary and patriotic in character. No incentive is offered to volunteer in the National Guard other than an exemption

from jury duty and from poll tax during the term he shall perform military duty. Small inducement indeed! And yet Iowa has produced over 2,200 loyal sons, not counting the officers, who have voluntarily tendered their services and their lives, if need be, in the interests of law and good government. Are not such noble and self-sacrificing men worthy of substantial recognition at the hands of our law-givers?

More than this, the small appropriation made by the state for this body has not been generally expended for personal needs. A majority of the companies, instead of using the money allowed them by the state, have placed it in the company treasury to be drawn on for clothing, armory rent, and the purchase of equipments which the state should rightfully furnish.

It was not until 1893 that the guard was relieved from the necessity of furnishing its own uniforms. The state had allowed each member of the guard \$4.00 annually for the purchase and maintenance of a suitable uniform. All other states, for a long time previous, had supplied their volunteer armies with suitable clothing free of cost. Senator Sweney of Osage,

one of the staunchest friends of the guard, had introduced a bill in the Twenty-third General Assembly, providing for an appropriation of \$20,000 as a "uniform fund" for the guard. The bill passed the senate but was lost in the house. This left the guard with its \$4.00 allowance to each man. In 1893, by order of the commander-in-chief, the rule was changed so as to give the men clothing instead of money, and the government furnished the Iowa guard with a regulation uniform.

The United States government appropriates \$400,000 annually for the equipment of the militia in the different states of the Union. Of this amount, Iowa's percentage is about \$11,000. That is the extent of government aid afforded the guard of this state. In the opinion of Adjutant-general Prime and other military men, government should furnish all necessary equipment for the guard, and let the state appropriation be used for purposes of instruction. A disciplined army in the north, at the breaking out of the Civil War, might have enabled the government to put down the rebellion in a single year, and without the enormous sacrifice of life and treasure.



OFF DUTY.

The allowance of \$50 a year for armory rent has been increased to \$100. Some companies pay as high as \$400 a year for their armories, and are compelled to make up the difference by personal contributions from their members, or sub-let the rooms, thus endangering the safety of the state's property.

On April 30, 1892, the guard was reorganized under the new military law, by transforming the six eight-company regiments into four battalion regiments of twelve companies each. The numerical strength of the guard is now 2,274 officers and enlisted men. The annual appropri-

brown and the most patriotic spirit to be found among the young men of Iowa. Athletic training is a feature of its school, and a majority of the guardsmen are robust, vigorous and alert.

Many of the staff and field officers of the guard are veterans of 1861-5, men who have been trained and tried on the field of conflict, and who take a patriotic pride in the progress of our volunteer troops toward a perfection in military discipline and efficiency that will render them of value in the hour of emergency. The officers of the several companies are splendid specimens of mental and physical



GROUPING FOR A PICTURE.

Scene in Camp at Sioux City in 1893.

ation by the state is \$45,000—a sum by no means adequate to the growing and pressing necessities of the guard.

During the present year in Iowa the services of the National Guard have been demanded and promptly given, for the preservation of the public peace and the protection of public and private property. Most admirably has it performed its duty, more than fulfilling the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

The guard is not an organization of callow youths who would flee at the first signal of danger, as many people either erroneously or mischievously assume. It is composed of the best brain and

manhood. They are the future military leaders of the state, should the hour and circumstance ever require their service. The portraits of a number of these men accompany this article.\* By a study of these portraits, the reader may form a fair estimate of the solidity, reliability and sturdy character of the members of the Iowa National Guard. It was such men as these who responded to President Lincoln's call for troops; it was such men as these who put down the

\*Several prominent Guardsmen, whose faces will be missed from the groups accompanying this paper, were regretfully left out, their pictures not having been received in time for the present number.

rebellion and saved the nation from disruption.

Great credit is due the distinguished men who have occupied the office of adjutant-general during the past twenty years, for their untiring efforts in bringing the guard up to its present high state of proficiency. General Prime, the incumbent, who was appointed last January, has proved a worthy successor to the able military men who preceded him—Generals Greene, Alexander, Beeson, Warwick, Looby, Baker and Bowen. General Prime thoroughly loves the guard, and, as one of the "boys," in a letter to THE MIDLAND,

from the ranks of the guard to the position of its commander-in-chief. In Governor Jackson and his military family, the guard has staunch leaders and unfailing friends; and in the brigade, regimental and company officers, and, last but far from least, in the great body of guardsmen who comprise its rank and file, the state has a corps of defenders upon whom it relies, more than individuals are oftentimes ready to admit, and the nation has a reserve force invincible against foreign foes and domestic disturbers of our country's peace.

During the past few years a high grade of proficiency in rifle firing has been at-



CAMP STONE.

Camp of the Fourth Regiment at Riverside Park, Sioux City, August, 1893.

says, "the guard is in love with him and will stand by him to the last." General Prime possesses those peculiar characteristics which mark the true soldier and the able leader. His nature is placid and imperturbable; his manner dignified without being haughty, and his judgment on all occasions of emergency quickly and intelligently formed. He is the soul of kindness and gentleness. The guard commands from him an interest and a solicitude that is fatherly in its character, and to enhance the welfare of the militia of Iowa is his chief aim and purpose. In all his laudable efforts in behalf of the guard he is enthusiastically supported by Governor Jackson, who himself has made his way

tained,—several of the guards having distinguished themselves in this direction. From the report of Gen. Thos. F. Cooke, general inspector of small arms practice, it is learned that there are now 69 sharpshooters and 104 marksmen in the Iowa Guard. The Second Brigade maintains its lead over the First—having over twice the number of men doing work on the range. The Fourth Regiment leads with a figure merit of 22.7, being followed by the Second, with a figure merit of 17.2, the Third with 11.4, and lastly the First with 7.9. The First Regiment while trailing in the list of figure merit awards, makes a comparatively large increase in the number of men firing, with a better



marking than last year and a lively promise for future work. The Second Regiment has decreased in the number of men firing, but has gained a better figure of merit. The Third Regiment shows the smallest number of men firing of any regiment, with a lower marking than last year—due, probably, to the absence of reports from six of its companies. The Fourth Regiment shows a slight decrease in the number of men firing and the figure of merit, a temporary condition, however, as the regiment has abundance of good material.

As to companies, the one standing at the head is Company C of the Second

that it should be armed with the same weapon and instructed in its use. This cannot be accomplished until congress authorizes an exchange of the present rifle for the new gun.

## II.

The National Guard of Iowa has, during the past twenty years, proved a most valuable aid to the civil power of the state in the preservation of the public peace. In every instance where its services have been required it has performed its duty in a satisfactory manner, and happily without the shedding of one drop of blood. This is a splendid record, and proves



OUR MESS.

Regiment, having a figure mark of 87.4, followed by Company F of the same regiment, with 67.5. The great need is at least one state range. Few companies are so situated as to enable them to have firing at 200 yards. The adoption of the magazine rifle by the regular army will undoubtedly be followed by their issue to the National Guard. For the ordinary use of the guardsman the present 45-calibre Springfield rifle is a very efficient weapon; but as the National Guard would undoubtedly be hurried to the support of the regular army in the event of complications with a foreign power, it is essential

conclusively that the existence of such an auxiliary for the enforcement of law has a powerful effect in keeping under subjection the lawless elements of society.

In some states, as recent reports show, the majesty of the law was only upheld after the sacrifice of human life. Still, the lesson must be taught all classes of men, at whatever cost, that in America the laws enacted and approved by the people must be obeyed. The very foundations of our Republic rest upon this proposition. The record of service of the Iowa National Guard during the past eighteen years, as gathered from official sources, is as follows:

1876. Company A, Sixth Regiment, Mason City, Capt. James Rule commanding; ordered by sheriff of Cerro Gordo county to disperse mob of 300 tramps and protect railroad property.

July 26, 1877. To avert threatened destruction and loss of life, during the railroad strikes, orders were issued to the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Infantry and the First Regiment of Artillery to hold themselves in readiness for active duty. The orders were revoked and troops relieved July 31, 1877, without collision.

August, 1878. Company A, First Regiment, Boone, Capt. J. R. Lincoln; ordered to disperse rioting miners and protect property; also to guard jail in which several of the mob had been confined.

September, 1878. Company D, Fifth Regiment, Afton, Capt. M. W. Keating; ordered to disperse mob and protect property.

1879. Company D, Fifth Regiment, Afton, Capt. M. W. Keating; ordered to protect jail threatened by lynching mob.

1879. Company A, First Regiment, Boone, Capt. J. R. Lincoln; warned for duty to avert threatened disturbance, on introduction of colored miners.

1879. Company A, Second Regiment, Fairfield, Capt. W. A. Daggett; ordered to guard jail and protect prisoner threatened by mob.

1881. During this year, upon requisition of the sheriff of Page county, a detachment of Company E, Fifth Regiment, located at Shenandoah, Capt. G. J. Ross commanding, arrested four men implicated in an attempt to murder the deputy sheriff.

1883. Company E, Second Regiment, Centerville, Capt. J. T. Connor; ordered out to disperse mob and protect railroad property.

1884. Company D, First Regiment, Marshalltown, Capt. J. R. Lincoln; ordered to assist in capture of murderers of the sheriff of Marshall county.

1884. Company D, First Regiment, Marshalltown, Capt. J. R. Lincoln; ordered to protect property and quell riot caused by attempt to enforce the prohibitory law.

1884, Aug. 20. Company B, Second Regiment, Davenport, Capt. E. I. Cameron; Company C, Second Regiment, Muscatine, Capt. F. Welker; warned to be ready for duty, in anticipation of vio-

lence from striking miners at What Cheer, Keokuk county.

1885, January. Company A, First Regiment, Boone, Capt. R. M. Hyatt; Company A, Third Regiment, Des Moines, Captain Bartlett; Company H, Third Regiment, Stuart, Capt. DeFord; ordered to protect property, disperse mob and arrest ringleaders at Angus mines, Boone county.

1885, March 9-10. Company A, Third Regiment, Des Moines, Capt. H. W. Parker; Company E, Third Regiment, Des Moines, Capt. E. G. McAfee; ordered to guard county jail and disperse mob.

1885, June 6-7. Company F, First Regiment, Eldora, Capt. Geo. W. Ward;



ACHILLES IN HIS TENT.

ordered to patrol streets of Eldora to prevent threatened destruction of property, following lynching of prisoners in county jail.

1885. Company E, Second Regiment, Centerville, Capt. J. T. Connor; ordered by sheriff of Appanoose county to disperse mob organized to lynch prisoner.

1886, June. Company E, Fifth Regiment, Shenandoah, Capt. C. V. Mount, commanding; ordered by sheriff to disperse mob.

1886, March. Company A, Third Regiment, Des Moines, Capt. H. W. Parker, commanding, was ordered out by adjutant-general on March 13, to protect a special officer under the prohibitory law,

named Shaeffer, from being lynched by an infuriated mob. Shaeffer had brutally beaten an old German who had resisted arrest for a trivial offense, and had been placed in the court house jail. Prior to the arrival of the troops a number of shots had been fired by the rioters and Sheriffs Jasper and Compton were wounded. The outer door of the jail had been broken down and the mob was in the corridor when the troops arrived. The rioters were twice dispersed at the point of the bayonet. Every member of the company acted like an old and trained soldier. A detail of nine men was placed under command of Lieut. John F. Hume, with instructions to protect the cell apartments. Lieutenant Hume so arranged his men as to enable them to fire upon the point of attack to the best advantage. This detail remained in the corridor until 2:15 the following morning, when it was transferred to the first floor of the court house, where it remained in the bitter cold of that March morning until relieved at 5 A. M. by the sheriff. After being repulsed the second time the mob quickly dispersed. It saw the utter uselessness of contending with the armed force of the state. Sheriff Parmenter asked that a guard be left at the jail until morning, as the lady members of his family were apprehensive of further trouble. Volunteers were called for and every man raised his hand to stay. This willingness may in a measure be accounted for by the fact that earlier in the night Mrs. Parmenter and her daughters had substantially shown their appreciation of the troops. Lieutenant Hume and his squad were detailed to remain, and the balance of the troops returned to the armory.

1887, August 9. Company C, Second Regiment, Muscatine, Capt. C. F. Garlock; ordered to oust proprietors of saloons established contrary to law, adjoining camp of First Brigade.

1887, December 26. Company F, Sixth Regiment, Charles City, Capt. W. A. Stahl; ordered to protect county jail and prisoners.

1891, May 15. Company E, First Regiment, Clinton, Capt. L. F. Sutton; ordered to avert impending riot and protect railroad property.

1893, September 29. Company I, Third Regiment, Capt. M. M. Miller commanding, was called out by the governor to protect a prisoner named Crawford, who was confined in the Taylor county jail at Bedford. A mob of enraged men had started from New Market for Bedford, with the avowed purpose of lynching Crawford, gathering numbers

and strength on the way. The sheriff, becoming aware of their intentions, and feeling powerless to protect his prisoner without assistance, appealed to the state for aid. It was quickly forthcoming. Captain Miller reported to the sheriff with twenty-five men, including Lieutenant Douglas and himself, within fifteen minutes after receiving the order from the Governor to move. When the mob arrived at the jail it was at once ordered by the sheriff to peaceably disperse, and after glancing at the glistening bayonets in the hands of the determined looking boys in blue, they concluded to allow the law to take its course. At 3 A. M., September 30th, the troops were relieved and the state was spared the disgrace of a lynching.

1894, April. "The Passing of Kelly's Army" will long be remembered by the citizens of Iowa. All along the trail of that clamoring multitude the people realized that the safety of their lives and property was menaced. The "army" was a phenomenal aggregation of serious purpose, ignorance, improvidence and chronic trampism. It was a volcanic mass of humanity, needing only an application of the firebrand of hunger to be transformed into an uncontrollable force that would sweep through the state with dire results. The food supply was the immediate cohesive power that held this migratory element under restraint. As long as bread was provided, the inhabitants were reasonably safe. But when the "army" had crossed the Missouri river at Omaha and camped on Iowa soil, their presence was not appreciated and their reception decidedly frigid. Then it was that the worst side of the "army" began to reveal itself, and the officers of the law were compelled to appeal to Governor Jackson for additional strength to hold this threatening multitude in check. The Governor was slow to act. Telegrams poured in upon him from railroad officials, business men and citizens in every walk of life, imploring him to order the militia to the scene of disorder in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. Both the Governor and Adjutant-general Prime visited the camp-ground of Kelly's forces, and carefully and calmly viewed the situation. It was not until the necessity became so apparent that it could no longer be ignored that the power of the military arm of the state was called into requisition.

April 14 Governor Jackson telegraphed Colonel Mount, commander of the Third Regiment, to report in Council Bluffs without delay. The colonel reached the Bluffs at two A. M. the following day and found

Companies B, C, G, K and M awaiting his arrival, with Major Evans in command. About eight o'clock General Prime arrived and ordered Colonel Mount to assume command of the troops. Kelley's army was now moving eastward, its very presence and purpose threatening the destruction of property. Companies B and C, Major Evans commanding, were ordered to follow the "army" and at midnight the other companies were moved out to Kelly's camp, where Colonel Mount again assumed full command of the forces. The presence of the troops at first intensified the lawless spirit of the "army," but a closer inspection of the determined looking young men, with their shining bayonets and rapid-firing rifles supplied with abundant ammunition, convinced them that they were confronting a body of men that would tolerate no lawlessness. The result was that, on April 18th, Colonel Mount returned with his full command to Council Bluffs, and on April 19th the troops were relieved from duty and returned home—the "army" moving peacefully eastward. On April 20th, noting the departure of the troops, the "army" again showed signs of lawless purposes, when orders were given by Colonel Mount to seven companies of troops to hold themselves in readiness for duty at any moment. This order, in some way, reached the camp of the "army" and had a decidedly soothing effect. The troops were kept under marching orders until April 22d, when they were relieved. While on duty, guard-mount was observed each morning, and there were company drills and parade each evening. With one-exception, all the men behaved admirably, refraining from conduct likely to excite antagonism and always ready and eager to obey orders. Colonel Mount, in his report to the adjutant-general, says: "I consider the experience a great benefit to all the companies on duty at the Bluffs, and that the guard can be relied upon at any time for duty."

Some twelve years ago the operators of the coal mines at Muchakinock replaced the striking white miners with colored men. Since that time they have been considerably annoyed by the white miners at Evans and other neighboring mines. The superintendent of the mine at Muchakinock armed every colored workman with a Springfield rifle, which was carried to and from work. During the trouble last May, when the workmen from neighboring mines, who were on a strike, concentrated at Evans to force the white miners out, in order that the entire force might unite in an attack on the col-

ored miners at Muchakinock, the governor was appealed to for assistance. The Evans miners refused to go out and the strikers annoyed them as they passed to and from their work. Adjutant-General Prime went in person to the scene of disorder, and by his cool judgment and decision averted what might have been a bloody battle, for the colored miners would not have hesitated to defend themselves. On May 30, 1894, General Prime called out Companies A, H and F of the Third Regiment. Under command of Major Loper they were placed at Evans to protect the working miners. Companies G and K of the Second Regiment, also called out, were stationed at Muchakinock. General Prime said if the miners at Evans and Muchakinock wanted to work, he would see they were not disturbed. He was as good as his word. The appearance of the troops at once restored order, not a gun was fired, and what, with less judicious management, might have resulted in a deadly conflict was settled without bloodshed.

During the present year the fiber of the Fourth Regiment was put to the test and found to be of excellent quality. Its efficiency and courage were exemplified during the Sioux City riots, on which occasion there were demanded that bravery, coolness and strict obedience to orders which characterize the trained and experienced soldier. Colonel Foster has reason to be proud of his regiment.

The interesting story of the Fourth Regiment's services during the Sioux City railroad riots has been given the *MIDLAND* by Mr. E. H. Brown, city editor of the *Sioux City Journal*. How that regiment responded to the call to arms, and the manner in which its respective companies performed the duties assigned them, should be told in pages more enduring than those of the daily press.

On the 2d of July of this year the great railway strike had assumed alarming proportions. In Sioux City the railways were evidently powerless, and the chief of police and the sheriff had confessed themselves unable to cope with it. Persistent efforts were made to move trains, but in the yards a howling mob spiked switches, threw cars off the track and stoned the engineers and firemen in the cabs. When the riot act was read, the mob jeered, and when the sheriff and his deputies tried to clear the yards and disperse the mob they were assaulted and their lives threatened. On the evening of July 2d, the sheriff of Woodbury county served a written notice upon Colonel Foster, calling on him for aid.

Company H was drilling at its armory in Sioux City. Colonel Foster at once ordered Lieutenant Thurston, in command of Company H, not to dismiss his company until further orders, and sent out telegrams for every member of Company L, and every other man connected with the Fourth Regiment in the city to report at once. The response was almost unanimous. Colonel Foster telegraphed the adjutant-general, asking that the entire Fourth Regiment be sent to Sioux City. It was afterward learned that this message and nearly all other telegrams sent to Des Moines during the strike were very slow in reaching their destination. The rioting continued all of Tuesday, the 3d, but nothing had been heard from Des Moines in regard to the sending of the rest of the regiment, and the sheriff did not deem it prudent to take the two local companies into the yards. On Friday night the situation grew much worse, and citizens joined in messages to the Governor. On the morning of Wednesday, the 4th, word was received from the adjutant-general that seven other companies of the regiment, and Company K, of Toledo, which had just been transferred to the First, would be sent soon as possible. This report caused great relief. The national holiday was on every hand being desecrated by riotous license. The mob had grown bolder by its success, and was hourly becoming more ugly and threatening. Never was there a better opportunity for demonstrating the use of the National Guard. What sort of record did the Fourth Regiment make on this occasion? Captain Kirk, Company A, Boone, in his official report says he got orders to go to Sioux City at 3:15 A. M., July 4th. At 4:10 A. M. his entire command was ready to move, and he so reported to the adjutant-general. Captain Haggard, Company F, Algona, reported that his orders were received at 1:30 A. M. and at 3:20 A. M. his command was ready to move. Captain King, Company G, Fort Dodge, received orders at 1:30 A. M., and at 2:45 A. M. every man was getting ready to start. Captain Kreger, Company M, Cherokee, had the newest available company in the regiment. The company had never even been in camp. He received orders at 1:25 A. M. and at 3 A. M. was ready to move, with forty-four officers and men. At 6 A. M. four more had reported. Of the other members two were sick and the remainder out of town. Captain Clapp, Company K, First Regiment, Toledo, received orders at 1:30 A. M. and at 3:25 A. M. he had three officers, two cooks, one musician and thirty-nine men ready to

march,—every available man in his command. The reports of the other captains show similar records.

The mob increased all day on the Fourth, but there was an ominous quiet. No attempt was made to run trains. All the officials were waiting for the arrival of the guardsmen, when they believed the show of force would awe the rioters. The leaders of the mob sneered, and said they would take the rifles away from the boys. Companies H and L were still in their armory, making the best of the tedious wait. Colonel Foster went to LeMars on an engine with a small party of railway officials, and there met Companies G, I, C, F, and M of his own regiment and Company K of the First. The train was obliged to proceed very slowly to Sioux City, because of fear of mischief to the track and bridges.

At 5 P. M. Major Humphrey, commanding the little battalion in the Sioux City armory, received a telegram from Colonel Foster, ordering him to bring the battalion down to the "joint office" of the Illinois Central and Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway companies, to meet the incoming troops. Major Humphrey made a brief speech to the two companies in the armory, reminding them of the seriousness of the business before them, and commanding them to say nothing to any abuse which might be offered them, and on no account to fire without orders.

A quick march was made to the railway yards, a distance of nearly a mile. When Major Humphrey's command arrived at the joint office not more than a dozen people were in sight, but the alarm was given and the mob soon began to gather. In less than a half-hour fully three thousand people had gathered about the guardsmen, most of them bent on mischief. The leaders of the mob pressed forward, and many shook their fists in the faces of the boys in blue, insulting them in vilest language. Several times the mob was made to fall back at the point of the bayonet, but in spite of the abuse and threats and several incendiary speeches, no missiles were thrown and not a shot was fired. Companies H and L and the members of the staff officers with them stood like stoics for more than an hour, waiting for the train to arrive. It was a tedious and trying ordeal. At last the long looked for train, bearing six more companies of soldiers, just as determined and just as well armed, drew up to a point within three hundred yards of where the Sioux City companies stood. The engineer refused to pull the train further, and it afterwards developed that



this was an order of the superintendent. The six companies disembarked, crowding every inch of the way at the point of the bayonet. The mob by this time numbered six or eight thousand people. They were ugly and stubborn, and only eeded when forced to do so. The companies literally fought their way through for some distance, and then the crowds began to fall back. With skirmishes in front and on both flanks of the column, with bayonets glistening ominously and ball cartridges showing suggestively in field belts, the men fell into a steady swing, and then began a march which no one who participated in it will ever forget. The soldiers cleared the railway yards as they went. When they passed under the viaduct at Fourth street some coal was thrown, and at other points the ranks were bombarded with stones and fire-crackers, but no one was seriously hurt. Lieutenant Roddis, of Company M, received a slight wound in the face from a cannon fire-cracker, and one private was nit in the knee with a stone or some other missile. The march was a resistless one. The distance to the Union Depot is about a mile, and on arrival there the picket lines were quickly thrown out. These were soon succeeded by the regular guard, which was mounted as quickly as possible, and the tired and hungry soldiers went into bivouac under the train sheds.

The troops remained in the train sheds until the following Monday morning. The sheriff and police began to make arrests, trains were run without interference, and mob rule in Sioux City was ended. It was a painful, dangerous and disagreeable experience, and it cost the state of Iowa some money, but if the lesson taught be well remembered it will be a cheap experience after all. The lawless element has learned that there is a prompt and powerful force behind the law of Iowa—the National Guard.

### III.

The record of the commanding officers of the Iowa National Guard is given herewith, and will prove interesting to many readers who have watched the growth of the service, as indicative of the military experience of the men who compose this branch of the executive force of the state:

#### COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND STAFF.

FRANK D. JACKSON—Commander-in-chief, enlisted as a private in the State University battalion May, 1871; appointed corporal co. E, 1st battalion, May 17, 1875; enlisted in co. H, 4th regiment, I. N. G. Dec. 1876; elected 1st

lieutenant May 20, 1877; elected major 4th regiment July 10, 1878, and served until appointed assistant adjutant-general Second brigade July 1, 1881; resigned Sept. 1885.

GEN. JNO. R. PRIME—Adjutant-general, is a veteran of the civil war. He enlisted in co. K, 27th Iowa infantry volunteers, Feb. 15, 1864; was transferred to co. K, 12th Iowa infantry, and mustered out Jan. 20, 1866. He enlisted in the I. N. G. as a private in co. B, 6th regiment, April 18, 1878; was elected second lieutenant May 6, 1878; first lieutenant Sept. 12, 1878; captain July 28, 1880; appointed major and assistant inspector-general Second brigade May 7, 1884; served in that capacity until his election as major in 4th regiment April 30, 1892; appointed adjutant-general of Iowa, Feb. 1, 1894.

COL. HARRY E. WILKINS—1st lieutenant, 6th Inf., U. S. army, asst. insp. gen. I. N. G.; was appointed to U. S. Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1882, from Iowa county, Iowa; appointed 2nd lieutenant, 2d U. S. Inf., June 12, 1887; promoted to 1st lieutenant, May, 1894, and transferred to 6th U. S. Inf.; detailed for duty with I. N. G. Feb., 1894, and appointed to office of asst. ins. gen. by governor of Iowa.

GEN. JAMES RUSH LINCOLN, Ames—Ins. gen.; elected capt. co. F, 3rd regt. I. N. G., May 27, 1876; re-elected July 19, 1879; maj. 8th regt., Sept. 20, 1879; lieutenant, col. 8th regt., July 1, 1880; capt. co. A, 1st regt., Oct. 7, 1882; capt. co. D, 1st regt., May 29, 1884; lieutenant, col. and aide-de-camp governor's staff, Jan. 29, 1890; chief eng. and chief sig. officer, May 1, 1890; ins. gen., April 29, 1892; ins. gen., with rank of brig.-gen., Feb. 1, 1894.

GEN. JAMES TAGGART PRIESTLEY, Des Moines—Surgeon-general; was appointed sur. of the 1st brig., Nov. 23, 1875; sur. 3rd regt., Sept. 19, 1881; sur. 1st brig., Nov. 23, 1885; sur.-gen., Feb., 1894.

GEN. HARVEY S. SHELTON, West Union—Appointed commissary-general Feb. 1, 1894.

GEN. A. D. COLLIER, Sioux City—Judge adv. gen., appointed Feb. 1, 1894. A prominent veteran of the War of the Rebellion.

GEN. THOS. F. COOKE, Algona—Gen. ins. of small arms prac., entered service as capt. co. F, 6th regt. I. N. G., July 2, 1880; detailed as act. insp. sm. arms prac., 2nd brig., 1890; member of the state rifle teams, representing Iowa in the inter-state competitions for the Washburn trophy in 1890-1; appointed gen. insp. sm. arms prac. July 28, 1892, with rank of col., and reappointed Feb. 1, 1894.

COL. H. H. CANFIELD, Boone—Chief of eng. and chief sig. officer, began as pvt. in co. A, 3rd regt. I. N. G., May 27, 1876; corpl., Dec. 1878; sergt., July 1879; 2nd lieutenant, co. A, 1st regt., June 17, 1886; 1st lieutenant, July 28, 1887; sig. officer, 2nd brig., June 27, 1890; present position, Sept. 21, 1892.

MAJOR WM. CUTLER WYMAN, Ottumwa—Was elected 1st lieutenant, co. G, 2nd regt., May 1, 1884; capt. and q. m. 1st brig., Nov. 23, 1885; capt. and mil. sec. to gov. June 9, 1888; maj. and mil. sec. to gov., Feb. 1, 1894.

#### AIDES-DE-CAMP.

COL. J. B. DAUGHERTY, Muscatine—Appointed lieutenant, col. Nov. 22, 1876; reappointed May 10, 1888; again, June 14, 1890; again, Jan. 1, 1893; again, Feb. 1, 1894; ranking at present as senior aide-de-camp to the governor.

COL. FRANK D. LETTS, Marshalltown—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff, Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieutenant, col.

COL. E. G. PRATT, Des Moines—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff in Feb., 1894, with rank of lieutenant, col.

COL. EDWARD I. CAMERON—Enlisted as a private in co. B, 2nd regt. I. N. G., Jan. 29, 1879;



2 lieut., May 19, 1881; 1 lieut., April 21, 1882; capt., May 22, 1883; detailed to act on Gov. Sherman's staff at the national encampment at Mobile in May, 1885; appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff with rank of lieut. col., Feb. 1, 1894.

COL. W. H. NORRIS, Manchester—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. D. C. GLASSER, Dubuque—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, ranking as lieut. col.

COL. T. S. WAUD, Radcliffe—Appointed on governor's staff with rank of lieut. col. and aide-de-camp., June 14, 1890; reappointed June 14, 1892; reappointed Feb. 1, 1894.

COL. H. W. HUTTIG, Muscatine, appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. J. H. ATKINSON, Mason City—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. B. H. O'MEARA, Cedar Rapids—Lieut. col. on staff of Gov. Botes, April 1, 1892; reappointed by Gov. Jackson, Feb. 1, 1894.

COL. JAMES A. ROHBACH, Iowa City—In 1885 became a member of co. D, 9 regt., national guard of Pennsylvania and afterwards of co. A, 13 regt.; appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. J. B. KENT, Rolfe—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff, with rank of lieut. col., Feb. 1, 1894.

COL. W. A. HUNTER, Belle Plaine—A captain in the Union Army. Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. H. G. BURR, Cedar Rapids—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. J. S. ALEXANDER, Marlon—A captain in the Union Army. Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. CHAS. J. PHILLIPS, Des Moines—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. J. K. P. THOMPSON, Rock Rapids—Served three years in the civil war; has held positions of colonel and aide-de-camp on staff of National Commander G. A. R.; was appointed on staff of Gov. Larrabee, with rank of lieut. col., dating from May 23, 1888, and on Gov. Jackson's staff with like rank, dating from Feb. 1, 1894.

COL. C. A. STANTON, of Clover Hill farm, Centerville—Was a soldier in the late war, entering as a private and successively promoted 4 sergt., 2 lieut., capt. and maj.; severely wounded at La Grange, Ark., but served until mustered out in 1865; appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. OCE B. JACKMAN, Des Moines—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

COL. W. C. MCARTHUR, Burlington—Appointed on Gov. Jackson's staff Feb. 1, 1894, with rank of lieut. col.

#### BRIGADIER GENERALS AND STAFF—FIRST BRIGADE.

H. H. WRIGHT, Centerville—Brig. gen. 1 brig.; enlisted May 5, 1861, in civil war, and was mustered into U. S. vol. service in co. D, 6 Ia. inf., at Burlington, July 17, 1861, and served to end of war, being mustered out as 1 sergt. of the company at Louisville, Ky., July 22, 1865, his regiment serving from Shiloh to the close of war in the 15th corps; enlisted in the I. N. G. as pvt. Dec. 7, 1878, and has served continuously through the grades of sergt.,

lieut., capt., col., and brig. gen.; was elected brig. gen. commanding 1 brig. Sept. 3, 1885; re-elected Sept. 3, 1890.

GEO. W. FRENCH, Davenport—Asst. adjt. gen.; was appointed aide-de-camp 1 brig., July 1, 1881; lieut. col. and asst. adjt. gen. 1 brig. July 6, 1882; reappointed Nov. 23, 1885.

J. T. DAVIDSON, Muscatine—Asst. insp. gen.; pvt. co. C; 9 regt., June, '78; corp. July, '78; sergt., Dec., '78; capt. and q. m. 1 brig., July 8, '88; major and insp. sm. arms prac. 1 brig., Aug. 22, '92; asst. insp. gen. Nov. 10, '93.

FRANK E. LYMAN, JR., Des Moines—Engineer and signal officer; pvt. co. H, 3 regt., I. N. G., July 8, '80; sergt. Aug., '80; q. m. sergt., '90; 1 sergt., '91; sergt. maj., 1 bat., 3 regt. June, '92; eng. and sig. off., 1 brig., Aug. 23, '92.

CHAS. F. GARLOCK, Muscatine—Insp. sm. arms prac.; pvt. co. C, 9 regt., I. N. G., June 18, '78; re-en. June 18, '81; 3 sergt. March 8, '84; sergt. maj. 2 regt. Aug. 29, '84; 1 lieut. May '90; '86; capt. Jan. 25, '87; re-elected Jan. 25, '92; insp. sm. arms prac. 1 brig., Nov. 10, '93.

GIDEON D. ELLYSON, Des Moines—Quartermaster; 1 lieut. co. H, 3 regt., I. N. G., July 15, '89; capt. Feb. 26, '92; resigned April 26, '93; q. m. 1 brig., July 14, '93.

W. J. MCCULLOUGH, Davenport—Com. of subsistence; appointed '94.

HENRY C. WRIGHT, Centerville—Aide-de-camp; pvt. co. E, 2 regt., 1 lieut. and a. d. c., 1 brig., July 26, '92.

JOHN M. KEMBLE, Muscatine—Aide-de-camp; pvt. co. C, 2 regt., I. N. G., Nov. 14, '82; corp., 1 lieut. and a. d. c. 1 brig., Sept. 20, '92.

E. B. BARNUM, Des Moines—Q. m. sergt.; appointed '94.

#### SECOND BRIGADE.

W. L. DAVIS, Cedar Rapids—Brig. general; began his military career at Muscatine in '62 as corp. co. B, 35 Iowa, serving throughout the Red River and Nashville campaigns; was commissioned lieut. in '64; subsequently breveted capt., serving on staff until must. out in '66; elected 2 lieut. co. C, 1 regt., I. N. G., March 15, '79, and capt. May 1, '80; lieut. col. 1 regt. Nov. 19, '81; col. Oct. 20, '85; organized provisional battalion from several Iowa regiments, proceeded to Washington, and commanded the only Iowa troops ever participating in presidential inauguration; brig. gen. 2 brig. Nov. 23, '89; commanded provisional brigade representing Iowa in the great military gathering at the World's Fair; is past commander in the G. A. R.; associate member of Military Service Institute of U. S. Army.

GEO. W. WEEKS, Marshalltown—Asst. adjt. gen.; corp. 1 regt. U. S. Fusiliers, Nov. 26, '61; must. out Jan. 28, '62; re-enlisted Aug. 14, '62, as pvt. co. D, 124 Ill. inf., and detached in a. g. o. 16 a. c.; sergt. maj. 66 U. S.; col. vol. inf., Jan. 22, '64; 1 lieut. 51 U. S.; col. inf. Jan. 9, '65; brig. q. m. Feb. 7, '65; acting a. a. g., May 18, '65; post adjt., Port Hudson, La., Sept. 12, '65; must. out June, '66; brevet capt. for services at Fort Blakely and Mobile, Ala.; 1 lieut. and adjt. 1 regt. I. N. G. July 6, '81; a. a. g. 2 brig. Sept. 28, '85.

W. H. H. GABLE, Osage—Surgeon; 2 lieut. co. K, 11 Pa. vol., April, '61; surgeon 6 regt. I. N. G. April 4, '84; surgeon 2 brig. Jan. 12, '87; reappointed Aug. 22, '92.

CLIFFORD D. HAM, Dubuque—Asst. insp. gen.; pvt. Dubuque cadets co. K, 4 regt., '76; corp. '77; dis. '77; pvt. co. A, 4 regt. I. N. G. June 29, '85; 2 lieut. Oct. 15, '85; 1 lieut. Nov. 9, '87; capt. Feb. 19, '90; mil. sec. June 14, '90; asst. insp. gen. 2 brig., Aug. 22, '92.

JONAS M. CLELAND, Sioux City—Judge advocate 2 brig. I. N. G., Aug. 22, '92.

STEELE KERWORTHY, Perry—Insp. sm. arms prac.; pvt. co. E, 10 Ia. inf., Aug. 23, '61; corp. Nov. 6, '62; wounded in side slight, May 16, '63, at Champion Hills, Miss.; sergt. Jan. 1, '64; 1 lieut. Jan. 1, '65; must. out Aug. 15, '65; capt. co. E, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 20, '88; major and insp. sm. arms prac. 2 brig. Jan. 30, '93.

C. D. HAYDEN, Dubuque—Q. m.; pvt. co. A, 4 regt. I. N. G., June 28, '85; 1 lieut. Oct. 15, '85; capt. Nov. 9, '87; capt. and commissary Jan. 29, '90; capt. and q. m. 2 brig. Aug. 22, '92.

CHAS. S. GOODWIN, Vinton—Commissary of subsistence; pvt. co. G, 1 regt. I. N. G., Nov. 26, '87; com. sergt. 1 regt. June 1, '88; capt. and com. of sub. 2 brig. Aug. 22, '92.

EUGENE S. HUBBARD, Cedar Rapids—Aide-de-camp; 2 lieut. co. G, 1 regt. I. N. G., Nov. 26, '87; a. d. c. 2 brig. Jan. 29, '90.

JAS. H. ROTHROCK, Jr., Cedar Rapids—Aide-de-camp; pvt. co. C, 1 regt. I. N. G., Nov. '86; a. d. c. 2 brig. Jan. 29, '90.

#### SERVICE AND LINEAL RANK OF REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

##### COLONELS.

F. W. MAHIN, Clinton—Joined the guard in 1878 as charter member of Muscatine rifles; chosen captain of co. E, 1 regt., located in Clinton, Aug. '87; lieut. col. Dec. '90; col. March, '91; when the guard was reorganized he was elected col. of the new 1st regt., composed of four companies of the old 1st, and eight companies of the old 4th.

JAS. A. GUEST, Burlington—Pvt. co. C, 169 N. Y. vol. Aug. 29, '62; wounded severely in battle at Opequan; promoted to corpl., sergt. and ord. sergt.; lieut. June '65; must. out Nov. '65; capt. co. H, 2 regt. I. N. G., Sept. 15, '84; maj. Nov. 24, '86; lieut. col. Oct. 20, '88; resigned April 18, '92, for reorganization; re-elected lieut. col. 2 regt. April 30, '92; col. 2 regt. '94.

CHARLES V. MOUNT, Shenandoah—Pvt. co. D, 8 inf. Sept. 16, '61; corp. April '63; re-enlisted in co. I, 28 Ill. inf.; disch. March, '66; capt. Vinton zouaves Aug. 12, '71; lieut. col. 1 regt. I. S. G., Feb. 28, '76; col. 1 regt. I. S. G., April 23, '77; maj. gen. I. N. G. May 15, '78; capt. June 24, '82; promoted to col. July 3, '91; resigned April 18, '92, for organization, and re-elected col. 3 regt. April 30, '92.

CHAS. E. FOSTER, Sioux City—Served five years in cos. F and H, 1 reg. Mich. state troops inf.; promoted to corp. and sergt.; capt. co. H, 3 regt. I. N. G., June 22, '87; gen. ins. sm. arms prac. May 1, '90; col. 4 regt. April 30, '92.

##### LIEUTENANT COLONELS.

HARVEY R. FULLER, Waverly—Enlisted in co. F, 69 Ills. inf. May, '62; disch. Oct., '62; enlisted in co. I, 28 Ill. inf.; disch. March, '66; pvt. co. F, 4 regt. I. N. G., Aug. '83; promoted to corp. and sergt.; 2 lieut. Oct. 30, '86; 1 lieut. July 9, '87; capt. Dec. 7, '89; lieut. col. 1 regt. April 30, '92.

DOUGLAS V. JACKSON, Muscatine—Enlisted as a private in co. C, of Muscatine, in August, '79. After serving as a corporal a number of years he was, on May 26, '86, elected to the second lieutenantancy, and January 25 of the following year he became first lieutenant. Upon the reorganization of the Second regiment April 30, '92, he was elected major, and upon promotion of Colonel Guest in January, 1894, he was elected to his present position, that of lieutenant colonel.

ALBERT W. SWALM, Oskaloosa—Pvt. co. D, 33 Ia. inf., Nov. 9, '63; trans. to co. D, 34 inf., July 12, '65; must. out Aug. 15, '65; maj. 3 regt. I. N. G., Aug. 28, '86; lieut. col. Jan. 24, '87; resigned April 18, '92, for reorganization; re-elected lieut. col. 3 regt. April 30, '92.

JAMES RULE, Mason City—Driver of ordnance train 2 div. of frontier Mo. and Ark., from Nov., '63, to May, '64; sergt. co. A, 6 regt. I. N. G., July, '73; 2 lieut. Nov. 9, '73; capt. July 16, '84; maj. Sept. 21, '91; lieut. col. 4 regt. April 30, '92.

##### MAJORS.

WM. G. DOWS, Cedar Rapids—Pvt. co. C, 1 regt. I. N. G., Jan. 9, '84; 1 sergt. Aug. 4, '84; 2 lieut. April 6, '85; 1 lieut. Jan. 18, '86; adj. Jan. 6, '90; maj. Dec. 21, '91.

JOHN C. LOPER, Des Moines—Capt. co. H, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 15, '89; maj. 3 regt. Jan. 23, 1892.

JOHN MCBIRNEY, Charles City—Commissioned April 30, '92, 1 regt.

RICHARD J. GAINES, Greenfield—Pvt. co. B, 3 regt. Jan. 26, '82; served as corp., sergt. and lieut.; capt. Jan. 13, '88; maj. 3 regt. April 30, 1892.

WM. H. EVANS, Red Oak—Pvt. co. K, 5 regt. I. N. G., July 31, '78; 1 corp. May 1, '80; 2 lieut. July 9, '87; 1 lieut. July 18, '90; q. m. 4 regt. Oct. 19, '91; maj. 3 regt. April 30, '92.

ELLIOTT E. LAMBERT, Newton—Pvt. co. B, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 15, '88; capt. March 8, '89; maj. 2 regt. April 30, '92.

WM. B. HUMPHREY, Sioux City—Pvt. co. H, 3 regt. June 22, '87; sergt. April 23, '88; detailed 1 sergt. Jan. 21, '89; trans. to 6 regt. '89; 2 lieut. Dec. 30, '89; capt. June 2, '90; trans. to 4 regt. '92; maj. June 4, '92.

GLENN BROWN, Dubuque—Pvt. co. A, 4 regt. I. N. G., June 27, '85; corp. Oct. 13, '85; sergt. July 20, '86; 2 lieut. July 18, '88; 1 lieut. Feb. 19, '90; adjt. 4 regt. July 5, '90; bat. adjt. 1 regt. April 30, '92; maj. 1 regt. Aug. 30, '92.

LUTHER E. BAKER, Toledo—Pvt. co. H, 1 regt. July 15, '89; 2 lieut. July 19, '89; 1 lieut. March 22, '90; capt. Dec. 29, '90; maj. 4 regt. Feb. 4, '93.

H. A. HEASLIP, Keokuk—Pvt. co. A, March '73; corp. co. A, 74-78; capt. co. A, 2 regt., March 31, '90; maj. 2 regt. '92.

JOHN T. MOFFIT, Tipton—Pvt. Cornell college, '79; corp. '80; sergt. '81; col. sergt. '81; 2 lieut. '82; capt. '83; pvt. co. B, 1 regt. I. N. G., July, '85; 1 sergt. July 25, '85; 2 lieut. July 11, '89; capt. Aug. 13, '90; trans. to co. M, 2 regt., April 30, '92; maj. 2 regt. April 30, '94.

SANFORD J. PARKER, Hampton—Pvt. co. H, 6 regt. I. N. G., '80; corp. '82; sergt. '82; 2 lieut. Sept. 9, '85; 1 lieut. Aug. 15, '88; capt. July 8, '91; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92; maj. 4 regt. Feb. 26, '94.

##### ADJUTANT CAPTAINS.

CHESTER C. MCCOLLOM, Clinton—Pvt. co. B, 2 regt. Mich. N. G., 76-'80; 2 lieut. co. E, 1 regt. I. N. G., Aug. 4, '87; 1 lieut. Aug. 25, '90; 1 lieut. and adjt. May 11, '91; capt. and adjt. May 24, '92.

FREDERICK C. GOEDECKE, Burlington—Pvt. co. H, 2 regt.; chief trumpeter '90; regimental adjt. with rank of capt. '94.

JOHN T. HUME, Des Moines—Was appointed ordnance sergt. at state arsenal Oct. 14, '81, by General Alexander, and served until '84, when he was appointed chief clerk in adjt. gen's office; pvt. co. A, 3 regt. I. N. G., June 13, '82; corp. Nov. 15, '82; 2 lieut. July 30, '83; 1 lieut. March 20, '86; adjt. March 24, '86; resigned May 16, '88; capt. co. A, Feb. 4, '89; a. i. g. 1 brig. May 24, '90; resigned July 1, '90; adj. 3 regt. July 1, '93.

ORVILLE C. SERVIS, Sioux City—Pvt. co. H, 3 regt. I. N. G., June 22, '87; corp. April 26, '88; sergt. Aug. 6, '88; trans. to 6 regt., '89; 1 sergt. Feb. 10, '90; capt. and adjt. 4 regt. April 30, '92.

## BATTALION ADJUTANTS.

GEO. A. REED, Des Moines—Pvt. co. A, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 7, '87; corp. Aug., '88; sergt. July 13, '89; 1 sergt. July 6, '91; 2 lieut. Aug. 3, '91; 1 lieut. Dec. 9, '91; capt. and q. m. 1 brig. March 1, '92; resigned July 13, '93; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 3 regt. July 13, '93.

GEO. G. BELT, Cedar Rapids—Pvt. co. C, 1 regt. I. N. G., Nov. 1, '83; sergt.; sergt. maj. 1 regt. Aug. 2, '87; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 1 regt. June 17, '92.

NORMAN P. HYATT, Webster City—pvt. co. C, 6 regt. I. N. G., July, '88; sergt. Jan., '91; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 4 regt. July 2, '92.

WILLIAM BELL, Bedford—Drum major 5 regt. I. N. G., Aug. 20, '88-'92; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 3 regt. July 5, '92.

GEO. W. AVERY, Sioux City—Pvt. co. H, 3 regt. I. N. G., Oct. 24, '87; trans. to 6 regt. '89; corp.; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 4 regt. Aug. 23, '92.

ARTHUR R. GORRELL, Newton—Iowa State University battalion; pvt. co. B, 3 regt. I. N. G., June 8, '84; 1 sergt.; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 2 regt. Sept. 23, '92.

CHAS. NEWTON, Dubuque—Pvt. co. A, 4 regt. I. N. G., Aug. 15, '85; corp.; sergt.; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 1 regt. Sept. 24, '92.

FRANK M. COMPTON, Council Bluffs—Pvt. co. A, 5 regt. I. N. G., May 3, '87; corp.; sergt.; trans. to co. L, 3 regt. April 30, '92; bat. sergt. maj. 3 regt., '92; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. May 26, '93.

ALBERT W. BRALEY, Kellogg—First sergt. co. G, 6 regt. I. N. G., Feb. 13, '92; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 4 regt. June 30, '93.

JAS. C. FRANCE, Tipton—'94.

JOHN A. DUNLAP, Keokuk—'94.

## QUARTERMASTERS.

HERMAN J. HUISKAMP, JR., Burlington—Musc. co. A, 2 regt., Jan. 13, '91; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 2 regt. June 28, '92; q. m., '94.

JOSIAH S. WHITMAN, Des Moines—Pvt. co. D, 3 regt., June 27, '78; re-en. June 27, '81; sergt. Sept. 23, '81; sergt. maj. 3 regt. June 1, '83; 1 lieut. and q. m. March 24, '86.

JAMES K. HENDERSON, Independence—Pvt. co. H, 4 regt. I. N. G., July 6, '85; co. com. sergt. Aug. 1, '86; q. m. sergt. 4 regt. Aug. 10, '87; 1 lieut. and q. m. 1 regt. June 18, '92.

WM. M. MCKERCHER, Sioux City—Pvt. co. H, 3 regt. July 3, '88; corp.; sergt.; trans. to 6 regt.; trans. to 4 regt. '92; 1 lieut. and q. m. 4 regt. June 1, '93.

CHAS. W. KEMBLE, Muscatine—Pvt. co. C, 2 regt. I. N. G., Feb. 15, '87; corp.; sergt.; 1 lieut. and bat. adjt. 2 regt. Nov. 22, '93; insp. sm. arms prac. '94.

M. S. SCHERMEHORN, Mason City—Pvt. co. A, 6 regt. I. N. G., May 11, '78; re-en. Sept. 20, '81; hosp. steward, Aug., '85; insp. sm. arms prac. '94.

HUGH A. THRIFT, Dubuque—Insp. sm. arms prac. '94.

## SURGEON-MAJORS.

ARTHUR L. WRIGHT, Carroll—Pvt. co. E, 1 regt. I. N. G., April 10, '84; maj. regt. Sept. 13, '86; term expired Sept. 13, '91; surg. 1 regt. July 1, '84; reappointed June 18, '92.

HAMILTON P. DUFFIELD, Shenandoah—Pvt. co. G, 137 Ills. vol., May, '64; corpl.; must. out Oct., '64; asst. surg. 5 regt. I. N. G., June 22, '83; surg. Aug. 14, '88; surg. 3 regt., June 6, '92.

A. C. BERGEN, Sioux City—Act. asst. surg. U. S. A., June 10, '74, to May 1, '83; sergt. co. H, 3 regt. (trs. to co. H, 6 regt.), Feb. 20, '88; surg. 6 regt. July 16, '89; surg. 6 regt., June 17, '92.

CHARLES M. ROBERTSON, Davenport—Surg.-maj. 2 regt., Aug. 1, 1890.

## ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

LESTER J. LYNCH, Villisca—Asst. surg. 3 regt. I. N. G., Feb. 4, '89; reappointed June 6, '92.

JAMES R. GUTHRIE, Dubuque—June 18, '92, 1 regt.

J. A. SHERMAN, Cherokee—Appointed on Col. Foster's staff, Aug. 23, '92.

WILLIAM E. H. MORSE, Algona—Aug. 2, '92, 4 regt.

JOHN W. HARRIMAN, Iowa City—March 5, '94, 2 regt.

W. S. H. MATTHEWS, Des Moines—March 5, '94, 3 regt.

## CHAPLAIN-CAPTAINS.

## CHAPLAINS.

F. W. PARSONS, Marshalltown—Chap. 5 regt. I. N. G., May 23, '82, reappointed Aug. 5, '87; chap. 3 regt. July 30, '92.

THOMAS E. GREEN, Cedar Rapids—Jan. 6, '90, 1 regt.

CHARLES H. STEARNS, Des Moines—4 years Iowa state agricultural college as pvt., corpl.; sergt., '86; 2 lieut., '87; 1 lieut., '88; capt., '89; commandant of cadets at Drake University, '90; pvt. co. B, 4 regt. I. N. G., April 12, '92; chap. 4 regt., June 17, '92.

R. C. MCLWAIN, Keokuk—March 5, '94, 2 regt.

## CAPTAINS.

OTTO HILE, Boone—Pvt. co. A, 1 regt., April 23, '86; 1 corpl., Aug. 1, '88; 2 lieut., Sept. 10, '88; capt., July 24, '91; trans. to co. I, 4 regt., April 30, '92.

H. V. DUFFY, Waukon—Pvt. co. I, 4 regt., April 4, '86; corpl., April 6, '87; sergt., Aug. 13, '88; 1 lieut., March 4, '92; trans. to 1 regt., March 30, '92; capt., July 1, '93.

JOHN TILLIE, Muscatine—Cadet capt. Iowa agl. coll. bat.; pvt. co. C; sergt., '92; 1 lieut., '93; capt., co. C, '94.

A. C. NORRIS, Grinnell—Capt. co. K, 2 regt.; pvt. co. G, 3 regt., Jan. 23, '88; corpl., Jan. '89; 2 lieut., '91; trans. to co. K, 2 regt., '92; 1 lieut., Aug. 16, '92; capt., Jan. 15, '94.

ISAAC R. KIRK, Mason City—Pvt. 1 yr. co. A, 6 regt. I. N. G.; 2 lieut., Feb. 24, '88; 1 lieut., July 10, '89; capt., Oct. 7, '91; trans. to 4 regt., April 30, '92.

SAMUEL E. CLAPP, Toledo—Capt. of co. K, 1 regt.; pvt. co. H, 1 regt., March 31, '90; 2 lieut., March 31, '90; 1 lieut., Jan. 3, '91; trans. to co. K, 4 regt., April 30, '92; capt. March 13, '93.

CHARLES A. KREGER, Cherokee—Capt. co. M, 4 regt.; Capt. Irwin armed Camp 8 of V., Jan. '87; 1 lieut. (commanding) Iowa agl. coll. cadet corps, Feb. 1, '89; capt. co. A, Feb. '90; maj. 1 bat., Oct., '90; organized co. M, 4 regt. I. N. G., Dec., '93; capt. Dec. 27, '93.

P. O. REFSKILL, Emmetsburg—Capt. co. K, 4 regt., June 14, '84; was at Camp Crocker, near Spencer, from Aug. 11 to 18, '94; his co. was must. in for service last June.

MELVIN H. BYERS—Pvt. co. B, 29 Ia. inf. vols., Jan. 5, '64; must. out Aug. 10, '65; 2 lieut. co. C, 5 regt. I. N. G., March 1, '80; 1 lieut., Aug. 1, '81; capt., Jan. 2, '84; re-elected Feb. 4, '89; trans. to 3 regt. April 30, '92.

CHAS. F. GARDNER—Pvt. co. A, 18 Ia. inf. vols., July 8, '62; wounded in skirmish with guerrillas near Fayetteville, Ark.; must. out July 20, '65; pvt. co. B, 6 regt., I. N. G., '79; 1 sergt. Dec., '80; 2 lieut., Nov. 17, '83; capt., Aug. 10, '86; re-elected Oct. 10, '91; trans. to 1 regt. April 30, '92.

CHAS. WILLNER—Pvt. co. H, 2 regt. I. N. G., Sept. 8, '84; sergt., Jan. 2, '85; 1 lieut., Aug. 4, '85; capt., May 11, '87; re-elected May 31, '92.

JOHN P. MATTHEWS—Pvt. co. E, 1 Ia. inf., April 20, '61; must. out Aug. 25, '61; 1 lieut. co. C, 30 inf., Sept. 23, '62; resig. March 2, '63; 1 lieut. co. A, 1 regt. I. N. G., '75; capt. July 15, '76; re-elected Jan. 4, '77; maj. May 5, '80; resigned Oct. 26, '81; capt. co. G, 1 regt. Nov. 26, '87; re-elected Nov. 26, '92.

MARCELLUS MILLER—Pvt. bat. H, 3 U. S. art., Aug. 13, '70; corpl. March, '73; sergt., Dec. 22, '74; dischd. Aug. 13, '75; pvt. co. 1, 5 regt., Dec. 15, '86; 1 lieut., Jan. 15, '87; capt., Feb. 14, '89; trans. to 3 regt. April 30, '92.

ED. H. SMITH—Grad. Fairbault Mil. School, June 22, '82; pvt. co. C, 1 regt. I. N. G., Nov. 1, '83; corpl., Dec. 10, '83; sergt., Aug. 4, '84; 2 lieut., Jan. 19, '86; capt., Jan. 13, '90.

DANIEL A. EMERY—Pvt. co. B, University Bat., Iowa City, Sept., '81; pvt. co. G, 2 regt., April 19, '84; corpl., April 10, '85; sergt., July 13, '86; 1 sergt., April 1, '87; 2 lieut., July 15, '87; 1 lieut., June 4, '88; capt., March 21, '90.

H. A. HEASLIP—Pvt. co. A, I. N. G., March '73; corpl. co. A, '74-'78; capt. co. A, 2 regt., March 31, '90.

WM. E. AITCHISON—Bat. of University of Wis., '80 to '82; pvt. co. C, 4 bat. Wis. N. G., '82 to '85; pvt. co. A, 5 regt. I. N. G., July 25, '88; 1 lieut., Aug. 2, '88; capt. and com., May 24, '90; capt. co. L, 3 regt., Nov. 7, '93.

WM. H. THRIFT—Pvt. co. D, 16 Ia. inf. Dec. 2, '61; disch. by reason of wound Nov. 21, '62; pvt. Northern Border brigade June, '63; must. out Jan. 1, '64; pvt. co. D, 44 Ia. inf., June 1, '64; must. out Sept. 15, '64; enlisted pvt. co. H, 4 regt. I. N. G., July, '77; capt. Feb. 30, '78; insp. gen. I. N. G., Jan. 27, '80; col. 4 regt. Aug. 8, '81; resigned Oct. 19, '83; capt. co. A, 4 regt. Oct. 13, '85; resigned Oct. 26, '87; capt. co. A, 4 regt. June 11, '90; trans. to 1 regt. April 30, '92.

JOHN T. MOFFITT—Pvt. Cornell college, '79; corp. '80; sergt. '81; col. sergt. '82; 2 lieut. '82; capt. '83; pvt. co. B, 1 regt. I. N. G., July, '85; 1 sergt. July 25, '85; 2 lieut. July 11, '89; capt. Aug. 13, '90; trans. to co. M, 2 regt., April 30, '92.

LYLE F. SUTTON—Pvt. co. D, Iowa State University bat. Sept. 17, '77; capt. co. B, Iowa State University bat., Oct. 30, '79; pvt. co. E, 1 regt. I. N. G., Aug. 4, '87; col. sergt. 1 regt. Sept. 12, '88; 2 lieut. co. E, 1 regt. Oct. 21, '90; capt. Jan. 15, '91.

WM. J. DUGGAN—Capt. co. D, 5 regt. I. N. G. April 4, '91; trans. to co. G, 3 regt. April 30, '92.

STERLING P. MOORE—Pvt. co. B, 5 regt. July 21, '83; 1 lieut. Oct. 26, '85; capt. May 30, '91; trans. to 3 regt. April 30, '92.

SANFORD J. PARKER—Pvt. co. H, 6 regt. I. N. G., '80; corp. '82; sergt. '82; 2 lieut. Sept. 9, '85; 1 lieut. Aug. 15, '88; capt. July 8, '91; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92.

AUGUST F. HOFFMAN—Pvt. co. C, 6 regt. I. N. G., Nov. 25, '84; sergt. Aug. 15, '85; 2 lieut. July 18, '88; 1 lieut. June 17, '89; capt. Dec. 5, '91; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92.

WM. S. BURNETT—Pvt. co. D, 3 regt. I. N. G., March 17, '85; corp. March 2, '87; sergt. June 22, '87; 1 lieut. Dec. 17, '87; capt. Dec. 26, '91.

JOHN CORNFORTH—Pvt. co. E, 6 regt. I. N. G., June 29, '85; 1 sergt. Sept. 8, '86; 1 lieut. July 5, '89; capt. Dec. 31, '91; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92.

CYRIL W. KING—Pvt. co. C, 6 regt., Dec. 1, '84; corp. Aug. 15, '85; sergt. Sept. 12, '87; sergt. maj. 6 regt. Aug. 30, '88; dis. Dec. 1, '89; re-enlisted and appointed sergt. maj. Feb. 1, '90; capt. co. G, 6 regt. Feb. 13, '92; trans. to co. G, 4 regt. April 30, '92.

CHAS. C. STOVER—Pvt. co. C, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 24, '85; corp. Dec. 23, '86; sergt.; 2 lieut. Sept. 28, '91; 1 lieut. Oct. 26, '91; capt. April 20, '92; trans. to co. L, 2 regt. April 30, '92.

FRANK S. STONE—Pvt. co. B, 5 Mass. vol. mil. July 25, '64; corp. co. A, 1 bat. Mass. vol. March 2, '65, to June 13, '65; sergt. co. A, 10 Mass. vol. mil. July 6, '65, to July 8, '68; 1 lieut.

co. F, 3 regt. I. N. G., Aug. 11, '84; capt. April 13, '92.

D. MURRAY GALUSHA—Pvt. co. B, 3 regt. I. N. G., May 11, '88; corp. March 19, '88; sergt. Sept. 27, '89; 1 sergt. Aug. 6, '90; 2 lieut. June 22, '91; 1 lieut. Dec. 28, '91; trans. to co. L, 2 regt. April 30, '92; capt. June 15, '92.

CHAS. L. ROOT—Cornell college bat. '73-'76; capt. co. L, 1 regt. I. N. G., June 23, '92.

HARRY S. BURELL—Pvt. co. A, 1 regt. Ill. N. G. Sept. 19, '81; corp. '82; dis. as sergt. Sept. 18, '86; 2 lieut. co. G, 3 regt. I. N. G. April 22, '89; 1 lieut. Dec. 16, '91; trans. to co. K, 2 regt. April 30, '92; resigned May 24, '92; capt. Sept. 21, '92.

WESLEY H. OGLE—Pvt. co. E, 2 regt. I. N. G., June 14, '90; 4 sergt., 2 sergt., '92; capt. Dec. 29, '92.

HENRY G. HAESSIG—Pvt. co. F, 2 regt. I. N. G. March 5, '87; corp. June 1, '87; sergt. June 25, '87; 1 sergt. June 1, '90; 2 lieut. July 15, '91; capt. Feb. 20, '93.

OLIVER L. SHAFFER—Pvt. co. E, 5 regt. I. N. G., July 30, '89; corp. and 1 sergt. until July 30, '92; trans. to 3 regt. April 30, '92; 1 lieut. July 30, '92; capt. Feb. 21, '93.

EMORY C. WORTHINGTON—Pvt. co. H, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 15, '89; sergt. Aug. 2, '89; 2 lieut. Feb. 26, '92; 1 lieut. March 28, '93; capt. May 5, '93.

JAMES E. DEVORE—Pvt. co. A, 3 regt. Jan. 21, '89; corp. July 21, '90; sergt. Aug. 3, '91; 2 lieut. Dec. 9, '91; 1 lieut. March 14, '93; capt. May 9, '93.

MELZAR P. HAGGARD—Pvt. co. F, 6 regt. I. N. G., July 2, '89; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92; corp. Aug. 3, '92; 2 lieut. April 4, '93; capt. May 10, '93.

JOSEPH A. HALEY—Pvt. co. H, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 19, '86; 2 lieut. Jan. 3, '87; 1 lieut. Jan. 16, '89; trans. to co. H, 6 regt., '89; trans. to 4 regt. April 30, '92.

JOHN H. PATTEE—Pvt. co. E, 3 regt. I. N. G. July 21, '88; sergt. July 30, '88; 2 lieut. April 5, '92; trans. to co. B, 4 regt. April 30, '92; capt. May 29, '93.

FREDERICK B. ROZINE—Pvt. co. F, 6 regt. I. N. G., '87; sergt. '88; 2 lieut. July 1, '90; 1 lieut. June 13, '91; resigned Aug. 4, '92; bat. adjt. 1 regt. Sept. 24, '92; capt. co. D, 1 regt. June 1, '93.

ARVIN B. SHAW—Four years in Iowa Agricultural college cadets, '73-'76; capt. co. K, 3 regt. July 31, '93.

JAS. D. GLASGOW—Pvt. co. D, 2 regt. I. N. G., May 4, '85; 1 sergt. July 1, '86; 2 lieut. June 28, '88; capt. March 31, '91; resigned Nov. 27, '92; bat. adjt. 2 regt. June 28, '92; capt. Aug. 23, '93.

JESSE W. CLARK—Cadet capt. Iowa Wesleyan University; sergt. maj. 3 bat. 3 regt. I. N. G., June 3, '93; capt. co. M, 3 regt. Oct. 18, '93.

FRANK R. FISHER—Pvt. co. B, 4 regt. I. N. G., July 6, '88; sergt. July 25, '90; 2 lieut. July 19, '91; 1 lieut. Jan. 25, '92; trans. to 1 regt. April 30, '92; capt. Oct. 27, '93.

FREDERICK M. JONES—Three years U. S. navy, Pacific squadron, '82-'85, petty officer; pvt. co. D, 2 regt. Ill. N. G., '80; 1 lieut. co. B, 2 regt. I. N. G., May 26, '93; capt. Nov. 17, '93.

WM. A. KIRK—Second lieut. co. L, 4 regt. I. N. G., July 23, '92; 1 lieut. April 6, '93; capt. Nov. 29, '93.

ELZA C. JOHNSON—Corp. Iowa State University, '90; sergt. '91; 1 lieut. '93; capt. co. M, 1 regt. I. N. G., Dec. 8, '93.

N. F. STILSON—Pvt. co. A, 3 regt. Aug. 6, '83; corp. April 3, '86; sergt. Aug. 1, '87; 1 sergt. Aug. 1, '91; 1 lieut. May 9, '93.

FRANK W. PHILLIPS—Pvt. bat. Allegheny college, Pa.; pvt. co. H, 3 regt. I. N. G., July 11, '89; sergt. Aug. 5, '89; 1 sergt.; 2 lieut. March 28, '93; 1 lieut. May 27, '93.

## KOREA, IN VERSE.

### THE LAND OF CHOSEN.

#### I.

THERE'S a singular country far over the sea,—  
To the world it is known as Korea,—  
Where there's nothing to charm one and nothing to please,  
And of cleanliness not an idea!  
Where a lucid description of persons and things  
Quite baffles the readiest pen,  
And stirs up strange qualms in the poet who sings  
Of that far-away land of Chosen;

#### II.

Where the houses they live in are mostly of dirt,  
With a tumble-down roof made of thatch;  
Where soap is unknown, it is safe to assert,  
And vermin in myriads hatch;  
Where the streets are all reeking with odors more rife  
Than the smell from a hyena's den,—  
One visit is surely enough for one life,  
In that far-away land of Chosen;

#### III.

Where the garments are built on a very queer plan,  
And are something quite out of the common;  
Where the women wear pantaloons just like a man,  
And young men braid their hair like a woman;  
The married man gathers his hair at the top,  
In a knot much resembling a wen;  
The female *coiffure* is a huge ugly mop,—  
In that far-away land of Chosen;

#### IV.

Where the hat has a crown much too small for the head,  
While the brim measures several feet round;  
Where the principal fire is placed under the bed,  
And the chimney's a hole in the ground;  
Where the coolies can't work without singing a song,  
And must stop for a rest now and then,  
While they snatch a few whiffs from a pipe a yard long,—  
In that far-away land of Chosen;

#### V.

Where foreigners flock to improve the ideas  
Of the natives, and help them make money;  
Where the hives are well filled with Korean bees,—  
And the foreigners get all the honey;  
Where the shop-keepers ought to be rolling in wealth  
From the prices they charge one; but then—  
It's not likely at all that they go for their health  
To that far-away land of Chosen;

#### VI.

Where the king, in a manner becoming a prince,  
Is delighted with each innovation,  
And plays with post-offices, steamers and things,  
At a grievous expense to the nation;  
Where gullible strangers big contracts have made,  
But they find when they ask for their *yen*,  
It's a very cold day when employes are paid,—  
In that far-away land of Chosen;

#### VII.

Where men-of-war, fresh from some pleasanter clime,  
Stop in for a few days or so;  
Where the *Prize*, alas! spends the most of her time  
In the harbor abreast Chimiipo;  
Where those who escape never care to return  
To that morning-calm country again;  
For there's nothing on earth that would make a man yearn  
For that far-away land of Chosen!

*Lieutenant Bostwick, U. S. N.*

WAR SHIP "PALOS," ON DUTY AT SEOUL, KOREA.



## HOME THEMES.

WHEN the days were longer, and the sunshine still lay warm and golden on our midland corn-fields and meadows, and the sumacs had clothed themselves in scarlet, and every weedy roadside was transformed and glorified—in one of those wonderful days I gathered a great bunch of golden-rod and brought it home and hung it in the dark. To-day I brought it out of its gloomy prison. Its once green leaves were crisp and dry and crumbled to dust at a touch; but the golden scepter was golden yet, tarnished and faded, perhaps, but still royally beautiful.

I have seen worn, old faces, full of the delicate lines traced by sorrow, but wearing their silver locks like a crown. They were beautiful faces yet. Some way I was reminded of them as I filled my choicest vases with all that was left me of the golden-rod of the woods and the fields and the autumn sunshine. "You are royal yet! Even in your faded loveliness there is nothing to compare with you," I whispered. "You shall have the best I have to give; a place in the pleasantest, sunniest room, where the light streams through the big window in the morning, and where through the west window one can see the sky flush pink as the short afternoon fades away. It is the room where the baby likes best to lie upon the carpet and play, and where the little lad brings the cars, of which he never tires, and where the head of the family writes and reads.

"It is but a poor place," I murmured apologetically, "when I think of the nook in the woods where you lifted your regal scepter. Those were such beautiful days! The grass was green at your feet and the sunbeams stole through the openings in the boughs to caress you!"

Perhaps I am strange, but I seldom pick flowers. I fancy they are happiest to live and die in the spot where they first unfold their petals. But, once gathered, they are sacred. As I swept up the crumbled leaves I tenderly picked out two or three downy yellow sprays. These flowers, these children of the sunlight, are not to me mere soulless bits of color and fragrance. Smile at the fancy if you will, but I often think that in our natures there is something akin to the flowers. I, too, love the sunshine. I rejoice in it with all my heart and soul. I dread the snow and frost and chill winds and shrouded landscape with an unutterable dread. But there comes to me with every sight of the plumes of faded yellow a feeling of exultation. "Summer will come again—it will come, it will come!" I say it over and over again as a child might. From the first of November to the first of April are only a hundred and fifty days. I have counted them over and over; there is no mistake; but the golden-rod is like a bow set in the clouds,—a beautiful promise, reaching from the summer that is passed to the one that is to come.

Mary E. P. Smith.

## UNCLE EBEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

(*The Chadron, Nebraska, Journal Philosopher's Conclusions down to Date.*)

FOR THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

De lizzard got no business to call de snake slimy.

Yoh needn' hab any fear ob de man who am true to heself.

Good many men am mighty smahrt till dey open dey mouf.

Yoh cyarnt always tell de age ob a pusson by de numbah ob years he hab libed.

De man who think moh ob heself dan he do ob anyone else am mos' always alone in he opinion.

De man who go 'long wif he nose to-wahrd de sun ain't see de hole in de sidewalk 'till he fall in.

Good manv men fohget to choke de rooster when dey borrow him fom deir neighbor's hen-roost.

It ain't do no good, chile, foh to tell yoh ol' mammy dat yoh ain't been fishin' when de fish-smell am a-creepin up her nose.

When Mr. Bobolink sit on a weed an' mek de mos' noise, yoh am pretty shuah dat he nes' am nearer whah yoh am dan whah he am.

De boy who am ashamed to kiss he ol' mammy 'cause he am afraid someone goin' to tease him 'bout it ain't goin' to be much 'count in dis worl'.

Mebbe yoh own massa ain't think yoh am a berry good han' in de cotton-fiel'. Nebber min'. Pretty soon some older man come 'long fom 'nudder place, an' he think yoh am de bes' wohrkman he eber see.



## THE LAST WAR GOVERNOR.

TRIBUTE OF A LIFE-LONG FRIEND.

THE death of the last of the great men who were known as the War Governors is an event of no ordinary importance to this generation. Since the year 1894 has opened, three of those men who were highly instrumental in organizing the various state forces in aid of the suppression of the rebellion of 1861 have passed away: Austin Blair of Michigan, Samuel J. Kirkwood of Iowa, and Andrew Gregg Curtin of Pennsylvania.

As long as I can remember anything I can recollect the latter. In my boyhood he was one of the most prominent figures in my native town and county, and his magnificent physique,—he was over six feet in height,—his face and forehead, recalling the portraits of Thomas Jefferson, made him a noticeable man in any assembly.

He had a revolutionary ancestry on the one hand, and this seemed to always inspire him with everything that was thoroughly American. He was born and died in Bellefonte, one of the most beautiful of towns, at the foot of the Alleghenies on the east side. His grandfather, Andrew Gregg, served as a soldier in the War of Independence, afterward for many years was in congress, and died a United States senator in 1824.

Governor Curtin's first active political campaign was in 1848, when he traversed the state in company with William F. Johnston, the brother of the late Edward Johnston of Keokuk, then the whig candidate for governor, and succeeded in defeating Morris Longstreth, the democrat, by only 414 majority. This success of Governor Johnston led to the appointment of Curtin as Secretary of the Commonwealth and *ex officio* state superintendent of schools. It was in the latter character that he specially distinguished himself at that early period, for the reason that as such officer he put forth every possible effort to secure a public school system upon the broadest possible basis, in

spite of the stern and persistent opposition of the masses of the Pennsylvania Germans in the eastern and central section of the state.

When the republican party was organized in 1856, Curtin took high rank at once, in that organization, in opposition to further slavery extension. David Wilmot, the author of the famous "Wilmot Proviso," was defeated for governor in 1857, and three years later, Curtin became the logical candidate of his party for that office. Intrepid and fearless, he made a campaign of the most vigorous character and was elected by over 32,000 majority.

In a few hours after President Lincoln called upon him for Pennsylvania's quota of the first 75,000 troops, the Pennsylvania Railroad was hurrying thousands of brave young men to the rendezvous at Harrisburg, to be as speedily dispatched to Washington to prevent the capital of the Nation from falling into the hands of its enemies. Three hundred and fifteen magnificent regiments, during the four years, were raised and equipped, through the herculean efforts of this great man. There never was a moment during the fearful contest of four years when he was not in full accord with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton.

Governor Curtin did not wait until the war was over to determine what should be done with the thousands of orphan children made so by the calamities of war. In the fall of 1866, at the dinner table at Huntingdon, Pa., I made bold to ask him when the thought of Soldiers' Orphans' Homes first came to him; and, with tears in his eyes, he replied:

"On Thanksgiving Day, 1861, when on my way to church, and when I met two barefooted soldiers' orphans begging in the street."

Governor Curtin was one of the most eloquent men of his time. He was the most magnificent stump-orator I ever listened to.

His was eminently a social nature ; and he possessed a heart of the most generous impulses. As a law student in his office, I had an excellent opportunity to study the man just as he was. Had it not been for his early and lasting antagonism to the Cameron regime, Governor Curtin would probably have reached the highest station in the gift of the American people. He always denounced the methods which made the Camerons formidable ; and hence, all their influence was directed to his defeat when his immediate friends desired to secure national honors for him.

He was twice governor, and in General Grant's first term, minister to Russia. He followed Horace Greeley in 1872, and thereafter acted with the democratic party the remainder of his life, serving three terms in the house of representatives at Washington.

Andrew G. Curtin was a sincere and true friend. The simplest tribute I can pay to his memory is that he was my unchanged and unchangeable friend from my early childhood to the last moment of his life.

NEW YORK CITY.

John H. Keatley.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE migratory habit of Americans is somewhat evident to the newspaper and magazine mailing clerks of the country !

\* \* \*

"FAMOUS Rivalries of Women" is Gertrude Atherton's text in the October *Lippincott*. "Notorious rivalries of women" would better fit the theme. That piquant writer could tell a story of her own to which the word "notorious" might aptly be applied ; but, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox is still several cycles removed from that exalted calm, "outside the stress of passion," of which the theosophist dreams, it might be well for Miss Atherton "and the rest of mankind" that the author confine herself to ancient history.

\* \* \*

HOLLAND has a remedy for tramp-ism far better than our American hammer and stone-pile. That thrifty little kingdom appreciates every foot of her dominion stolen from the sea, and yet has wisely appropriated five thousand acres of land and divided the same into six model farms. To one of these farms is sent the applicant for relief, and on these farms the thriftless are taught thrift, the indolent are forced into habits of industry. Those who voluntarily serve till they become proficient are allowed to rent small buildings and become free farmers.

Every such reclamation is a positive gain to the state. This is the sort of socialism that makes, not unmakes ; that builds up countries and the state, and resists with the last guilder and the last drop of blood the aggressions of anarchy.

\* \* \*

"THE SHORT STORY," says Mary E. Child in the September *Writer*, "is the charcoal sketch of literature. . . . It is simply a bold study in a few short, strong lines." The secret of the popularity of the charcoal sketch is inversely given by Voltaire in a single sentence : "The secret of wearying your reader is to tell him *all*." The short story leaves something for the imagination to supply. However indolent the other faculties may be, the imagination delights in active service.

\* \* \*

THE MOST popular feature of the popular *Review of Reviews* is perhaps its "Current History in Caricature." Current history as revealed in caricature can be read aright only by the well informed student of affairs ; but it's always there, and when each side to a controversy does its utmost in reducing to an absurdity the position of the other side, it becomes remarkably easy for the down-to-date reader to jump at a correct conclusion as to the merits of the case.

BULLET-PROOF armor is a fine thing if one is where bullets are flying; but the need of humanity is a bullet-proof civilization.

\* \* \*

CONGRESSMAN HOLMAN, of Indiana, "the great objector," by accepting a congressional nomination for the sixteenth time, proves himself subjectively not given to objecting. He didn't even whisper he would ne'er consent.

\* \* \*

THE PURPOSE of government to still further extend the weather service, and so enable the public to provide more thoroughly against storms, cold waves, etc., is highly commendable. It is too much to expect now, but early in the twentieth century we shall see the signal flags floating in every township throughout the distinctively agricultural districts. The cities are quite as much interested in advancing agriculture as are the rural townships, a fact which needs no demonstration.

\* \* \*

THE California Midwinter Fair managers claim a surplus of \$200,000. This, in the face of general financial depression, is another surprising evidence of the ability of the great empire beyond the Rockies to do the impossible thing.

\* \* \*

"TEACHING BY TRAVEL," is Dr. J. M. Rice's theme in the September *Forum*, and, under another name, in the *Century* for September. O, this is the era for boys and girls! We older ones were somewhat premature in the selection of a date for our appearance on this earth.

\* \* \*

CONGRESSMAN BRYAN, the Nebraska orator, deliberately walks in where angels would at least hesitate to rush. He has taken possession of the editorial chair of the Omaha *World-Herald*.

\* \* \*

COLONEL INGERSOLL appears in a new rôle, as the apologist for suicide. There is much of pathos in this latest deliverance of the great agnostic. While the actively inquiring minds of the time, in

theology, in philosophy and in science are going on from strength to strength, the minds chiefly employed in negating the hopes and prophecies of such as "see golden ages coming" seem to reason in a circle, coming back to the somber starting point of the younger Goethe, and to the dismal argument of old Greek tragedy.

\* \* \*

It is rather odd that contemporaneous with Hamlin Garland's declaration, in "Crumbling Idols," that Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Dante and Milton are fading away into mere names, comes a new magazine, entitled "Shakespeare," to be devoted to the publication of matter directly and indirectly bearing upon the works of the great dramatist.

\* \* \*

THERE were many who questioned the wisdom of President Lincoln's selection of President Buchanan's war secretary for the most important place in his cabinet, for Stanton was without military training or knowledge, and yet a man who hesitated not to dictate to generals the course they should pursue. Looking back upon his career there is still a wide difference of opinion on that point. But that this man of many cares and perplexities was a patriot in the largest sense of the term, daily offering himself up a living sacrifice upon his country's altar, consecrating every act to the high service in which he was engaged, regarding the fate of men, himself included, as of little value compared with the preservation of the Union, admits of no doubt whatever as viewed in the present light of history. Hon. Henry L. Dawes, in the *Atlantic* for October, makes a valuable personal contribution to our understanding of Secretary Stanton's character and career.

\* \* \*

THE MIDLAND's portraits of prominent National Guardsmen are to every guardsman of the period especially interesting and valuable for the reason that such a grouping, incomplete as it is, will never be obtained again, so rapidly does the personnel of the guard change.

## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

THE great midland region, between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, long silent under the judgments of Eastern critics in literature and art, is now making itself heard. The latest voice raised, not in its defense, but in assertion of its independence, is one so forceful as to command a hearing in the East and to compel amens from not a few among us who until recently have persisted in condemning the prophet for the literary faults of his youth.

"CRUMBLING IDOLS,"\* by Hamlin Garland, is a book to stir and warm the blood. It is far removed from the depressing pessimism which was the predominating note in its author's first drama and earlier novels. It abounds in a splendid enthusiasm, gracefully fitting the prophetic message it brings. Its title is too suggestive, or not sufficiently so. It suggests the mere image-breaker; but the book, tenderly respectful of the Past, chiefly presents the opportunities and duties of the Present and the sure promise of the Future. Incredulous ones in the East may sneer at the book and smile at the midlander's complacent acceptance of it as prophecy; but broad-viewed Easterners, such as John Burroughs and William Dean Howells, freely admit this writer has much of truth on his side and force in his reasoning. The glorious fact in this connection is that the new literary and art world west of the Alleghenies is declaring its independence, and the shrewd, far-seeing author of "Crumbling Idols" is first to chronicle the fact and measure its force.

Yet, even the exhilarating thought of independence is accompanied with knowledge of the fact that the full achievement thereof will not be recorded in any seven or twice seven years.

"Crumbling Idols" might well be made the subject of consideration in our midland schools, and colleges, and clubs, in which literature and art are studied, for it traverses ground of vital importance and of keenest interest to every mind that rejoices in the present attainments and brilliant promise of midland literature and art. The book is full of suggestion. It aims to weaken the hold of conventionalism upon the public mind, and to strengthen the individualism of the artist mind. It would call back American painters and sculptors from Paris and Rome and inspire them with a sense of

their duty and opportunity to make immortal the men and the scenes and events that dignify and intensify and ennoble the life round about them. It would say to the talented unknowns of this vast region, Why longer strive to satisfy the literary judgments of a dozen men in Eastern seaports? Can you not see that the literary autocrats of the East are in closer touch with the other side than they are with this side the Atlantic? that their vision of the great middle-west, with its millions of men and women and its myriad activities, is intercepted by the Allegheny mountains? Why not write for the masses, and contribute to the upbuilding of literary centers, in the middle-west? Naturally enough, this is gratifying to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, for it was in anticipation of the outcome of this new movement, and with a purpose to healthfully stimulate the movement, that this magazine was founded.

In a suggestive chapter on Literary Centers, Mr. Garland says: "The West has finally been discovered. The East has poured its millions of men and money into the Mississippi valley, and these millions of men have taken root in the soil; and to day, in the year 1894, the commercial dominance of the East is distinctly on the wane . . . Henceforth, when men of the Old World speak of America, they will not think of Boston, and New York, and Philadelphia; they will mean Chicago and the Mississippi valley." This writer then notes the fact, — not as apparent, but no less a fact, — that "literary horizons are changing with almost equal swiftness." He speaks of the heterogeneous, yet in the main substantial, mass of which our midland states are composed. Boston has already lost her literary supremacy, and in turn New York will pass hers on to Chicago. Meantime local literary centers are springing up throughout the country, and no one city will henceforth hold unquestioned supremacy as Boston once maintained it. The successful writers of the present era are the artists who have developed the life about them, — Eggleston, Riley, Cable, Miss French, Mrs. Catherwood, the Murfree sisters and the rest. With the growth of inland cities in wealth and refinement, the local magazines will grow in influence and opportunities. Mr. Garland adds: "The work of the local magazines, like *The Southern*, *THE MIDLAND*, *The Overland*, can be made of vast importance in the Nation's life."

\*Published by Stone and Kimball, Boston and Chicago.

The inference which *THE MIDLAND*, naturally enough, finds in this timely suggestion is that the degree of value which these local or sectional magazines render will be measured by the substantial interest the reading people of these regions respectively manifest in them.

But the little book before us is far more than a plea for and prophecy of the future of the new literary and art world west of the Alleghenies. It is also an eloquent presentation of the strong claims of the impressionists in art,—a school now emerging from the derivative period in its new career, and, despite the purple, red and yellow follies of its many inartistic adherents, one that gives promise of successfully challenging conventional art to a struggle for its life. This portion of the book reveals a splendid enthusiasm, more admirable when confined to the painter's art than when extended into the world of literature. The world of literature is so large and the range of individual taste is so wide that the reader who enjoys with intense satisfaction "Ol' Pap Flaxen" and the best of "Main Traveled Roads" will yet find ample room in the deepest chambers of the soul for the time-defying philosophy of "Hamlet" and the delocalized witchery of "Macbeth" and "The Tempest." The real and the local can never do more than divide time with the ideal and the general in the forum of the mind.

The book also includes two striking chapters on the drama as affected by Ibsenism. To this writer, Ibsen is the great forerunner of the dramatist of the future, who shall reverently set aside in their exalted place in the history of drama the conventional plays of Shakespeare, and in their place will present a realism not foreshadowed in the first act, and all the more intensely interesting because true to the life that now is.

The book concludes with an appeal to the young men and women of America to face the future "with the light of a broader day in your eye," to strive to create, not imitate,—an appeal which, within reasonable limitations, should find response in every young artist and author. But let no one mistake the nature of the appeal, and conclude that it gives license to ignorant audacity, or that any degree of creative faculty can condone impurities in the thought or a false note in the song.

"Little Miss Faith," the Story of a Country Week at Falcon Height, by Grace le Baron. A charming and healthfully suggestive story of the holiday lives of two girls. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston. 75 cents.

"The Search for Andrew Field," by Everett T. Tomlinson, is one of a valuable War of 1812 series. It is based upon "the right of search" claimed by Great Britain, as a result of which the hero of this story was "pressed." A story to interest all loyal American boys and youths. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston. \$1.50.

"A Modern Magdalene," by Virna Woods, is a purpose story showing the injustice of society toward woman. The author writes plainly and has given a story which must attract and hold public attention. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston. \$1.25.

"Citizenship" is the comprehensive title of a little book "for classes in Government and Law," by Julius H. Seelye, D. D., LL. D., late president of Amherst College. The purpose of the book commends the work, for this is a time of inquiry into first principles of civil government. The book outlines the rights and duties of citizens as defined by statute, and also gives "a broader view of citizenship as shown by the fundamental principles of society and by the deep groundwork of the human life itself." In brief, it is a text-book and much more than a text-book. It is something like Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," but it is smaller, containing only eighty pages, and yet larger in that it takes a broader, deeper and higher view of citizenship. Ginn and Company, publishers, Boston.

A large and elegantly bound and printed volume of 824 pages, profusely illustrated, tells the story of "The Congress of Women" at the World's Fair last year, and gives the portraits of the three hundred women who took part, the papers there read in full, and sketches of the authors. This volume is edited by Mrs. Mary K. O. Eagle and published by authority of the Board of Lady Managers. It is sold for the benefit of the Woman's Memorial Building Fund—a most laudable object. The book is a whole library of information and suggestion. Its papers, prepared by three hundred of the brightest, brainiest, and most influential women in America, together constitute a monument to the progressive spirit of the women of our time. This work is sold only by subscription, and a thorough canvass should be made by the publishers, or by their general distribution agents, for it is a book that is likely to be wanted in many American homes.

\*Published by The Norris Publishing Company, Des Moines, from the letter-press of The Conkey Company, Chicago. Prices, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.00. De luxe edition, \$10.00.







## MIDLAND PORTFOLIO. V.

HON. CATO SELLS, UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF IOWA.

THE Sioux City *Journal's* Washington correspondent recently quoted United States Attorney General Olney as saying :

*"I consider that the department has found a jewel in Cato Sells. He is one of the best men in the service. I am delighted with his course as an official of this department, and am grateful to the men who recommended him to me. I am particularly pleased with the manner in which he conducted the prosecution in the pension fraud cases."*

Every true friend of the soldier must rejoice to see actual fraud unearthed that honest pensioners may get their dues. This is what Mr. Sells is doing.

But who is this man thus signally commended by his chief? Our first recollection of him was as "the boy mayor" of La Porte, Iowa, to which position he was unanimously elected in 1880. He was then only twenty-one, and had just been admitted to the bar and to a partnership with Judge Bishop, now of Des Moines. He was born in Vinton, his present home, in 1859. His father was a lawyer and a soldier,—captain of Company K, Fortieth Iowa Infantry. His father died when he was thirteen, and he was left with a mother and two younger brothers to support. Although thus burdened, he saved enough money to take a partial course in Cornell College, preparatory to the law. He early entered politics and for years represented the Dubuque district on the democratic state committee, and was secretary of that committee. In 1887 he made a remarkably spirited canvass for secretary of state against the present governor, Frank D. Jackson. His joint debate with Jackson in Cedar Rapids is vividly recalled. The next year he was chairman of his party's state committee and a delegate to the democratic national convention. The national democratic committee sent him to Indiana, where he bravely attempted to stem the tide set in against his party. In 1889 he was chosen colonel commanding the Iowa Sons of Veterans.

He was on Governor Boies' staff four years. In 1892 he was elected to fill Governor Dysart's place on the board of trustees of Iowa Agricultural College. The choice was confirmed by the next legislature. He declined a reelection. In 1889 he removed from La Porte back to Vinton. He was elected and reelected attorney for Benton county. In 1892 he was chosen



HON. CATO SELLS.

secretary of the democratic national convention. In 1893 he was again made chairman of the Iowa state convention. In 1894 came his appointment as United States district attorney for the Northern district of Iowa, an appointment which came to him with the endorsement of nearly all the prominent members of the bar, without regard to party, and with good words from nearly every journal in Iowa, republican and democratic. Such an endorsement is one to be proud of, coming to a young man only just arrived at the half-way station along life's journey.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The Western News Company of Chicago twice increased its original order for the October MIDLAND, and has largely increased its order for the November number.

"Mount Shasta," by Hamlin Garland, in the December MIDLAND.

The next number of Mr. Hill's attractive papers (in December), "Along English Hedgerows," will picture "The Isle of Wight," and its famous resorts.

Ben al Hassan, a young artist-author possessed of the peculiar Oriental charm so fascinating to dwellers in our twentieth-century western world, contributes to THE MIDLAND a beautifully illustrated sketch entitled, "The Gold of Ophir," based upon the Masonic legend of Hiram, King of Tyre. The illustrations are by the author.

THE MIDLAND'S Christmas number (the December number) will reach from forty to fifty thousand readers, figuring the number of readers upon the most conservative basis. A hint to advertisers who want to reach the best people.

I will give ten cents in cash for all August numbers in good condition that may be sent me, or will exchange any other number for that number.

"The Elective System of Education," by Prof. Frank Wilson of Bethany College, Lindborg, Kansas, is forthcoming.

Atlanta as a literary center will soon present its claims in this magazine. DuBuque, also, will soon make her literary calling and election seen.

"The Literary Women of Washington," including Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Dahlgren, and a number of other well-known writers, is in preparation for THE MIDLAND by Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt. It will include the latest portraits of the several authors.

What soldier has not been thrilled with that glorious old war song "Old Shady!" The third of THE MIDLAND series of war sketches will give a sketch and a striking portrait of the author and original singer of this song, a mulatto of rare intelligence and goodness of heart, who endeared himself to Sherman, McPherson, and other great soldiers of the Western Army. Old Shady died recently in Grand Forks, N. D. Through the intercession of a friend the only picture in possession of his family has been loaned THE MIDLAND for reproduction. The sketch is written by C. M. Hartwick, a prominent North Dakota journalist.

Ex-Governor Buren R. Sherman promises THE MIDLAND a war sketch drawn from his own army experience.

The entries in the September 30th literary competition for cash prizes were numerous and, in the main, of good quality. The prize-winning story, poem and descriptive paper will be announced in the December number and published in the January number. Meanwhile the December 30th competition is open to all subscribers, the same including one additional short-story prize.

In the number of THE MIDLAND following Rev. Dr. Gist's paper which will settle the question of the authorship of the poem "If I Should Die To-night," THE MIDLAND will give a portrait of the author and will publish a number of hitherto unpublished poems, proving by the comparison method that the author of these poems not only is capable of writing the verse in question, but is the one of all others who could have written it.

"A Day in Andersonville" is the title of an interesting war sketch of THE MIDLAND series, by Hon. James N. Miller, who was a member of Company A, Twelfth West Virginia Volunteers.

Congressman Dolliver's interesting and scholarly paper on Lowell in the present number is a foretaste of future literary feasts for MIDLAND readers.

Mrs. Welch, widow of the late President Welch, will contribute to next year's MIDLAND descriptions of travel in other lands.

A sketch of Mississippi river life by Hamlin Garland in a future number of THE MIDLAND.

"Private John Tompkins," by Henry L. Chaffee, in the December MIDLAND.

"The Prisoner," by Octave Thanet, in the January MIDLAND.

Much has been said of late about extending Civil Service Reform to the consular service. THE MIDLAND's editor hopes to find space for comment on this question in a future number.

William P. Daniels, grand secretary of the Order of Railway Conductors, and editor of that splendid class magazine, *The Conductor's Monthly*, will make a valuable contribution to the labor question in the December MIDLAND.

The Hegarland Diamond and Paul Petrovitsky are two strong stories of life in the Northwest, by a talented new contributor who will be heard from hereafter, William Hayward by name.

# "Chautauqua" Oil Heater FREE

WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP

Warmth and cleanliness are vital to good health. By actual experience only can you conceive the comfort our handy, portable heater gives. It quickly dispels chill or dampness in sitting-room, bath-room, chamber or nursery; will boil a kettle or fry a steak. Heats a large room in coldest weather. Handsomely nickel plated. Central Draft, Round Wick, Brass Burner. One gallon kerosene lasts 12 hours.

YOU USE  
THE SOAPS  
AND  
THE HEATER  
THIRTY  
DAYS  
BEFORE  
BILL IS DUE.

**THE COMBINATION BOX CONTAINS**

100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP... \$5.00	1/2 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP... 45
ENOUGH TO LAST AN AVERAGE FAMILY ONE FULL YEAR, FOR ALL LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES IF WAS NO SUPERIOR.	1/2 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP... 45
7 BARS WHITE WOOLEN SOAP... 70	1 JAR MODJESKA COLD CREAM... 25
A PERFECT SOAP FOR FLANNELS	SOOTHING - CURES CHAPPED SKIN
9 PKGS. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER... 90	1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER... 25
CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE FABRIC	PRESERVES THE TEETH, HARDENS THE GUMS, SWEETENS THE BREATH.
1/2 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP... 60	1 PKY SPANISH ROSE SACHET POWDER... 25
EXQUISITE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN	1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP... 10
A HATCHLESS BEAUTIFIER	200,000 FAMILIES USE IN A YEAR
1 BOTTLE 10Z. MODJESKA PERFUME... 25	THE ASSORTMENT OUR BOX PROVIDES.
DELICATE, REFINED, POPULAR, LASTING	HEATER WORTH AT RETAIL... \$10.00
1/2 DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP... 30	ALL FOR \$10.00 THE HEATER
1/2 DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP... 25	YOU GET THE GRATIS. \$20.00
1/2 DOZ. ELITE TOILET SOAP... 25	

HEIGHT, - - 3 FEET.  
DIA. OF DRUM, 8 3/4 IN.  
WEIGHT, - - 50 LBS.



NO PIPE REQUIRED.

ABSOLUTELY FIRELESS.

ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS.

After trial you pay the retail value of the Soaps alone. All middlemen's profits are returned to you in valuable premiums, so well bought as to save you half the regular retail prices. The Larkin plan saves you half the cost. The manufacturer alone adds VALUE; every middleman adds COST. The publishers of this paper know every claim is sustained by the facts.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment same day order is received. The publishers also know that your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the box or HEATER does not prove all expected. Booklet illustrating ten other premiums, including the famous Chautauqua Desk, free upon application.

Write your order like this, TO-DAY—while you think of it, or cut this out and sign it:

"You may ship me, subject to thirty days' trial, ONE COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP, with extras, etc., and the CHAUTAUQUA HEATER.

If after thirty days' trial I find the Soaps and the Heater entirely satisfactory and as represented, I will remit you \$10.00, if not, I will notify you goods are subject to your order and you must remove them, making no charge for what I have used."

Name, \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation, \_\_\_\_\_ Street No. \_\_\_\_\_ State, \_\_\_\_\_  
P. O. \_\_\_\_\_

ESTAB. 1875. INCOR. 1892. THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.



STOCK COMPANY.

CAPITAL \$106,000.00.

209, 210, 211 EQUITABLE BUILDING.

AGENTS WANTED

In Good Towns in Iowa. Liberal Commissions Paid.

When you write, please mention "The Midland Monthly."

## PERSONAL COMMENT.

### VOLUNTEER TESTIMONY TO THE GET-THERE QUALITY OF THE MIDLAND.

Your magazine is a growing one, though not a dwarf from the start.—Rev. G. B. Smith, Brooklyn, Stated Clerk Iowa City Presbytery.

I hope THE MIDLAND is as great a success as it appears and is entitled to be.—Paul Maclean, Creston.

We are delighted with your magazine.—Hattie H. Hartley, Centerdale.

I feel a great interest in your magazine.—Mrs. L. H. Clement, Chicago.

I herewith enclose subscription, with my wishes that THE MIDLAND may prosper. Certainly a magazine devoted to midland literature should be upheld by midland people.—Eliza W. Durbin, Kenton, Ohio.

Wishing all success to the magazine, etc.—Mary L. Blanchard, Minneapolis.

THE MIDLAND is doing splendidly—improving with every issue. All Iowans should be proud of it.—Col. Frank W. Mahin, Clinton.

Congratulations on the success of THE MIDLAND.—Julien Richards, Chicago Tribune Cor.

I wish I were able to be yet more helpful to your new venture.—J. H. Smith, Sioux City.

Enclosed find a year's subscription, etc. I find valuable reading in THE MIDLAND.—H. R. Shepherd, Clarinda.

Your magazine is highly spoken of by all who have seen it.—W. R. Dunroy, South Omaha.

Am glad to see so good a magazine coming to the front in my native state.—J. L. Harbour, Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

I am very much interested in the new magazine and feel sure it will ultimately succeed, and want to keep my file complete from the beginning.—Bertha M. Wilson, New York.

Hope you are meeting with the success your magazine deserves.—George F. Rich, Grand Forks, S. D.

We western people should feel proud of our infant periodical, and should rejoice in its rapid growth and beauty.—Mrs. Lola Goan Galer, Mt. Pleasant.

I have read every number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, and let me offer congratulations to you on the signal success of your undertaking. It seemed to me you were indeed rushing in "where angels dare not tread". But, from what I can learn, you are now on *terra firma*.—Leigh Leslie, Chicago Record.

It improves with every number.—T. M. Sinclair & Co., Cedar Rapids.

I tender the enclosed \$1.50 for a year's subscription to your bright magazine, and cannot forbear complimenting you on the continued and increased success of your efforts.—Arthur B. Driggs, Chicago.

Your magazine is to us, to use a slang phrase, "out of sight."—Chas. J. Adams, Reinbeck.

From a Missouri standpoint, the star of THE MIDLAND seems fairly in the ascendant.—Arthur Grissom, Independence, Mo.

I like the number of THE MIDLAND now before me very much.—C. H. Gardner, Dean of Trinity Cathedral, Omaha.

I am much pleased with your excellent magazine. May the literary product of the midland region meet with continued prosperity.—H. H. Dane, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

The last number of THE MIDLAND was especially good, I think.—H. S. McCowan, Minneapolis.

I have purchased THE MIDLAND as issued since I first heard of it, and like it very much. Your magazine is indeed very attractive and promises to be one of the best in the country. You are to be congratulated upon the success of your efforts.—Mrs. C. B. Gibson, Chicago.

Your periodical has become very popular at the State University.—Harry Keefe, student.

We think everything of the new magazine and wish you all success.—Robert R. Henderson, Davenport.

I am weary of buying your magazine from month to month. Please send it to me straight. In addition to its midland literature and art, its midland history and breezy writers command my subscription.—(Professor) L. F. Parker, Iowa College, Grinnell.

We are all pleased with the handsome appearance the magazine makes. It merits the *substantial* encouragement of every son and daughter of the Hawkeye state; and the West should not send all their money east of Des Moines. They should make the success of this literary periodical prove that the sunset land can raise something beside hog and hominy.—Lu. B. Cake, New York.

It seems to be with recent numbers of THE MIDLAND good, better, best. I am happy to be in such good company.—Mary A. Kirkup, Ft. Dodge.

ONLY THE BEST

## ..Life Insurance

IS GOOD ENOUGH.

Those who search carefully for the  
BEST will find the **Equitable Life of  
Iowa.**

Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.

HOME OFFICE, DES MOINES.

### Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over  
FIFTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their  
CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS.  
It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS  
all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for  
DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.  
Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take  
no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

### The Commercial Exchange,

An organization composed of several hun-  
dred of the Best Citizens of Des Moines, will  
tell you all about the City.

WRITE FOR INFORMATION

## THE MARQUARDT SAVINGS

### BANK.

A general banking business transacted.  
Your business respectfully solicited.  
Interest paid on deposits.

#### OFFICERS.

G. W. MARQUARDT, Pres. D. F. WITTER, Vice-Prest.  
G. D. ELLYSON, Cashier.

#### DIRECTORS.

G. W. MARQUARDT, Pres. G. W. Marquardt & Sons.  
Wholesale Jewelry.  
D. F. WITTER, V. Prest. Iowa Loan and Trust Co.  
J. G. BERRYHILL, Attorney at Law.  
E. C. FINKBINE, Pres. Green Bay Lumber Co.  
F. M. HUBRELL, Pres. Equitable Life Insurance Co.  
W. O. CURTIS, Real Estate.  
A. P. FLEMING, Attorney at Law.  
G. B. PRAY, Treas. Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.  
G. D. ELLYSON, Cashier.



### DO YOU SEE

and hear perfectly? If  
not, call on or write to  
Dr. F. DUNCAN, Oculist.  
311 West 5th Street, Des Moines, Iowa.



## KENYON'S PRESS

506-508 LOCUST ST.,

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Wedding

Invitations

Visiting Cards

Society Printing

Business

Stationery

PRINTERS  
OF . . .

MAGAZINES,

CATALOGUES,

LAW BRIEFS.

Insurance

. . . Blanks

Letter Heads

Note Heads

Circulars,

Statements.

Printers of this Magazine.

When you write, please mention "The Midland Monthly."



## THE TALK OF THE DAY.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY'S PHENOMENAL FIRST-YEAR SUCCESS—FROM  
BOSTON TO SAN FRANCISCO.

It is beautifully published, and is edited by one who knows what the people want and where to find it. . . . The interest of this magazine to eastern readers is in the fact that it is bringing out new writers in a part of the country where the cultivation of literature has not been extensive or expected. It looks as if it were gathering recruits of real merit, and in doing this the new magazine has made a claim for recognition and influence which will increase as time goes on.—Boston Herald.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is peculiarly individual and progressive. The subjects are varied, their consideration concisely and pointedly exhaustive. Indeed, there is a rare degree of pleasure to be obtained from THE MIDLAND because of its choice quality. The matter is all fresh, bright and true to the best principles of progressive journalism. There is a good deal of well-advised illustration. . . . Mr. Reed's story, "The Herald of the Great White Christ," is a tale of singularly thrilling interest and potency to touch the heart, and it is not strange that it won its prize. Mr. Grissom's prize poem follows, and its words are beautiful indeed. "John Brown and His Followers in Iowa" is the next paper, possessing an interest peculiarly its own. . . . Everything in THE MIDLAND is notable for being thought-weighted, and individual of expression likewise, more so than many another in our knowledge. The magazine as a whole possesses a character-life not to be duplicated, and caters to all whole-souled members of humanity. The attractions of this October issue are numerous, yet we have not space for proper detail.—Boston Ideas.

The October number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is at hand and contains, in addition to the regular features, a fine article on John Brown with portraits, another on life in Alaska a story entitled "The Herald of the Great White Christ," and other excellent articles and poems. The number is finely illustrated.—Marlboro, Mass., Enterprise.

An interesting account is given of a number of St. Paul authors and their work.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Everybody in Des Moines, and all Iowa for that matter, feels proud of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, Iowa's new magazine, and the only publication of its high literary character in the Mississippi valley. The October number is one of the best of the many creditable copies of this rap-

idly growing publication. . . . He is doing wonders with THE MIDLAND, having already placed it on a sound financial basis.—Dubuque Times.

Contributions from more than twenty writers, attractively illustrated with portraits. One of the illustrated articles is a very interesting contribution by Ransom Langdon Harris on "John Brown and His Followers in Iowa."—Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

From the beautifully illustrated poem on the first page to the last line of editorial comment on the last page, there is richness and variety. Poetry, fiction, philosophy, travel, reminiscence, history, biography, and comment on men and things, fill its pages. . . . But beyond all feelings of local pride, beyond any friendly interest in Mr. Brigham's personal success, lies the fact that the great American midland, of which Iowa is the geographical center, possesses in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY a literary exponent, a medium through which and by which its literary thought, feeling, purpose, and aspiration may be developed. . . . The great midland will have a literature distinctive from that of the regions of our country which border the Atlantic, the Gulf, the Pacific, or even the Great Lakes, and around THE MIDLAND MONTHLY this literature will crystalize and develop.—Mason City Globe.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is unique and original in character, and is one of the phenomenal magazine successes of the day, the product of western people and western genius.—Atlantic Democrat.

Each number gets better.—Montezuma Republican.

Judge C. C. Nourse contributes a paper to the October MIDLAND MONTHLY that is an honest stroke in the direction of remedying present industrial evils. "A Possible Remedy for Our Labor Troubles" is all that he claims his suggestion to be, but with all his modesty he touches a most vital point in this whole matter.—Minneapolis Press.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY Magazine, the great literary periodical published at Des Moines, Iowa.—Independence, Mo., Sentinel.

There is much of real merit and worthy of praise in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, but one marvels at the boldness of a publisher who dares launch such a publication from the interior of the country.—Book and News Dealer for October, San Francisco.

...THE...

## Granite State....

### Provident Association,

of MANCHESTER, N. H.

Assets .....	\$1,500,000
Surplus .....	110,000
Deposited with N. Y. Bank Department.....	100,000
Deposited with Maine State Treas....	26,000

This Company is under the supervision of the banking departments of New York, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut.

Make application for stock, loans and special or local agencies to

**W. H. HARWOOD, Mgr. for Iowa,**  
215 SIXTH AVE., DES MOINES.

### FOR SALE BLACK LANGSHAN CHICKENS.

Two hundred of the choicest birds ever offered. The Langshans are noted as Winter Layers, and the most profitable breed on the market. Address

**J. M. INGRAM, NEVADA, IOWA.**

## THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Of Washington, D. C.  
Has opened offices in Des Moines.

Loans are made on Real Estate  
On Long Time and Easy Payments.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE.

Call on, or address,  
**M. L. FOX, GEN'L AGT.**  
501 Fifth Street. Des Moines, Iowa.

## Stammers!

Rev. E. W. LYMAN, Pastor Baptist Church,  
Sioux Rapids, Iowa, cures stammering and  
stuttering. No pay until satisfied of cure.  
Write him for particulars.

## Are You Suited in Shoes?

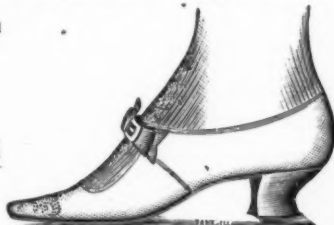


Many ladies and gentlemen are unable to find shoes on AA, AB or even C in the smaller towns, or shoes of the latest shapes, and will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to make a selection from our Illustrated Catalogue, which we will send free to any address.

Money Cheerfully Refunded if You  
Desire to Return Shoes Ordered.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We Pre-pay Express on all Mail  
Orders.



### Ingalls=Chapman Co.

SUCCESSOR TO FREDERICK FIELD

507 Walnut Street.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

If you send for a Catalogue kindly mention The Midland.

...THE...

# Kindergarten

## Magazine.

(Official publication of organized Kindergartners)

A WHOLE BOOKFUL OF HELP  
AND INSPIRATION, FRESH  
EVERY MONTH.

The Leading Training Schools of America, England, and Germany recommend the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE as supplementary to their course of study.  
—\$1.50 per year.

## Child Garden.

The Children's own Illustrated Monthly  
of Story, Song and Play.

THE ONLY KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE FOR  
CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Both of these unique and progressive  
Journals are edited by Andrea and  
Amalie Hofer, published by

Kindergarten Literature Company,

WOMAN'S TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

# RAILROAD LANDS

For Sale at Low Prices  
and on Easy Terms. . .

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offers for sale on easy terms and at low prices, 150,000 acres of choice fruit, gardening, farm and grazing lands located in

## SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

They are also largely interested in, and call especial attention to the 600,000 acres of land in the famous

## YAZOO DELTA OF MISSISSIPPI

lying along and owned by the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad Company, and which that Company offers at low prices and on long terms. Special inducements and facilities offered to go and examine these lands both in Southern Illinois and in the "Yazoo Delta," Miss. For further description, map and any information, address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, No. 1 Park Row, Chicago, Ill., or G. W. MCGINNIS, Ass't. Land Commissioner, Memphis, Tenn.

When you write, please mention "The Midland Monthly."

## READ WHAT H & H WILL DO

It will Clean Silks and Woolen Goods, Ribbons, Curtains and Carpets. It has no equal for Cleaning House, Killing Moths and Removing Grease Spots.

You Need It. Saves Money and Labor.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

PRICE 15 CENTS A CAKE OR TWO CAKES  
FOR 25 CENTS.

Address H AND H, Des Moines, Iowa.

Telephones.

Hours 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m.  
Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

DR. E. H. HAZEN,

COR. FIFTH AND LOCUST STS., DES MOINES, IOWA.

SPECIALTIES:

EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.

OFFICE, Harquardt Block, Room 303.

## W. H. HARWOOD & CO.

215 SIXTH AVE.,  
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Transact a general brokerage business in Real Estate, Loans and Insurance. Careful and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to us.

## GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING

costs only \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and anyone can put it on.

Gum-Elastic Paint costs only 60 cents per gal. in bbl. lots, or \$1.50 for 5-gal. tubs. Color dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs, and will last for years. TRY IT.

Send stamp for samples and full particulars.

Gum-Elastic Roofing Co.,  
39 and 41 West Broadway, NEW YORK.  
LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.



DES MOINES, IOWA.

---

**Largest Fur  
and  
Cloak House in  
the West.**

---

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.



---

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.**

---

FOUR CASH PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE THIRD QUARTERLY COMPETITION.

This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of THE MIDLAND offers a special prize to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

*A New Prize.*—For the best *Original Descriptive Paper*, with accompanying Photographs or Drawings, or both, a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Story of any length* a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Short Story or Sketch*, a cash prize of \$10.00 will be awarded.

For the two best *Original Poems* occupying not more than a page of this magazine, a cash prize of \$5.00 each will be awarded.

*This contest is open to all yearly subscribers to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. It will close December 30, 1894.* It will be followed by other special announcements.

This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MS., that there may be no misunderstanding.

Failure in one contest is no bar to entrance in future contests. Any one subscriber may enter any number of contributions. The names of contributors will be withheld from the judges and the names of the unsuccessful will be withheld from the public.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," wrote Emerson.

"There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion,—the raw material of possible poems and histories."

## The Century Dictionary



is a delightful book to read. Many of its definitions are essays in themselves, presenting in full and concise form the latest facts and deductions in science and art, religion and politics. No such great reference-book has ever before been given to the world. . . .

**Its ultimate use in every family of culture is inevitable. The Dictionary itself is indispensable.**

**Will you allow the year to pass without becoming a shareholder in this great enterprise? By our**

### Instalment Plan

you may begin to enjoy the use of the Dictionary *at once*, paying only a small sum down. We want every reader of this paper to at least investigate the subject of owning this splendid book. Write to us and learn how favorable are the terms upon which it is sold.

**For 10 cents** (five 2-cent stamps) we will send you the beautiful pamphlet of specimen pages,—an interesting book in itself, with a hundred pictures. It is worth owning whether you want to buy the Dictionary or not. The ten cents just covers the cost.

Address **THE CENTURY CO., 33 E. 17th St., New York.**

## The National League of State Teachers Bureaus.

A Bureau in Each State—One Fee Registers in All.

**FRANK E. PLUMMER, GEN'L MGR.,**

CENTRAL OFFICE, DES MOINES, IOWA.

THE LEAGUE RECOMMENDS TEACHERS DIRECT.

Let us represent you to schools and colleges that *select their teachers through our LEAGUE OF BUREAUS before the vacancies become public*, and thus avoid sharp competition. One year's subscription to **THE NATIONAL TEACHER AND SCHOOL BOARD JOURNAL**, an educational newspaper, together with enrollment in all branches of the LEAGUE for **ONE FEE** by registering now.

Write for full list of State Managers and Illustrated Circulars to

**FRANK E. PLUMMER, DES MOINES, IOWA.**

## O. P. ALLMART

CAN SHOW YOU 1000 STYLES . . . . . **Suits and Overcoats**  
. . . . . OF FALL GOODS FOR

That cannot be beat in Style, in Fit, in Make, in Prices.

**505 Locust St., Second Door West of Marquardt Bank.**

**DES MOINES, IOWA.**

# The Western Teachers' Bureau,

M. B. LOCKE, MANAGER, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Colleges and schools of all kinds supplied with successful teachers on short notice. Correspondence with progressive teachers solicited. We need more experienced teachers at once. This Bureau operates in all parts of the United States. Established in 1885. Circulars and blanks free.

When you write, please mention "The Midland Monthly."



THE HOME OF THE MIDLAND.

304-5 MARQUARDT BLOCK, 3D FLOOR.  
ELEVATOR FIFTH ST. ENTRANCE.

OVER MARQUARDT SAVINGS BANK,  
CORNER FIFTH AND LOCUST STS.

Call and substantially manifest your individual interest in the pioneer work of establishing a magazine representing the Middle-West.



# THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Edited by ALBERT SHAW

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

(Monthly - in English)



Published by the  
NEW YORK Astor Place  
London, Norfolk & Street

IT WAS in April, 1891, that the first number of the American **Review of Reviews** was printed. The new idea of giving the best that was in the other magazines in addition to its own brilliant, original articles, took America by storm, as it had taken England—though the magazine itself was not at all a reprint of the English edition. It deals most largely with

American affairs, and is edited with perfect independence, in its own office.

The **Review of Reviews** is a monthly, timely in illustration and text, and instantly alive to the newest movements of the day, to a degree never before dreamed of. Thousands of readers who offer their commendations, among them the greatest names in the world, say that the **Review of Reviews** gives them exactly what they should know about politics, literature, economics and social progress. The most influential men and women of all creeds and all parties have agreed that no family can afford to lose its educational value, while for professional and business men it is simply indispensable. The departments are conducted by careful specialists, instead of mere scissors-wielders, and scores of immediately interesting portraits and pictures are in each number.

All this explains why the **Review of Reviews** has come to a probably unprecedented success in the first three years of its existence. For 1895 it will be more invaluable than ever.

Agents are reaping handsome profits. We give liberal commissions. Send for terms.

Annual Subscription, \$2.50

Sample Copy, 10 Cents, in stamps

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

13 Astor Place, New York

## THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Besides the special articles and character sketches of thrilling interest and timeliness, the **Review of Reviews** has these regular departments:

**The Progress of the World.**—An illustrated editorial review of the month's events which thinking, alert men and women should understand in their proper significance and proportions.

**Leading Articles of the Month.**—This department, and the succeeding one, **The Periodicals Reviewed**, embody the idea on which the magazine was founded and named. All that is best in the other magazines, American and foreign, is here brightly summarized, reviewed and quoted from.

**Current History in Caricature** chronicles the month's history through the picturesque means of the successful cartoons that are appearing throughout the world.

Other departments review carefully new books, give lists and indexes of all articles in the world's magazines, and furnish a terse daily record of current events.



## = A NEW THING. =

### THE MIDLAND SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

In response to numerous enquiries and for the accommodation of many who are already subscribers for the MIDLAND and many others who for various reasons prefer to order other magazines without the form of clubbing for the same, the MIDLAND publisher offers, on authority, to place subscriptions with all the magazines and other high class periodicals at rates much below the regular rates to individual subscribers, as follows :

	Regular Price.	Midland Rate.		Regular Price.	Midland Rate.
Atlantic Monthly .....	\$4 00	\$3 30	New York Ledger.....	2 00	1 65
Century Magazine.....	4 00	3 60	Harper's Magazine.....	4 00	3 20
Arena.....	4 00	3 60	Harper's Bazaar.....	4 00	3 35
St. Nicholas.....	3 00	2 60	Harper's Weekly.....	4 00	3 35
Cosmopolitan.....	1 50	1 35	North American Review.....	5 00	4 25
The Nation (weekly).....	3 00	2 85	The Forum.....	3 00	2 75
The Independent.....	3 00	2 65	Frank Leslie's Monthly.....	3 00	2 55

*And equally low rates on any other standard publication.* Make up your full list of periodicals and order the same through the Midland Subscription Agency, sending draft or money order for the amount. Address,

MIDLAND SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

Reference as to financial responsibility : Marquardt Savings Bank, Des Moines.

## American Standard Typewriter.



TYPEWRITERS, Second-hand.

TYPEWRITERS Rented.

TYPEWRITERS Repaired.

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES.

C. L. DAHLBERG & CO.,

DES MOINES, IOWA.

WHEN YOU WRITE, PLEASE MENTION THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

*A Weekly Feast to Nourish Hungry Minds.—N. Y. Evangelist.*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

1844—1895



Over half a century has passed since its first number appeared, and now, as it enters its **52d year**, it still maintains the high standard of literary excellence which has characterized it from the beginning.

**OBSERVE!** The *Living Age* is a Weekly Magazine giving fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than **Three and a Quarter Thousand** double-column octavo pages of reading matter yearly, forming **four large volumes** filled with the ripest thought of

## THE ABLEST MINDS OF THE AGE,

and presenting a mass of matter **Unequalled in Quality and Quantity** by any other periodical. It presents in convenient form a compilation of the world's choicest literature, Encyclopedic in its Scope, Character, Comprehensiveness and Completeness, and with a freshness, owing to its frequent issue, attempted by no other publication.

<b>Ablest Essays and Reviews,</b>	<b>Biographical Sketches,</b>
<b>Latest Results of Scientific Research,</b>	<b>Literary Criticism,</b>
<b>Stories of Travel and Exploration,</b>	<b>Fiction,</b>
<b>Every Phase of Culture and Progress in the European World.</b>	

**INDISPENSABLE** to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events of intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in one's self or one's family general intelligence and literary taste.

A **NEW SERIES** was begun with the first number of its **200th Volume**, January 1st, 1894. With it were begun entirely new tales, already embracing three *Copyrighted Serials*, from the pens of noted **French and German** novelists; and shorter stories by prominent foreign authors. Below are named some of the many eminent authors already represented in this, the sixth, series.

Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE,	Prof. HUXLEY, F. R. S.	Gen'l Sir ARCH'D ALISON, G. C. B.
Prof. VAMBERY,	Prince PAUL KROPOTKIN,	Sir ROBERT BALL, F. R. S.
W. H. MALLOCK,	PAUL PERRET, (French)	REGINALD B. BRETT,
Countess COWPER,	FRANK E. BEDDARD, F. R. S.	ERNST ECKSTEIN, (German.)
LESLIE STEPHEN,	BEATRICE HARRADEN,	WM. CONNOR SYDNEY,
FRELERIC HARRISON,	Mrs. ANDREW CROSSE,	W. W. STORY.
J. P. MAHAFFY,	MULJI DEVJI VEDANT,	Sir BENJ. BAKER, K. C. M. G.
ANDREW LANG,	CHARLES EDWARDES,	Sir HERBERT MAXWELL,
WALTER PATER,	J. NORMAN LOCKYER,	Count LEO TOLSTOI,
FRIDTJOF NANSEN,	CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI,	The ABBE PREVOST, (French)

With the steady improvement in all lines of trade and commerce, and increased confidence in financial circles, the publishers anticipate a large gain over the past year. To aid in its realization and to furnish to every lover of choice literature the strongest possible inducement to become a reader of **THE LIVING AGE**, is made the following

## ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

To each **NEW Subscriber NOW** remitting **\$8.00**, for the year 1895, will be sent

### ABSOLUTELY FREE,

**The Thirteen Weekly Issues of The Living Age**, forming the last quarterly volume of 1894, (October, November, December,)

AND

**A Year's Subscription** to any one of the following publications:

**The Cosmopolitan,**  
**Domestic Monthly,**  
**Electric Power,**  
**McClure's Magazine**  
**Midland Monthly,**  
**The Etude,**  
**Godey's Magazine,**  
**American Teacher,**  
**S. S. Times,**  
**Golden Rule,**

**National Popular Review,**  
**The Pulpit,**  
**N. Y. (Weekly) Sun,**  
**Springfield (Weekly) Republican,**  
**N. Y. (Weekly) Mail and Express,**  
**Boston (Weekly) Transcript,**  
**Boston (Weekly) Journal,**  
**Weekly Courier Journal,**  
**Weekly Detroit Press,**  
**N. Y. (Weekly) Post,**

or a **6 months subscription to Scribner's Magazine.**

Or, to new subscribers preferring to begin with the first issue of the **New Series** (as above), and have it complete, the numbers (104) of the **two years, 1894 and 1895**, will be sent, postpaid, for only **\$10.**

**THE LIVING AGE** is published **Weekly** at **\$8.00** a year, free of postage.

Rates for clubbing **THE LIVING AGE** with more than one other periodical will be sent on application. Sample copies of **THE LIVING AGE**, 15 cents each.

Address, **LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.**

ARE YOU AWARE THAT



# CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE?

Save yourself all worry by sending to  
ALL YOUR FRIENDS . . . . .  
the Beautiful Christmas Number of .

THE  
**MIDLAND • MONTHLY**

with a receipt for the monthly from (and including)  
December, 1894, to January, 1896,

AND A DOLLAR AND A HALF IS ALL EACH SUBSCRIPTION WILL COST.

DON'T DELAY IT.  
GET IT OFF YOUR MIND AT ONCE.

The Subscription Receipt will be held back until the December Number Appears, or  
longer if you so desire.



OPERATING OVER 1,200 MILES OF ROAD

... IN ...

IOWA, MINNESOTA and SOUTH DAKOTA.

SOLID TRAINS BETWEEN



Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

THROUGH SLEEPERS AND CHAIR CARS

Cedar Rapids and Chicago, Cedar Rapids, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

## The Short Line to Sioux Falls, Watertown,

And all points in the West and North-West.

Tourist Tickets on Sale each Season of the Year to Prominent Resorts.

Maps, Time Tables, Through Rates, and all Information furnished  
on application to Agents.

C. J. IVES,  
President.

JAS. MORTON,  
Gen'l Tk't and Pass. Agt.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

# The Midland's Prospectus.

*The Magazine's Pioneer Year a Splendid Success.  
It's Glorious Promise for the Coming Year.*

Having successfully weathered its trial year, and having already actively and resourcefully entered upon the work of preparation for a second year, the editor and publisher of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is able to announce, with a certainty which no future combination of adverse circumstances can weaken,—much less destroy,—that the past twelve months' pioneer work will, during the coming year, yield *rich dividends to its readers and advertisers*. The MIDLAND's circulation, at first largely complimentary, reached a business basis last June. Since that time its increase has been rapid and cumulative,—every month more than had been anticipated. THE MIDLAND's December circulation will be *three times that of five months ago*. Nor is the increase going to stop here, for every mail gives ample assurance of a much larger constituency of readers.

1. THE MIDLAND for 1895, first of all, will reflect the rich Thought and Life of the Midland region,—a region extending from the Alleghenies to the Rockies. Its *Illustrated Stories, Sketches and Biographies* will, of themselves, be enough to make the magazine go.

THE MIDLAND's fast-growing list of contributors includes such well-known and popular names as Octave Thanet, Hamlin Garland, Alice Ilgenfritz Jones, Elaine Goodale Eastman, George F. Parker, S. H. M. Byers, Carl Snyder, Mme. Emma de Konchine, Calista Halsey Patchin, Franklyn W. Lee, J. P. Dollier, and scores of other names, not as well-known now, but sure to be at the front of midland literature in the years to come, by reason of the opportunities which the new magazine affords to midland writers of talent.

2. The *Midland War Sketches*, by prominent veterans of the War of the Rebellion, and others, will be continued through the year. These will not be made up of long, dry details, but will be alive with vivid recollections of the heroic period of our history. These are "alone worth the price of admission."

3. The *Midland Representative Men Series* will be continued from time to time through the year, with contributions from several of the best writers of the midland region.

4. The *Midland's Excursions Into Other Lands* will be deeply interesting, including papers on travel and life in Japan, Korea, South Africa, Northern Africa, Italy, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, Mexico, South America, and remote regions of North America.

5. *Social, Economic and Educational Themes*, by writers of especial fitness to the subject, or theme, will be given prominence during the year.

6. The *Midland's Home Themes*, always interesting and suggestive, will be amplified as space permits.

7. *Uncle Eben's Philosophy* will grow richer as the vein becomes more clearly defined.

8. The *Midland's Poetry* will be full of the rich life of our time and our region, and free from servile imitation.

9. The *Midland's Editorial Comments and Book Reviews* will at least be untrammelled.

1. Every midland lover of literature and believer in the literary possibilities of his section should not only put his name upon THE MIDLAND's subscription book, but also subscribe for his friends. *What more fitting Christmas present than the beautiful Christmas Number with a receipt for THE MIDLAND to January 1, 1896?*

Send to THE MIDLAND Publisher a money order or draft for \$1.50, and by the next mail there will be returned to you a receipt for the magazine from (and including) December, 1894, to January, 1896.

Begin your subscriptions for your friends with the Christmas (December) number, and we will mail to them (with your regards) a receipt for THE MIDLAND from (and including) December, 1894, to January, 1896.

2. Mail the publisher \$5.00 and he will send THE MIDLAND, from (and including) December, 1894, to January, 1896, to any FIVE persons whom you may name.

3. Every Literary Club in the midland region should send THE MIDLAND MONTHLY a list of subscribers. Forward ten names, with \$15.00, and a present of \$5.00 will be made the club. Forward twenty names, with \$30.00, and a present of \$10.00 will be made the club. To all names thus sent the magazine will be mailed from (and including) December, 1894, to January, 1896.

Address,

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, PUBLISHER,  
THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, DES MOINES, IOWA.

